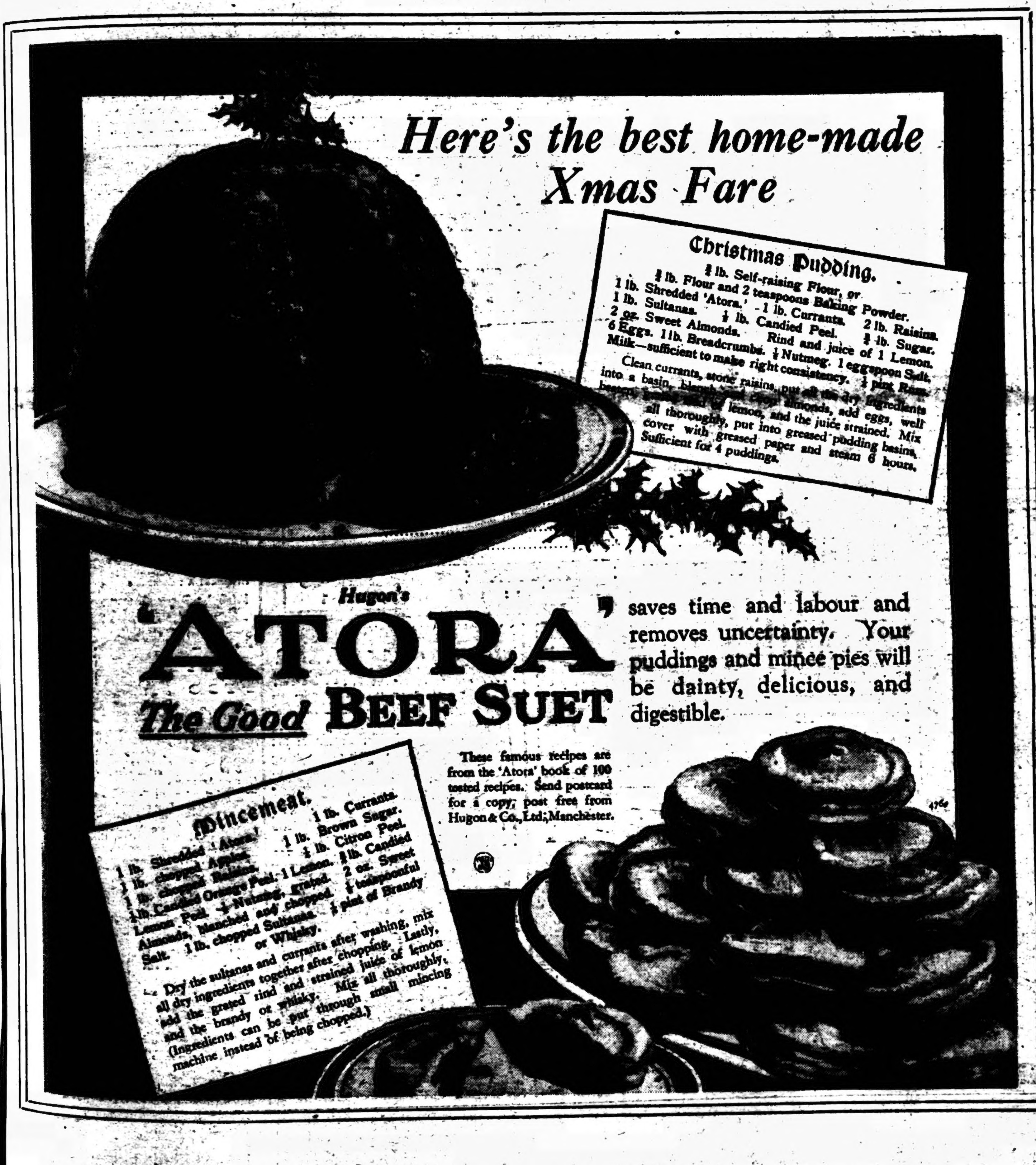
JOHN BULL, NOVEMBER 25, 1933

TWOPENCE.
Vol. LIV.
1432.

£2,000 AND 2,000 XMAS PRIZES SEE PAGE 47

JOHN BULL



Here's the best home-made Xmas Fare

Christmas Pudding.

¾ lb. Self-raising Flour, or
¾ lb. Flour and 2 teaspoons Baking Powder.
1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants. 2 lb. Raisins.
1 lb. Sultanas. ½ lb. Candied Peel. ¾ lb. Sugar.
2 oz. Sweet Almonds. Rind and juice of 1 Lemon.
6 Eggs. 1 lb. Breadcrumbs. ½ Nutmeg. 1 eggspoon Salt.
Milk—sufficient to make right consistency. ½ pint Rum.

Clean currants, stone raisins, put all the dry ingredients into a basin, blanch and chop almonds, add eggs, well beaten, grated rind of lemon, and the juice strained. Mix all thoroughly, put into greased pudding basins, cover with greased paper and steam 6 hours. Sufficient for 4 puddings.

Hugon's
'ATORA'
The Good BEEF SUET

saves time and labour and removes uncertainty. Your puddings and mince pies will be dainty, delicious, and digestible.

These famous recipes are from the 'Atora' book of 100 tested recipes. Send postcard for a copy, post free from Hugon & Co., Ltd., Manchester.

Mincemeat.

1 lb. Shredded 'Atora.' 1 lb. Currants.
1 lb. chopped Apples. 1 lb. Brown Sugar.
1 lb. chopped Raisins. ¼ lb. Citron Peel.
¼ lb. Candied Orange Peel. 1 Lemon. ¼ lb. Candied Lemon Peel. ½ Nutmeg, grated. 2 oz. Sweet Almonds, blanched and chopped. ½ teaspoonful Salt. 1 lb. chopped Sultanas. ¼ pint of Brandy or Whisky.

Dry the sultanas and currants after washing, mix all dry ingredients together after chopping. Lastly, add the grated rind and strained juice of lemon and the brandy or whisky. Mix all thoroughly. (Ingredients can be put through small mincing machine instead of being chopped.)

4769

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW
ALL ROUND VALUE
A SQUARE GUARANTEE

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 45

There's health in every glass of AUSTRALIAN WINE

The New Craze! Everybody is Playing the Harmonica 3/6

SEND FOR YOURS TO-DAY

Join the growing band of Harmonica players. Fascinating thousands this year. This lovely instrument is double-sided, has 80 holes and 80 reeds, and is tremolo tuned. You can play in a few hours, and you will delight your friends. This model will produce delightfully rich notes of volume only equalled by expensive Italian piano-accordion. Ideal for song and dance entertainments. Send to-day. (d) BRADSHAW (Mail Order Dept.), 64, Station Road, Padiham, Lancs.

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TWILIGHT READICUT RUG WOOL

And FREE Samples of the famous 'Readicut' Wools, cut into lengths or in hanks.

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Be the life & soul of the party!

Make your friends "sneeze their heads off" without knowing why, with "Cachoo" harmless electric snuff. Causes roars of laughter. 3 boxes extra strong 1/-.

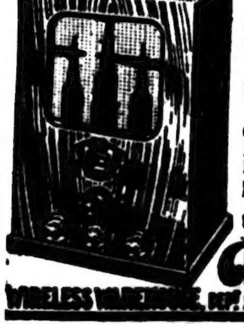
SEND FOR CATALOGUE of latest Jokes (Stink Bombs, Explosive Cigarettes, Itching Powder, etc., etc.)

HOME MICROPHONE

Why not "Broadcast" YOURSELF? Season's Greatest Novelty! You speak in one room—voice comes over Radio in another. Easy to connect—fits any set. No extras required. Just connect, press button, and speak. Causes endless fun at parties. Complete with 15ft. flex and full instructions. Post free, 5/6. Send for FREE NOVELTY LIST.

POST FREE 5/6

A. L. HUNTER,
264, Edgware Road, London, W.2.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3-VALVE BATTERY SETS AT £3-10-0

Cash or Terms, CARR. PAID. Portable and Mains Sets at bargain prices. Thousands of Testimonials. Send a postcard NOW.

Chas. F. Ockers' WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, Dept. D, COVENTRY.

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INSIST ON REPAIRS WITH PURITAN LEATHER SOLES

Longer Wear—Greater Comfort

Puritan Tanneries Ltd., [illegible] CVS.24.

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

DON'T DELAY—SEND TO ME NOW AND BE PREPARED. A COMPLETE HOME-MADE LAYETTE FOR 30/-

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

75 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby). Silk and Wool Shawl, Rm. Robes, Lawn or Winsey Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Winsey Nighties, Wool Wrapper Vests, Back Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Coats, Trunk Sets, Binders, Turk Napkins, etc., etc. FROM LAST WEEK'S TESTIMONIALS:—"A splendid selection of sensible garments, far exceeding my expectations. No expectant mother should miss such a genuine bargain."

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DIRECT FROM THE DESIGNERS

£5.5s. CASH or 10/- DOWN and 11 payments of 10/- or 2/6 weekly.

Carr. Pd. Ready for Use. MODERN DESIGN CABINET. GETS 30 STATIONS ON INDOOR AERIAL. SINGLE DIAL TUNING. EXIDE ACCUMULATOR. DRYDEX BATTERY. AMPLION SPEAKER. PICK-UP CONNECTIONS.

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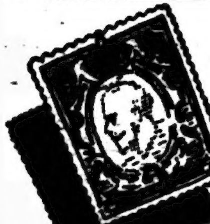
London, W.C.1.
Tele.: Museum 9430.

CELESTION MOVING COIL MODEL 25/- EXTRA.


JUST A ½d. STAMP but it can mean at least £2 TO YOU!

Simply fill in your name and address on the Coupon below and post it in an unsealed envelope with a ½d. stamp affixed for full particulars of the "Worldwide" Clubs—it can mean from £2 up to £5 and more to you. "Worldwide" Clubs are a happy opportunity for you to earn in a few minutes of your spare time each week a good Commission and Profit share, and you also benefit your friends—they buy direct from the Warehouse on the very simple terms of 1/- weekly and at Warehouse prices saving them from 5/- to 10/- in the £.

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AFFORDS CONTINUAL PLEASURE

7/6 down brings immediate delivery of a 6 ft. Riley Bagatelle Table, complete with all accessories. Think of the wonderful times all the family and their friends can have during the long winter evenings. Balance is paid by easy monthly terms. Cash price £6 10s. 0d. 7 days' free trial given, carriage paid, and transit risks taken by Rileys. Also two other sizes—7 ft. and 8 ft. All models fold up when not in use. Write to-day for Art List.

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ΦB3

32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details.

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9/6

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Prompt treatment for things like burns, cut fingers, sprains, bruises, bites, fainting, etc., will save suffering, and may

SAVE YOU POUNDS IN DOCTORS' BILLS!

This complete British-made "Home Chemist" is at your service day and night, containing all necessary remedies for everyday emergencies, Iodine Compound, Bandages, Plaster, Ointments, Picric, Carbolic, White Lint, Smelling Salts, Cotton Wool, etc. and full instructions for FIRST AID. All for 1/9, post 3d. Send to-day—you never know what may happen to-morrow.

1/9 POST 3d

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Lng.	Wdt.	Hgt.	Price	Mhly.
7ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	62/6	5/4
8ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	87/6	7/6

Many other sizes.

We erect for little extra. Every building delivered by lorry free within 200 miles radius of London. Sturdy sheds in wide range of sizes from 30/-. Fully guaranteed.

Sheds 2/- [illegible]

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Builders of Britain's best.

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Write to-day for Free Art List showing the wide range of Riley Billiard Tables and prices.

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Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

32 Free Billiard Tables. Send for details.

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Unrivalled for Reliability and Value. It contains: Two finest quality pure White All Wool Blankets of exquisite softness. Neatly bordered, whipped ends. 68x88in: 7½lb pair; Two lovely All White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends, 60x80in: 4lb pr; Two pure White Pillow Cases, 20x30in; One Bolster Case to match, 20 x 60in; Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets, 70 x 90in, 4lb per pair; One Alhambra Quilt, 73in x 94in.

Complete Bale, Carriage Paid. 42/-
2/6 NOW, 3/6 MONTHLY.
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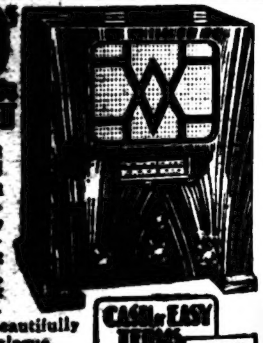
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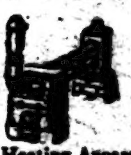

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is all you pay for a charming PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE. Many other similar bargains in Horn, Hornless, Upright Grands and Consoles with which I give FREE (His Master's Voice and Columbia) RECORDS. *Sent on Approval, CARRIAGE PAID.* Small Monthly Payments. ALSO ASK FOR A BIG WIRELESS CATALOGUE. *Cash or Monthly terms.*

Write for my Free Lists NOW.

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USEFUL 20 INCH TELESCOPE
ABSOLUTELY FREE!

As an introduction to our 100 per cent. Sheffield "Double Life" 3-hole type double edge razor blades, we are giving absolutely free with every order for 15 BLADES FOR 1/-, postage and packing 6d., this useful telescope, measuring 10 in. shut and opening to a full 20 in. We say definitely under money-back guarantee that these blades are as good as any blade on the market. Send 1/6 now for 15 BLADES and Free Telescope.

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Opposite Glaves, 2nd floor.

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BLACK RUG 7½D. LB.

Coloured Turkish 1/3½ lb., Rich Silky 1/9½, Cable 1/4½, 1/6½ lb., Thrums 6½d., Rug Chenille 5½d. lb., Sports 1d., Crochet 1½d., Silky 2½d. oz., Fine Indian Rug Wool 1/11½. Persian 2/3 lb. Rabbit Wool 1d. Ball.

1d. POST CARD brings 800 Bargain Samples 100 Coloured Rug Designs from 2½d. Illustrated Rug Guide Free.

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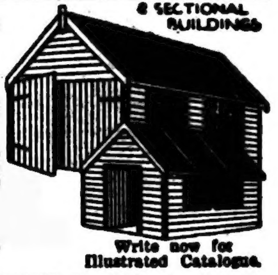

UNEQUALLED SERVICE AND A SQUARE POLICY.

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10′ x 7′	£5 8 0
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6′ x 4′	£2 1 0
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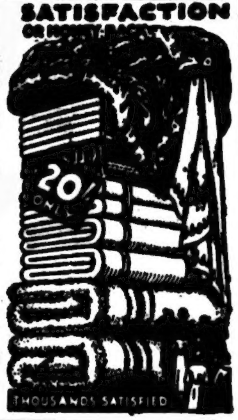

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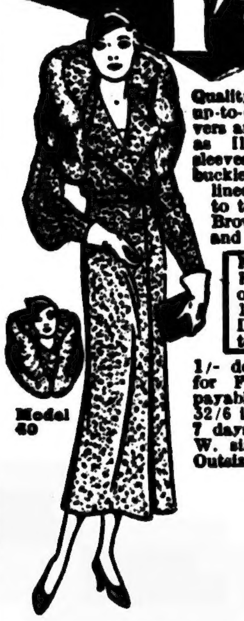

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£3.3.0 value for 29/11

Charming design in Fine Quality Ribbed Flecked Tweed; up-to-date Style with wide revers and deep two-position collar as Illus. Smart up-to-date sleeves, all-round belt with buckle. Splendidly tailored and lined throughout Art. Silk to tone. Shades: Navy, Nut Brown, Green, Black Lido and Wine.

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1/- deposit and 6d. for postage for Free Approval. Balance payable 2/- fortnightly until 32/6 is paid, or full cash within 7 days 29/11 only. S.W. and W. sizes all lengths 42 to 50. Outsizes all lengths 2/6 extra.

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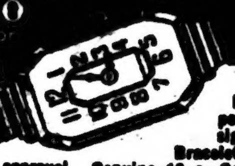

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DAVIS & CO 94-104 Denmark Hill London S.E.5
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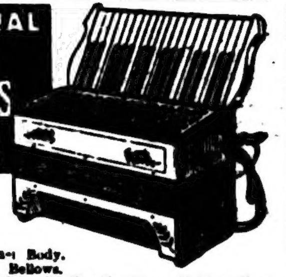

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Magnificent White Enamel Body. 16-Fold Metal Bound Bellows. Finest Steel Reeds. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys 8 Basses. Send only 5/- Deposit. Balance payable 7/6 Monthly, until 92/6 is paid. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue of models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 26 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass. Etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

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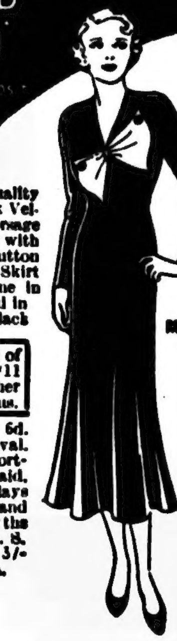

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42/- VALUE FOR 16/6. Fashionable Autumn Model, Produced in Fine Quality Chiffon Finished Twill back Velveteen. Modish Cut High Corsage waist. Raised Seam finish with Self Tie Belt. Stylish Button Trimmed Bow Front. The Skirt has full flare from Knee line in the latest Fashion. Supplied in Navy, Green, Lido, Nigger, Black

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Send only 6d. deposit and 6d. for postage for free approval. Balance payable 1/6 fortnightly until 18/11 is paid, or Full Cash within 7 days 16/6 only. All sizes and lengths X. O. S. sizes 3/- extra.

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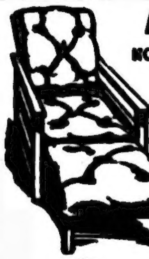
PLATED

ENGLISH LEVER PATTERN

Massive timepiece made with the care of hand-made watchmaking of a century ago, assuring everlasting reliability. Finely adjusted lever movement gives accuracy to a minute a month. Unscratchable E.T. case, incorporating extra inside dustproof dome. Shock-proof. Non-magnetic. Cannot be overwound. Clear white enamelled dial. 15 years' guarantee. Free Repair Service. 7/6, post 6d. Keyless Model same price. FREE. Solid Silver effect Curb Chain, medallion for initial and key.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS
(Dept. J.L.2.), 87, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.



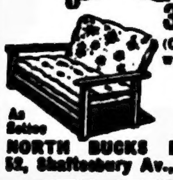
AMAZING BARGAINS

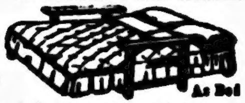
NOW **16/6** (or 1/- weekly)

FULL-LENGTH BED-CHAIRS, adjustable 3 positions, solid Oak frames, polished dark, 3 well-filled velvet cord cushions, any colour. Fitted with our comfortable SPRING SEATS, Patent No. 356995/30, guaranteed not to sag with wear. Carriage and Packing England and Wales 2/6. Call and inspect or send for new Coloured List J.

CONVERTIBLE BED SETTEE.

35/- (Or 2/- weekly)





Makes bed 41ins. wide. All to same specification as Bed Chair. Carriage and Packing England and Wales 3/6. Reg. Letter or Cross P.O.'s (no stamps).

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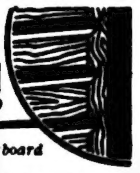

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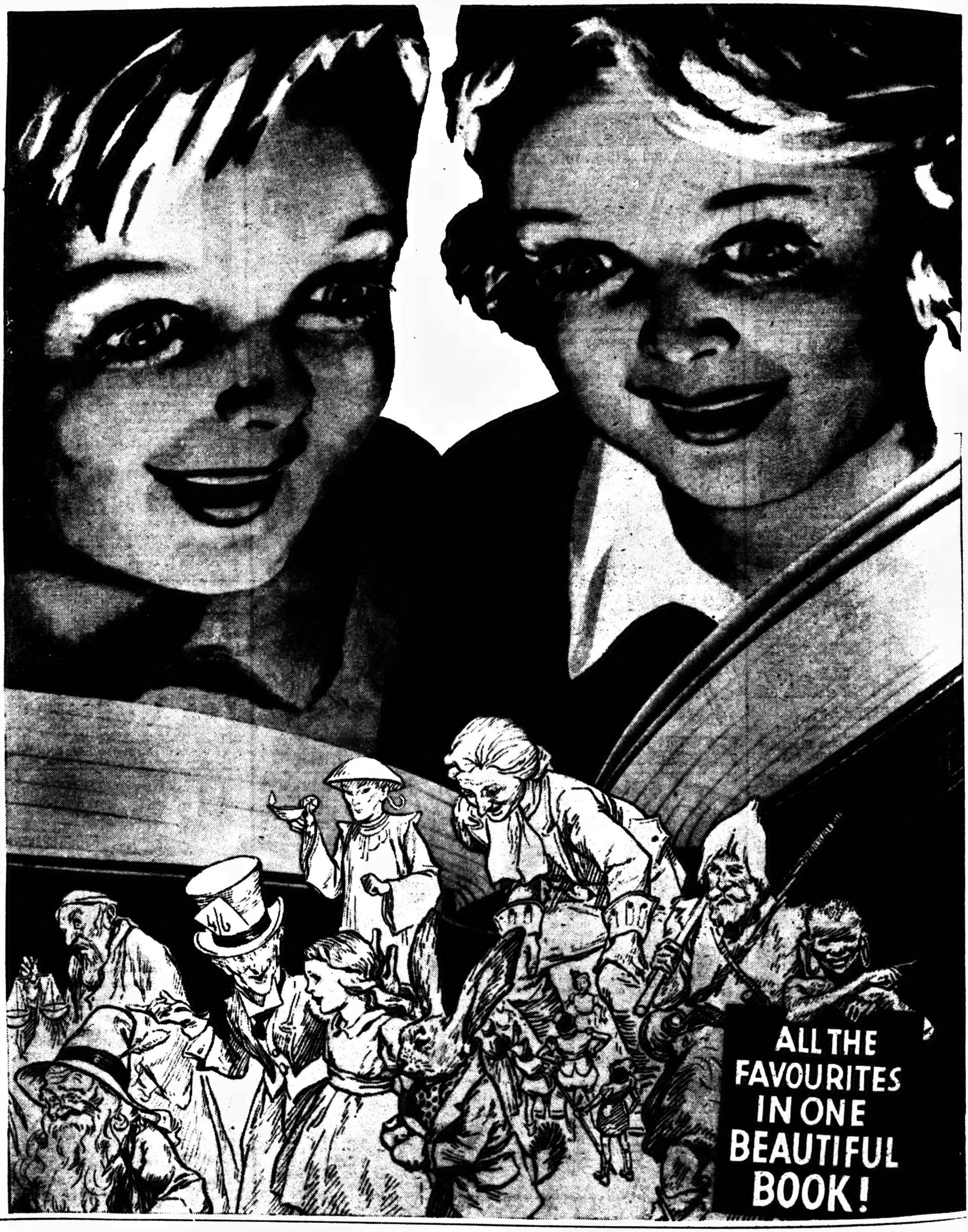
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ALL THE BEST STORIES FOR CHILDREN in one magnificent book . . . thrilling masterpieces from nearly 100 of the greatest children's writers of all time . . . nearly 400 delightful black and white illustrations by the most famous children's artists—Heath Robinson, Harry Rountree and many others . . . . no wonder readers by the hundred thousand are hurrying to reserve copies of "John Bull's" fascinating Christmas Surprise for the children—"The Children's Wonder Book."

Look how easily you can get this marvellous volume provided you act instantly. There are **no tokens to collect**—no rules to follow—you simply reserve your copy now on the Forms below and it will be all ready and packed, waiting to be delivered, carriage paid to your home, the first week in December. If you have already reserved your copy, you can help some other child to happiness by calling the attention of a friend to this announcement.

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. . . Tales of Robin Hood, Dick Turpin, Rip Van Winkle, Nonsense Rhymes, Alice's Adventures in Wonderland, Sindbad the Sailor, Aladdin, Ali Baba, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, Æsop's Fables, Legends of Our Islands, A Christmas Carol, The Enchanted Horse, King of the Golden River, The Water Babies, The Lost City of Atlantis, The Windmill, The Pygmies, Buried Treasure from Tom Sawyer, The Mastermaid, Hansel and Grethel, Little Snow-White, Tom Brown's Fight with Slogger Williams, Guy of Warwick, The Tarry Buccaneer, The Ballad of East and West, The Legend of Sleepy Hollow, The Twelve Labours of Hercules, The Lady of the Fountain, Geraint The Son of Erbin, Widdicombe Fair, Feather top, Sagrimah the Charmer, Longshanks, Girth and Keen, The Story of the Fisherman, The Valiant Little Tailor, The Bronze Pig, Follow My Leader, The Blue Bird, The King of the Peacocks, Sam's Three Wishes, The Open Road, The Golden Fleece, etc., etc. . .

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What favourites! What joyful tales for the long winter evenings! Each is a masterpiece that will provide a feast of good reading and entertainment for any child. This book is a lasting present that will be giving hours of happiness when other gifts are lost or forgotten. Compare it with any other children's book you have ever heard of—for sheer value it is nothing short of phenomenal. Remember—it is nowhere else available except through this offer.

"Like me, you'll be head over heels with joy when you see this fine book."

Now about the book itself. It has **768 Large Pages** and is printed in large, readable type. Its actual size is 10¼ in. deep by 7¼ in. wide. It is being produced in two beautiful Editions—the "Ordinary" Edition with a gay covering of Blue Art. Cambric Cloth, blocked in real gold. On the front is a charming decoration. It has specially designed end-papers by a famous artist, and there is a three-colour frontispiece and a special title page. The price of the "Ordinary" Edition under this amazing Christmas Surprise is only 2/6 (plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.), making 3/6 in all.

The De Luxe Edition, bound in Rich Red Figured Art. Leather, blocked in real gold on the spine with decoration on the front, is a volume of exceptional durability and beauty. In addition to the specially designed end-papers, frontispiece and title page, it contains **Sixteen Colour Plates** by well-known artists. The book itself comes to you in a beautiful wrapper on which is a magnificent full-colour art plate. The Price of the De Luxe Edition is only 3/6 (plus 1/- to cover carriage, packing, insurance, etc.), making 4/6 in all.

Parents, uncles, aunts, grandparents, and you grown-up brothers and sisters—Hurry! here is just the Christmas Present for a child you love.

Remember, in this great offer **there are no tokens to collect.** All you are asked to do is to fill in your name and address on the Reservation Form below and to send it, together with the label bearing a halfpenny stamp, to "John Bull." Be sure to indicate which Edition you require — the "Ordinary" or "De Luxe" Edition. This is very important.

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"The Children's Wonder Book" is now actually on the press, and supplies will be available during the first week in December, well in time for Christmas.

The list for reservations from this announcement definitely closes on Thursday, November 30th, and all applications must be received by NOT later than that date.

CATCH THE NEXT POST!

Hurry, everyone! Don't let your children miss this great Christmas surprise.

Post the Forms on the right at once!

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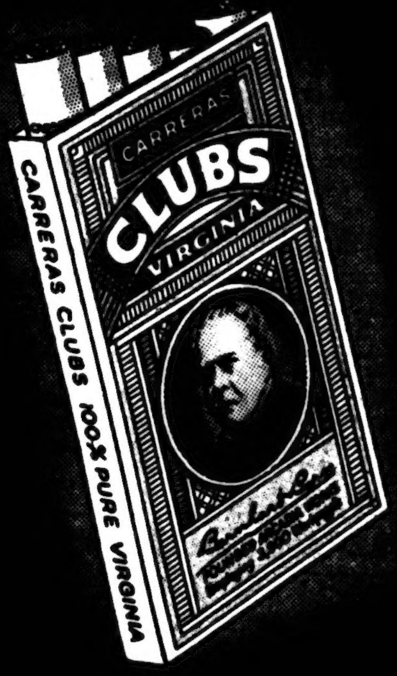
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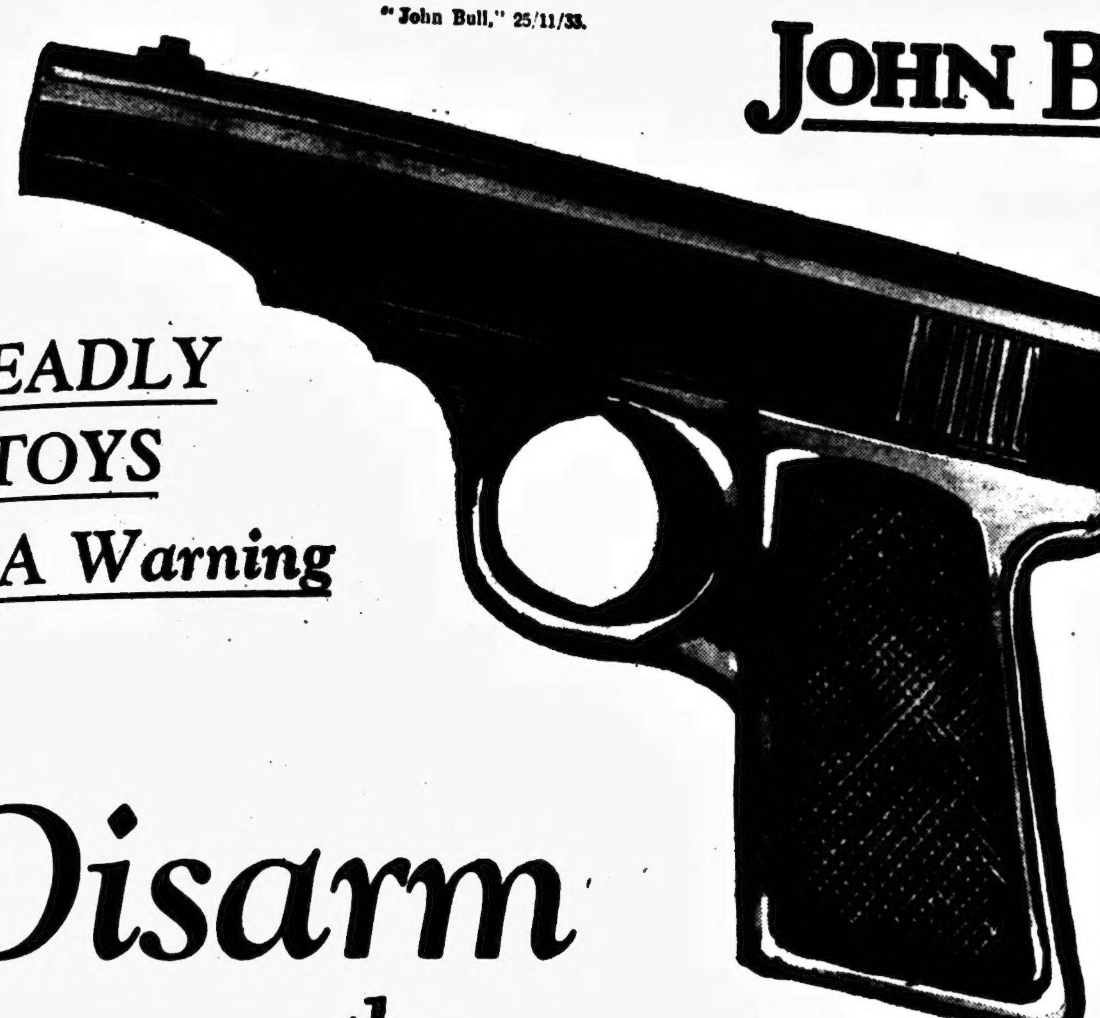
DEADLY TOYS —A Warning



Disarm the Children!

"THIS sort of thing will have to stop. If it goes on like this we shall have all the boys of the city armed and the rest of the citizens will be popped off at random."

This deliberate and serious statement was made the other day to his local magistrates by the Chief Constable of Winchester.

He was revealing to them the astonishing extent to which the boys of the city under fourteen years of age have become possessed of imitation but nevertheless deadly firearms.

The children have formed themselves into a kind of army, the units of which engage in battles with each other, firing ammunition from guns and pistols indiscriminately at close range. In periods of truce the youngsters declare the public to be the "common enemy," and lie along the roads in ambush taking pot-shots as snipers at passing pedestrians and vehicles.

A fantastic state of things to exist in Winchester or anywhere else, most people will say. Nevertheless, it is true—not only of that city, but of many other parts of Britain to-day.

Without FEAR *or* FAVOUR

All over the land, as police chiefs and headmasters well know, great numbers of children have lately become the owners of firearms capable of killing a person at considerable range.

They buy them for a few shillings. Bands of boys club their pocket-money to acquire one in turn. Toy shops and stores have big stocks already displayed for Christmas.

These weapons are not of the old-fashioned cheap air-gun type. They are pistols with hair triggers and proper stocks, amazingly accurate and effective, manufactured mostly in Belgium and Germany, and exported deliberately to defeat the British firearms regulations.

A child of any age can legally buy one without being required to give even a verbal excuse for the purchase. He can carry it openly and have his pockets stuffed with the ugly ammunition, but no police officer has the power to make him surrender the supposed plaything.

There was the sad case only a few days ago of little Raphael Sage in an Essex village. With the contents of his money-box he bought a hideous smooth-bore weapon with a barrel 10½ in. long and of powerful velocity and long range. The shopkeeper was justified in law in selling it; the child had a legal right to get it.

A FEW hours later Raphael was in hospital with a .22 bullet (miniature rifle calibre) lodged so deeply in his brain that it could not be removed.

It is resting there now on a membrane, and, although the boy's life has been saved, he is forbidden ever to do anything which may cause the bullet to move a hair's-breadth to the right or left.

Raphael Sage is only another victim of the diabolical ingenuity with which foreign firearm firms have set out to make our laws ridiculous.

These manufacturers on the Continent have flooded Britain with lethal toys under the pretence that they were merely exploiting the wave of banditry by the wholesale distribution of innocuous weapons to motorists, householders and the like, or were merely providing a domestic article for shooting vermin or sparrows.

All this was so much humbug. British people do not carry dummy automatics in the expectation that they will be assailed by bandits, nor do they keep pistols in their homes with which to shoot small birds and mice.

The destination of these murderous things was meant to be, and has been, the toy counter. Certainly the strangest and most wicked toys ever imported to this country.

One variety, built to fire a .410 cartridge, resembles a sawn-off shot-gun; another is an imitation automatic pistol which, by the boring of a metal plug in the muzzle, is convertible into a most effective firearm; a third is of the size of a pencil, but shaped like a fountain-pen, which, at a few feet, will fire lead bullets through a book 1½ in. thick, or explode a capsule to eject a spray of mustard-gas.

THE last-mentioned extraordinary weapon had its origin in America, and was produced with the idea that when a man was kidnapped by car bandits and told to write a ransom cheque for his release, he could take out his "fountain-pen" and turn the tables on his captors.

A splendid birthday or Christmas present, indeed, for a British child!

To make matters still worse, it has now been found by Professor McIntosh, the bacteriologist of the Bland Sutton Institute in London, following representations from medical officers, that the felt wads which are part of the ammunition for these toys are impregnated with tetanus.

George Whitelaw

The Law must place these deadly toys right out of the children's reach

As the pistols are so roughly finished that they are likely to cause an abrasion of the skin of the finger or hand when the trigger is pulled, the terror of the toys is increased by the danger of virulent infection.

How, it will be asked, is it possible for little children to obtain such weapons and ammunition without permit or even enquiry?

The explanation is that the Firearms Act of 1920 was passed not for the protection of the individual but for military and political reasons—to prevent rifles and revolvers being owned by civilians who might use them in armed risings or for assassination.

FOR this purpose, the firearms for which police licences have to be obtained are only weapons of extreme precision and high calibre.

The foreign manufacturer has devised weapons which are just outside the defined standards, and they can, therefore, distribute them without hindrance and with impunity.

It is known that the Home Secretary intends to strengthen the law relating to the use of firearms or imitation firearms "in connection," he says, "with the commission of crime."

He must go much further than that. Only a small number of criminals in this country risk carrying firearms.

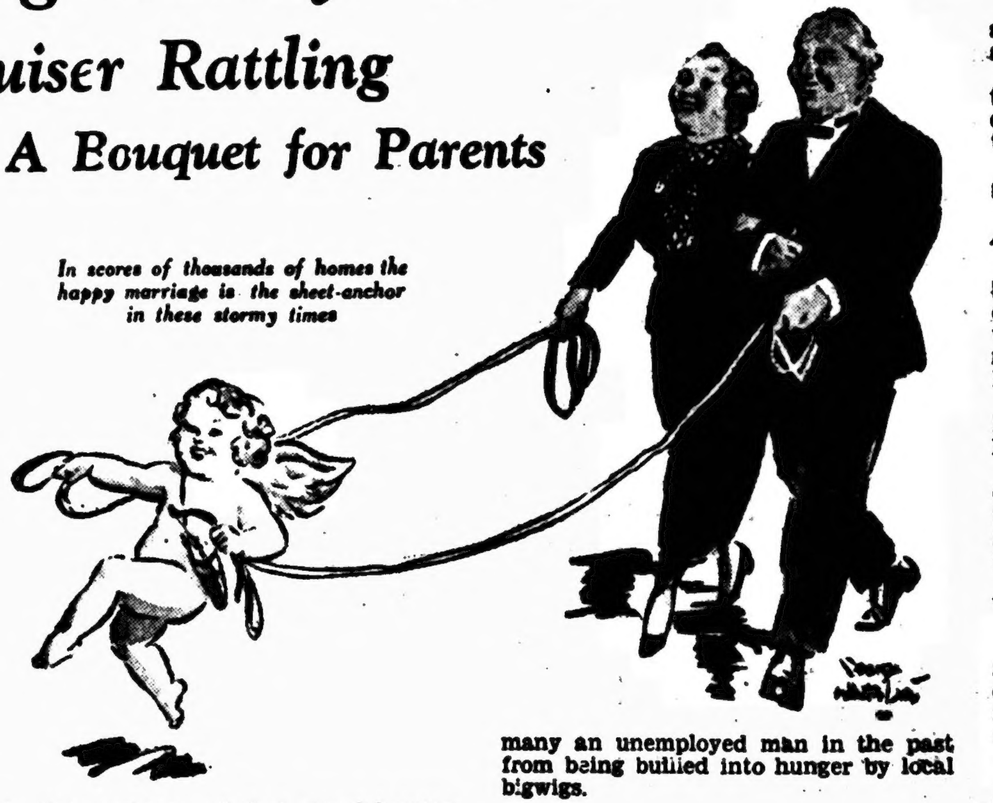
There must be immediate new legislation by which toyshops will cease to be arsenals, and by which the children will be disarmed.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Something Really to be Thankful for!

Stop the Cruiser Rattling

A Bouquet for Parents



In scores of thousands of homes the happy marriage is the sheet-anchor in these stormy times

MARRIAGE has of recent times suffered so much in the way of hard knocks from detractors that it comes as a pleasant shock to find hundreds of married couples meeting to thank Heaven for the blessings of matrimonial life.

This is what has just happened at the church of St. George, Camberwell.

The vicar there, the Rev. J. A. Wallace, had a bright idea, which we heartily commend to other parsons who want to bring the right kind of novelty into the life of their churches.

Married—and thankful

Mr. Wallace thought of the hundreds of men and women who had been married in his church, and wondered if they were glad or sorry they went to the altar.

So he asked those who were glad to attend a service of thanksgiving.

A pretty daring experiment! But it came off.

Hundreds of couples filled the church —happy and thankful, and, what is more, not ashamed to demonstrate in public their happiness and their thankfulness.

Moral for dark days

Now, there's a moral in all this. And a very heartening one, too.

It is that even in these dark days there's a good deal of happiness about if one, like Mr. Wallace, only looks for it.

He found that it exists in hundreds of homes—little oases of happiness in the desert we call the Great Depression. And his is just one parish.

Give others a chance

We feel sure the same readiness to give thanks for matrimonial blessings by thousands of other couples exists in other parishes all over the country.

So why don't the parsons let them!

We shall all feel a bit more joyous for the widespread adoption of Mr. Wallace's cheerful little experiment.

Another picture

We didn't read that crowds thronged the approach to the church at Camberwell to catch a glimpse of the happy couples.

But we did read that a crowd, mostly women, blocked the court at Edinburgh one day during the hearing of the divorce petition brought by Lord Inverclyde against Lady Inverclyde (June, the actress).

So much so that Lady Inverclyde was unable to enter the court until the police made way for her.

Morbid curiosity

We think these people who displayed such a morbid curiosity over one of the tragedies of marriage could better employ their time.

Perhaps their local parson will give them a chance to do so by emulating the bright example of the vicar of St. George's, Camberwell. We hope so.

Bad news

And here's a different sort of tragedy.

After the Great Silence—greater cruisers!

That should give the ordinary man and woman cause to think.

And, if that isn't ample enough reason for serious reflection, we can name other disquieting happenings that have cast ominous shadows over the news of the past few days.

What a confession!

For one thing, we do not feel inclined to dismiss, as lightly as the daily Press generally did, the significant and disturbing fact that those responsible for the award of the Nobel Peace Prize found, for the second year in succession, no statesman in the whole world worthy, in their opinion, of that signal honour. We know what we think of that abject and, at least in one respect, surprising confession.

The man with the load

We can well imagine, too, what "Uncle Arthur" Henderson, worn out by his long labours at Geneva, thought of it.

No wonder that he threatened to resign his onerous and thankless job as Chairman of the Disarmament Conference unless he received greater support from the statesmen.

We hope he will not throw in his hand, though we can well understand that the burden of his tremendous task is one that no single individual can be expected to bear indefinitely.

It will be a black day indeed for the League of Nations and the Disarmament Conference if "Uncle Arthur" goes.

Cruiser rattling

Certainly it was a black day—for those who hoped this country would continue to give the lead in disarmament—when Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, the First Lord of the Admiralty, declared, as the saying goes, for "Bigger and Better Cruisers."

Why did he do that? No, not because any enemy is at our gates. But because far-away Japan and America have a Pacific problem of their own and are speeding up the cruiser armaments pace.

It used to be, in the bad old days, sabre rattling. Now, in the bad new days, it is cruiser rattling.

Perilous pastime

Well, Sir Bolton, we refuse to believe that, in his present mood, the British taxpayer has the slightest enthusiasm for any such perilous pastime.

We can think of many problems, far nearer home than the Pacific Ocean, that cause him much graver concern.

Bigger burden

One is that the Health Minister and his colleagues are taking steps that will seriously add to the ratepayers' burden.

People who have been drawing health insurance benefit are to have that taken away and be sent to the poor law.

And under the new Unemployment Insurance Bill local councils and their ratepayers are to bear an extra share of the cost of maintaining the unemployed.

Gagging M.P.s

Another thing against the Unemployment Insurance Bill is that it takes away yet another of the hard-fought-for rights of Parliament.

Members will in future find it difficult to bring up in the House cases in which injustice has been done to unemployed men by the improper refusal or withdrawal of benefit.

So will pass a safeguard that has saved many an unemployed man in the past from being bullied into hunger by local bigwigs.

Money for jam

We should much rather like to see the powers-that-be bullying into resignation certain young M.P.s who were unexpectedly swept into Parliament at the last election and, incidentally, into a "cushy" £360 a year job to which they have no intention of giving their full time.

Some of them speak of their good luck as a fine joke. One of them admitted last week that he has no political ambitions whatever.

Then why don't he and his like resign and permit their constituencies to be represented properly?

A welcome reform

We welcome the new Road and Rail Traffic Act, if only because it embodies an urgent reform for which we have long pressed.

Hospitals will no longer be expected to spend their all-too-limited funds on injured motorists without hope of any return. They will be assured up to £50 for in-patient and £5 for out-patient victims of motoring accidents at a cost of about 2s. 6d yearly on each car and motor-cycle insurance premium.

No motorist can reasonably grumble at that.

Parents' heroism

That was a beautiful tribute to the mothers and fathers of Britain in the Ministry of Education's annual report on the health of scholars.

It speaks of the unmistakable signs children bear of poverty, anxiety and suffering at home. And yet . .

"The health of the children has been preserved, largely because of the sacrifice in these homes on behalf of the children."

How much unstinting heroism of a kind rarely praised or recognised is represented by these words?

Hushing it up

We referred recently to an allegation that the Ministry of Pensions had bluffed the Prince of Wales regarding the pension of a Liverpool ex-soldier in whose case he had interested himself.

After the Prince had been told that the man had been given 100 per cent. disability pension, his treatment allowances were withdrawn.

Following our criticism, the Press was excluded when the authority concerned, the South-West Lancashire War Pensions Committee, gave further consideration to the case.

Now we demand to know what they are hiding.

Dangerous doctors

We are almost sick of hearing about missing drugs that have been stolen from doctors' cars. The latest case concerns a bag containing morphine, strophine and strychnine.

By all means catch and punish the thieves. But let us demand, too, that doctors shall keep their drugs under control, and be punished if they fail.

Even a man with a dog has that obligation put on him.

A judge's job

We suggest to Judge Cluer, who has been telling his county court recently a cure for lumbago and the age of his watch, that he ought to stop short of making political speeches in court, at least.

A few days ago he said the London Passenger Transport Board ought to have been strangled at birth.

We say that the court-room of this eighty-years-old judge should be used for its proper purpose, and not for the airing of his personal views on topics of the day.

Will case warning

We are glad Mr. Justice Bateson has made an unsuccessful litigant in a will dispute pay the costs instead of following the usual practice of ordering all costs to be paid out of the estate.

If, as he thinks it will, it has the effect of discouraging other "disappointed" people from bringing actions of that kind, it will be all to the public good.

Too often these actions represent a mean-minded effort to fritter away an estate in litigation rather than let another person benefit from it.

Horror films

The film censor's latest idea is that when a "horror" film is shown the management of the kinema should post a notice saying that it is unsuitable for children and that parents should not bring their families.

Now, if there is one thing more than another calculated to bring youngsters in, it is a notice like that.

It seems to us that if a film is decent children might see it, and if it isn't then it shouldn't be shown at all.

Keep them safe

Our railways are probably the safest in the world, but that is no reason why two statements just made about them should not be closely investigated without delay.

One is the allegation of Mr. John Bromley, the engine-drivers' secretary, that the forty minutes allowed for the preparation of express engines each day is not sufficient for safety.

The other is a description of how light signals to aircraft in the Midlands have been mistaken by locomotive drivers as rail signals.

Travellers are entitled to the fullest measure of safety.

They must continue to get it.

An uncivil collector

Are tax-collectors subject to any sort of discipline? Or are they entitled to treat taxpayers with any rudeness or incivility they like?

We ask because one of them, appearing at the Mansion House Police Court in an income-tax case, said of a man who alleged that he had already paid the amount claimed: "He is a very pugnacious person . . . . a pig-headed fellow."

People are called upon to pay so much in rates and taxes nowadays that they can surely look for a little civility in return.

On our black-list

The stage of crime will be minus two bright stars for a time.

One is J. T. Byrne, just sentenced to nine months' imprisonment in Dublin for cheque frauds; the other Captain Roy Napier, sentenced at Preston, Lancashire, to three months' hard labour on a false pretences charge.

It is a coincidence that both were newspaper hoaxers. But it's no coincidence that both were exposed exclusively in JOHN BULL long before their arrest.

That's just part of our service to the public.

Shall we Lose MALTA?

"The most important naval base of the Empire"—the "Royal Sovereign" at Valetta

ONCE again that strange Mediterranean madness has seized the island of Malta. It is not without significance that navigators in the oldest sea in the world take their bearings for Malta from the volcanoes of Etna and Stromboli. The Maltese themselves appear temperamentally volcanic.

Malta is a place of political eruptions. It is a jostling, crowded island, where the Italian dagger or automatic pistol may flash forth with startling suddenness from one of those quick-tempered and impressionable Maltese.

And against the shores of this island Britain has built the most important naval base of the Empire.

One glance at the map shows its military and naval importance. It is almost in the very centre of the Mediterranean. Lying half-way between Gibraltar and the Suez Canal, the island has become a necessary port of call for ships bound to and from the East.

It is the headquarters of the British Mediterranean Fleet. The naval man knows the busy and picturesque streets of Valetta, the capital, as well as he knows the streets of Portsmouth or Chatham. A squadron of the Royal Air Force is based there, and a new fleet of flying boats with a range of 1,000 miles skims the Mediterranean.

In the new world battle for air routes Malta is playing an important part.

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS regard it as a necessary link in the air communications with India and the Cape. Italian seaplanes travelling between Italy and the African colony of Tripoli use the island as a half-way base. For the use of the British Mediterranean Fleet an arsenal crammed with high explosives, naval guns and general ordnance is built near the dockyard.

That is the modern importance of Malta.

One hears that a Government has been dismissed because it insisted upon the Italian language being taught in schools. But that is only the surface problem. There are depths still to be plumbed. The Maltese at the head of affairs have seized upon this pretext for a general political agitation which is a regular fever in their blood.

Britain has controlled Malta for 120 years—a long period for an island that has a history of successive conquerors. Because of their geographical position, the Maltese hear more about the modern glories of Italy and Mussolini's successful dictatorship than they do of Britain's efforts in Empire development.

And within the past three years Mussolini has constantly asserted that Italy must be dominant in the Mediterranean.

Men like Dr. Enrico Mizzi, the Minister for Public Instruction in the late Ministry, as well as Sir Ugo Mifsud, the Prime Minister, have never attempted to deny their Italian sympathies. And when they came into power last year as a result of the election when the Constitution was restored they decided to agitate against the Imperial authorities, and demand something in the nature of complete national control.

"We are convinced," said Dr. Mizzi recently, "that nothing is more certain than the final triumph of the Italianity of Malta. We were proud to call ourselves Italian when Metternich styled Italy a mere geographical expression; we are even prouder to-day when the Italy of Vittorio Veneto dictates to the world principles of peace and progress with traditional Roman wisdom."

Naturally most of the Ministers of the Government left the flouting of Imperial authority to Dr. Mizzo. The Minister for Public Instruction went boldly ahead. Although most of the islanders speak Maltese in their dealings with one another, the professional classes and the old aristocratic families use Italian and are proud of their Italian culture.

THE Imperial authorities decided that the attempt to teach the children of the islands three languages was farcical. Therefore the teaching of Italian in infant and elementary schools was abolished ten years ago, although they allowed it as one of the official languages of the island.

Dr. Mizzi, although he could not, under the revised Constitution, restore it, started special secondary schools for children of elementary school status—in which Italian is taught.

Elementary teachers were sent to Italy for training, although the only languages they could properly be asked to teach were Maltese and English. The calling of children by Italian names in the schools was encouraged. And to stimulate the youthful ambitions, Italian was made a compulsory subject in examinations for minor official posts.

Italian notices and signs began to appear in the streets of Valetta and other towns. Even 'bus stops were labelled *Fermata*. And the Ministers made a point of replying in Italian to questions put to them in English during the Parliamentary debates. Religious delegations were sent to Rome for discussions with the Pope, for the Maltese are devout Roman Catholics.

In short, the Italianisation of Malta proceeded apace.

But not unnoticed.

The Governor, Sir David Campbell, an old cavalry man, who once rode the winner of the Grand National, came to London some six months ago for private discussions at the Dominions and Colonial Offices.

Already the Foreign Office had passed on information regarding the importance with which certain Mediterranean Powers regarded Malta. Sir David Campbell had watched the jockeying of Powers for position in the Mediterranean as he had more than once observed the jockeying for position at the starting tape of English racecourses. And it was known that an unusual amount of Italian money had been circulating freely in the island of Malta.

A policy was decided upon. Sir David Campbell returned to Malta, and one of his first acts was to take over the police force, previously controlled by the Maltese Government.

This was a surprise blow to the Italianate section. They realised that in the event of disturbances the police would be bound to obey the Imperial authorities.

They also realised that their policy was not entirely unknown to the authorities. They had always believed that the Briton in Malta was too much a naval or military man to bother himself with politics, and that their subtleties would be missed.

Still, they had gone too far to stop. They welcomed Italian delegations to the island. The formation of Blackshirt sections of the Fascisti, and the young Fascisti scouts, known as the Balilla and the Avanguardisti, were encouraged. The Italian Institute of Culture on the island gave more and more lectures by eminent men from Italy. Montessori schools sprang up. Evening classes conducted by Italian teachers were advertised extensively.

The Italians were certainly spending money lavishly. Maltese children who had distinguished themselves in the Italian schools were taken to Italy to spend a month in the Balilla Blackshirt camps of the Dolomites, and given a first-rate holiday free of charge.

ITALIAN steamship services to Malta as well as the Italian air services were increased by big subsidies. And it was freely rumoured that Italian money was being given to officials for "services rendered."

Italy makes no secret of her attitude towards the island. She considers it one of the *terre irredente*. Italian children are taught from their earliest years that it is such. Since Mussolini assumed the dictatorship the Italians have been pursuing in Malta a policy of cultural penetration, aiming at the spread of the Italian language and the knowledge of Italian history, literature and art.

And Italy's big ambitions in the Mediterranean are only just at the beginning. New fortifications are being erected along the Straits of Messina. British airmen are forbidden to fly in this vicinity. France is jealously observing these preparations.

For the moment it would seem that the Governor and Commander-in-Chief in Malta, Sir David Campbell, has called the bluff of the Italianate Maltese Ministers. The Cabinet has been dismissed and full powers of government assumed by this slim, wiry man of sixty-five years of age.

It now remains to be seen how far the deposed Ministers are supported by the quarter of a million Maltese on the island. It is generally believed that the Italian movement is supported only by a small intelligentsia section, and that the peasantry are unaffected by the years of Italian propaganda.

But the Maltese, as a race, are still the great enigma of the British Empire. Few Englishmen can understand what goes on behind those swarthy, handsome features.

THE Semitic brain still works with considerable subtle ingenuity, and if the Maltese have decided within themselves that the British Empire is tottering, then trouble on the island is certain. The old Mediterranean madness will sweep like a sirocco through the streets of Valetta.

Italy is watching closely. France, whose frontiers clash with Italy in North Africa as well as in Europe, is perturbed.

From the British point of view, Malta is more essential to Empire communications than ever before. The island is still the chief base of our bid for Mediterranean prestige. And even Turkey is not unmindful of the importance of Malta, for the island played an important part in the war against the Middle East. If Britain loses Malta it will be another break in the link between this country and India.

YOUTH DECLARES

Modern youth, put on its defence, has replied in no uncertain voice, meeting indictment with indictment . . .

WHEN I wrote a fortnight ago about the Lord Mayor of London's indictment of modern youth, I had no suspicion of the hornets' nest I was thrusting my head into. I know now.

I am smarting with a thousand stings. Fortunately, they are verbal stings. If they had been physical, I should by this time be unrecognisable by my dearest friend.

In other words, I have been submerged by an avalanche of criticism. The postman who brings my letters staggers under his burden as if Christmas had already come.

But there is nothing of the Christmas spirit in the greetings he brings. Far from it. Here and there is a note of approval, but the general verdict is damning, and if I were in the dock on an indictable offence I should be lucky to escape with ten years' penal servitude.

Some of the critics write angrily, some sorrowfully, some ironically, as, for example, the correspondent from Bow who encloses a quack advertisement on the ground, as he says, that there must be something wrong with me.

"I hope it is not serious," he adds jocularly. "Maybe it is only flat feet, a loose cartilage, or perhaps gallstones. However, here's to your speedy recovery. May you soon recover the former common-sense associated with A. G. Gardiner."

That is the high-water mark of kindness in the torrent of attack that has overwhelmed me.

I do not complain. I welcome this insurgence of modern youth for two reasons.

I welcome it, in the first place, because it shows the fighting spirit, and in the second because it has given me an extraordinary insight into the life of others, what they are thinking and the difficulties the average young man has to face in a world that has lost its moorings and is drifting none can tell whither.

It will be useful, I think, to summarise briefly the general tenor of the reply which modern youth makes to the Lord Mayor's indictment.

But first let me recall what that indictment was. It was that the young men of to-day are lacking in ambition and the spirit of adventure. And the principal proof he advanced of this was that they no longer emigrated.

With his general criticism I agreed. With his illustration I entirely disagreed. I pointed out that young men had ceased to emigrate because in the post-war world there was nowhere to emigrate to—no country that wanted them or would have them.

Moving story

Bearing on this, I find among the mountain of letters that strew my desk and floor a moving story of an engineer who writes from Sunderland of his adventures in search of work in South America.

He went there immediately after the war, serving as third engineer on a cable steamer engaged in laying telegraph cable on the river Amazon.

I wish I had space to give the whole story. It is a veritable Odyssey of a dozen years' wanderings in Brazil, Argentina and Bolivia, with all its vicissitudes and disappointments.

If I may judge of a man by the way he tells his tale, simply and uncomplainingly, he is a good craftsman and a fellow of infinite grit.

But his experience is enough to show the folly of indicting modern youth for not emigrating. When the world gets sane and settled again, the flow of emigration will return. To-day it is barred—"No thoroughfare."

Let us turn to the general charge that modern youth lacks ambition, enterprise and the spirit of adventure.

There is an almost universal denial of this proposition. It is coupled with an almost equally universal complaint that the conditions of life in the world to-day put an iron check on the exercise of those qualities.

One of the constantly recurring complaints is that the older generation in the business world to-day block the path of the young man. They do not merely prevent their advancement. They in many cases are too jealous of youth to encourage it to exercise its imagination and its enterprise.

The point is very well put by a correspondent from Sutton, in Surrey, when he says:

"As a youth with more than a fair share of commercial experience, I believe I am echoing the feeling of the majority of my age when I state that this insufficiency of brains and courage to face responsibility is due not to inability or lack of ambition, but rather to the innate sense of fear that is the nightmare of every employee in the business world to-day.

"The executive positions predominantly filled by old men, in some instances just because they are old, have produced in all branches of industry an abundance of 'Yes men,' through fear.

"The old men with their years of accumulated savings behind them have in any crisis an anchor of security which the young man has not had the opportunity to acquire, and so for him to bring efficiency of will in addition to efficiency in work would be more than his job is worth."

He illustrates the point from his own case. He is forced to submit to the dictation of inferior men because they have served the company longer than he has, and it has been hinted to him that his personal prospects would be better served if he displayed less initiative and ambition in his work.

Palsied with age

This complaint of the opposition of age to youthful enterprise comes from all quarters and from all callings. It is probably true that the grievance is more real to-day than it was formerly. Men are living longer and age loves to keep its hand on the tiller, and is often jealous of youth.

I was speaking not long ago to the son of the head of a firm of world-wide fame. I had a complaint to make, and he said the misfortune was due to his father. I asked him to protest to his father.

"Ah!" he said, "you don't know my father. These grey hairs (he was prematurely grey) are my father's work. If you had been in his room with me an hour ago you

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Homely Wisdom

by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

THE TWO NATURES

IT has been said that the most important development in psychology in recent years is the general acceptance by experts of the knowledge that human dispositions are of two main types—those that look inward and those that look outward.

The inward-looking person's first thought when anything happens in his neighbourhood is to ask himself, "How will this affect me?" or "In what light will this place me before the world?" or "What will So-and-so think of me?" or "Shall I gain or lose by this?"

The other sort of person will just as spontaneously be interested in events or persons rather than in his own feelings about them. He does not spend much time in looking inside himself or trying to analyse his sensations about this, that or the other thing; it is enough for him that he lives in a world where all manner of absorbingly interesting things are going on from day to day, and he wants to know all about them and perhaps take a part in them.

These two types are easily distinguishable, but either of them may be objectionable or lovable, good or bad.

The man who never gets away from his own centre may be a timid, gentle, self-distrustful soul, who because of his very sensitiveness is sympathetic with another in trouble.

He may be the opposite of self-assertive, shrink within himself when in uncongenial company, have few social gifts and no desire to attract attention or applause, and yet be a very fine character on whom one can absolutely rely at a pinch.

On the other hand, this same introspective habit of mind may be found allied to a cold heart and a morose, aloof kind of temper that tends to think the worst instead of the best of others.

I know more than one person who is ready enough to talk you silly with his mournful recital of his own grievances, but who hates hearing about the grievances of anyone else.

Give me every time in preference the man who has no morbid leanings, and dislikes self-analysis, but is ever ready to do a friend a good turn.

As I once heard the Bishop of London say, he is the best type of companion to go tiger-hunting with, though he might be quite incapable of discussing either his own deepest feelings or yours. He may hardly know what his own deepest feelings are till he suddenly finds himself up against some special crisis that calls for all his manhood.

There is an old saying to the effect that it is when trouble comes that you find out who are your real friends. Usually they are not the big talkers; they are more likely to be the kind that is made uneasy or uncomfortable by the display of tense emotion.

Often enough the so-called good-natured person, sociable, ready of tongue, will be found wanting if required to sacrifice something for friendship's sake.

There is no golden rule for estimating character except this: Trust neither the man who flatters you with honeyed speech, nor the man who is so full of himself that he never looks your way.

Put your faith in him (or her) who is the same as gold tried in the fire, who is the same in the darkness as in the light, the same behind your back as before your face, and whose actions prove that he or she is capable of self-forgetful love.

WAR—ON ME!

by A. G. Gardiner

The Reply to a "John Bull" Article that has Raised a Storm

"I thrust my head into a hornets' nest and I am smarting from a thousand stings . . ."—*Mr. A. G. Gardiner*

would have heard him talking to me as if I were an office-boy."

I think there is no doubt that one of the perils of industry is that it is often palsied with age. The enterprise of youth should be welcomed, and age should be more ready to take a back seat in business.

Another line of criticism which crops up again and again in the letters represents the revolt of youth against the muddle that has been made of the world. I take two examples:

"Can we blame this spirit of aimlessness and unrest" (says a New Malden writer) "which is eating into their minds when nearly every section of the Press is shouting aloud in large black type details and forebodings of further unrest to come?

"Youth is undergoing the severest test to which it has ever been subjected. Would the youth of previous generations have withstood it better? Were they of sterner stuff? I doubt it.

"Youth to-day," says an Ayr correspondent, "is largely what it is as the result of the teachings set by its accusers. The greatest trouble of the present is lack of confidence in the older generation."

Indeed, the older generation comes in for much harder knocks than I ventured to give to the younger. "We curse the older generation which brought the house down about our ears." (This from Bredbury, Cheshire.)

It is torn, he says, between allegiance first to one doctrine, then another. A few years ago it went on the Gold Standard, and said it was the finest thing it had ever done. In 1931 it went off the Gold Standard, and again proclaimed it was the finest thing it had ever done. And "ye wise and ye wizened" dare to talk to youth about its laxities!

Too much "influence"

Many of the writers complain that youth is dispirited by the favouritism in business. One bank clerk asserts that the "cushy" jobs in the bank fall, not to merit or experience, but to the sons and relatives of directors. If an inspector comes round, he says, he may be incompetent, but he is pretty certain to be a connection of "somebody" in power.

I have no doubt that there is truth in this. But it is not a new truth. There always has been nepotism, but I should say that there is less of it to-day than there ever was.

Mass production is offered by many as the reason of failure to "get through." An Aberdare correspondent writes:

"I have worked in various factories, yet passed unnoticed and 'got the bullet.' Why? In the first place, my job was mass production, and there was only one way to do it—the right way. Under the system, anybody with a little common-sense is bound to do it right.

"Secondly, the man above you, chargehand, overseer, whatever he is, is unwilling that you should be promoted unless it means stepping one up the ladder *after* him. He naturally keeps his mouth shut."

And allied to this grievance is another which is expressed by a Glasgow correspondent and others. It is the difficulty of access to the principals.

His own bat

Lord Ashfield, they say, complains of the lack of leadership, and £10,000-a-year men; but, they ask how is ability to get through the barbed-wire fence with which the heads of business surround themselves? The man with ideas, initiative, ambition cannot get near them. "No vacancy" is the reply from the secretary's secretary.

As for the suggestion that modern youth is too much preoccupied with film stars, motor-racing, speed records, betting and play, many writers ask quite fairly if their elders haven't their relaxations, and point to the illustrated weeklies as evidence of how the well-to-do spend their time.

"Of course, young people like their games and 'pictures'" (says J. B., of Hornchurch). "Are not the daily papers full of how Lord Pomp plays ludo and how well Lady Poudre Pough acted as an amateur (job-snatcher) minor parlour maid? Do not the papers give columns of 'news' of how well one played footer and how easily another found a third husband?"

And the same correspondent airs a common complaint that it is the employers who are to blame for the lack of men who will take responsibility. They want a man already cut and dried. They don't want to "take the responsibility" of giving a man the chance to learn the business.

"One post I went for" (he says) "I did not get as, in reply to the question we all got as to what we could do, I said 'Use my own bat.' But later I found that the man who did get the post simply answered 'I can do as I am told.' Now, I ask, is that taking responsibility? It appears to me that it is the 'governors' who won't take responsibility. They always seem to want a man made to measure. They are afraid to give any other a chance."

It was a bright reply, "Use my own bat," but I am not sure if I were advertising for a clerk ("J. B." is a clerk) I should select the candidate who made it. Fitness for responsibility cannot be taken on the word of the man who is applying for a place. It has to be evidenced when the man has got the place, and the opportunity of showing what he can do with his bat.

Too many of my critics write as if the mere fact that they want better places is alone enough to show their fitness to assume responsibility. Ambition is a valuable quality, but it is no proof of capacity. That can only be exhibited in actual business, and I do not believe the average intelligent employer is not anxious to recognise real ability when he comes across it in action.

The other school—

Nor do I think there is much substance in the grouse of those who complain that those who have had higher education get the preference. It is a not infrequent grouse. A Hackney correspondent says:

"Lord Ashfield and your managing director look no further than those who have been fortunate enough to live an ideal life at school till 21 years of age. They are thought suitable for high posts. They never look at the rank-and-file men who have the power of organisation in their brains but cannot express it in scholastic terms. If only the higher-placed officials would look among their workers and give them a trial they would not have to search far for their £10,000-a-year man."

In a similar vein a Bow correspondent says:

"Education is not a measure of brains. A robot will give the correct answer to a set question, but it cannot think. The working classes can and do think. . . . My point is that modern youth is not composed of young men with Oxford accent, but of a class that, in the words of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, form the backbone of England."

To which I should reply that if an employer did not respect education he would be a fool.

I am quite sure that Lord Ashfield, for example, would take account of the sort of education a man had had, but I am equally sure that he would not care twopence what school he had been at, and that if he discovered that he had real natural gifts he would be indifferent to whether he pronounced his aitches or not.

But I must close. I wish that it had been possible to quote more, and that I were able to reply to the multitude who, convinced that they need only a chance, ask me to help them.

I have tried to summarise fairly the chief points of the reply of modern youth to the criticism levelled against them.

With much of what they say I am in the fullest sympathy. I put one side of the case, and they have put the other. I do not find in what they say anything which leads me to withdraw my previous remarks.

But I do find much that it was important to say, and I rejoice that in putting modern youth on their defence I have drawn from them so much valuable criticism and comment on the difficulties of the younger generation and the defects of modern business methods.

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Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to Lord Buckmaster

Why Champion Money-making Wives?

DEAR LORD BUCKMASTER,—I am sorry now that I did not accept an invitation sent me to sit behind you on the platform at the Central Hall, Westminster, the other night, when you presided over a meeting of 3,000 women who paid to hear speeches demanding the married woman's right to earn her own living in competition with men.

I should have loved, for instance, to see what I read—"Rebecca West, the writer, so moved by the enthusiasm of the crowd that she finished her speech in a quaver of tears" and sitting down suddenly "struggling for control."

That must have been a fine sight.

Then I would have loved to hear Mrs. Cooper, a Lancashire magistrate, who aroused a storm of enthusiasm by speaking of "the wonderful way men and women worked together in the mills in Lancashire."

* * *

Personally, I am in favour of abolishing all female labour in cotton mills. Why it should be exalted I cannot understand. Civilisation is coming to a pretty plight when that sort of female slavery is to be cheered.

I read that six men dared to vote against the resolution. Six brave men went along realising, as you, my lord, must realise, if you think again, that there are already hundreds of thousands of women who, often merely because they accept less in wages, have obtained jobs formerly filled by men.

The consequence is that, in many of these cases, fathers are on the "dole" while daughters do, for less money, the work their fathers used to do.

"The reason why so many women are drifting into the labour market is because they have not comfortable homes," said Lady Astor, "and because they cannot give their children a good education."

Then why doesn't Lady Astor insist on better homes for the people and better education for the people?

I look around me, in my own profession, and I find that a very large proportion of the women employed in Fleet Street are the wives of journalists already in jobs. Kissing goes by favour, nowadays, more than it ever did. The more the husbands earn, as a rule, the more likely are their wives to obtain employment.

* * *

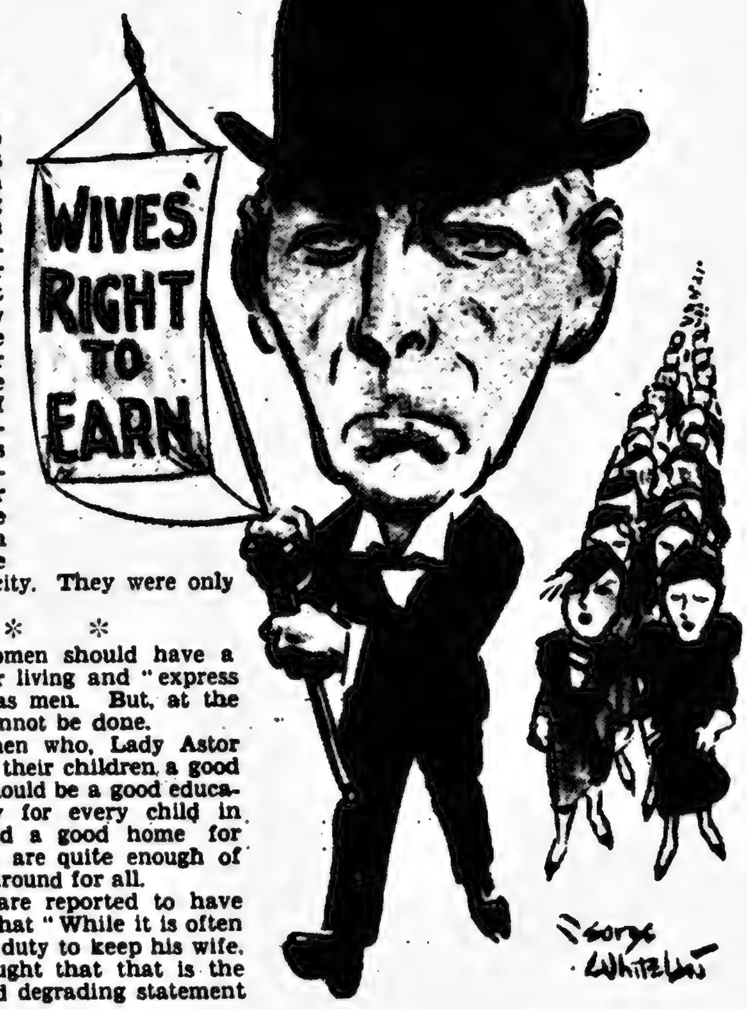
No one dares to tell women that the enormous unemployment figures are caused, very largely, by the way in which they have flooded the labour market to the detriment of their fathers, their brothers and their husbands.

"Jim" Thomas did say so in a few words in one speech. But immediately he ran away. He is a Member of Parliament, you see, and is afraid of women's votes.

But nobody else that I have heard dares to point out to women the plain, honest fact—that, *as things are to-day*, they are making things worse for everybody.

In many cases, by taking two incomes into one home they are encouraging a new kind of suburban snobbery.

In many cases, girls belonging to the middle-class are getting jobs in offices, spending the money on luxuries, face powder and tickets for the kinema, not realising that they have thrown some man of a lower class out on the "dole." Wives of rich men are opening flower shops and doing decorating. They get their pictures in the paper. The men who used to do the work got no publicity. They were only men.



* * *

I know that women should have a right to earn their living and "express themselves," just as men. But, at the present time, it cannot be done.

As for the women who, Lady Astor says, want to give their children a good education, there should be a good education automatically for every child in the land—yes, and a good home for everybody. There are quite enough of the world's goods around for all.

You, my lord, are reported to have told the meeting that "While it is often said it is a man's duty to keep his wife, I have often thought that that is the most insulting and degrading statement ever heard."

What utter nonsense! Degrading to whom—the women or the men?

You should know better. What would you say if married men took you at your word, said it was not their duty, and all got summoned at the police court and then quoted you—a former Lord Chancellor?

So isn't it Lord Astor's job to keep Lady Astor? She would, I am sure, be indignant at the thought that she was not entitled to enjoy all the advantages of having married a millionaire. Must she live on her £400 a year as M.P., just like Lansbury?

No, long before we talk about the rights of the wives of the employed, we must solve the problem of the unemployed and their wives and families.

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Rev. Dr. WINNINGTON INGRAM,
Bishop of London

Dear Bishop,—Forgiveness being a cardinal virtue of Christianity, I am glad you introduced at the Church Assembly a recommendation—carried by an overwhelming majority—that will enable clergymen who have lost their faith and regained it to return to the ministry.

I liked, too, that line of the Rev. C. E. Douglas, who supported you, that "no Act of Parliament should prevent an Archbishop from forgiving sins."

John Bull.

Sir H. KINGSLEY WOOD,
Postmaster-General

Dear Sir,—Four bandits beat into insensibility an unaccompanied Royal Mail driver who had to carry a registered letter mail along a lonely Kentish road at 2 a.m.

Now it is said that the Post Office will only employ a second man where the volume of work warrants it—not merely for the sake of security.

How many such hold-ups must there be before the Post Office learns common-sense—and common humanity?

John Bull.

LORDS of the TREASURY,
Whitehall

My Lords,—You have just published a Treasury Minute guaranteeing payment of the principal and interest on that portion of the recent Austrian Loan that was issued in London.

What about guaranteeing a loan for the building of the new Cunarder, to provide extra employment on Clydeside?

Isn't Glasgow as important as Vienna?

John Bull.

Dr. ALINGTON,
Dean of Durham

Dear Dean,—I am delighted to hear that the Cathedral Chapter is to give practical assistance in the clearing of Durham slums by lending £1,000 free of interest.

As hard cash it may not go very far. But as a shining example to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, whom I have condemned in the past for their ownership of slum property, it should be of tremendous value.

John Bull.

CHAIRMAN and MEMBERS,
Norfolk County Council

Sirs,—You obtained £15,000 from the Ministry of Transport as a grant towards roadwork. You have voted it to the relief of the rates.

By doing so you have robbed nine hundred men of three months' work each.

Let their suffering be on your heads!

John Bull.

LADY (Laura Harcourt) FENTON,
St. Kenya Avenue, Hove

Dear Lady,—You did not appear when summoned at Brighton for failing to observe traffic signals. Your solicitor told the Bench that "her ladyship expresses the opinion that a police court is not a place in which she should appear."

You may be too aloof to know it, but that's just what every man and woman, titled and untitled alike, thinks of a police court.

Keep the law, and you needn't see the inside of one. Break it, and, despite anything the Brighton Bench thinks, you are not entitled to any special consideration.

John Bull.

Rev. G. C. FLETCHER,
Vicar of Pendleton, Lancs

Reverend Sir,—At seventy-four you have resigned a quiet country living to start life in Africa as a missionary.

What a lesson to people who, at fifty, think of settling down in places like Pendleton.

And how you must laugh at that "too old at forty" talk.

John Bull.

THOMAS EDWARD JONES,
Southend-on-Sea

Absent-minded One,—I have heard of men forgetting their dinner. According to the story you told the Southend Bench, however, you "forgot" a wife and three children for six years, in which time they cost the ratepayers £569.

As you never forgot to draw your Army pension in that period I can only assume you are a plausible liar and think the month's imprisonment you got was all too little.

John Bull.

JOHN BARBIROLLI,
Conductor, Scottish Orchestra, Glasgow

Dear Musician,—Dropping your bâton for a moment to do a sum, you found that when the Government gave a subsidy of £17,500 a year to opera it made possible performances which returned £27,000 a year in entertainment tax and income tax.

Now you are asking where is the economy in stopping the subsidy and so losing the £10,000 profit.

Yes, where is it? The economaniacs may call the tune; but you know how to call the bluff.

John Bull.

The MEMBERS,
Kingsbridge Rural Council, Devon

Cheeseparers,—You beamed when your assistant clerk began to read a poem that was being circulated locally.

But you shouted him down when you found it criticised your plan to engage a qualified assistant sanitary surveyor at £2 a week inclusive of expenses.

What were you expecting—a pæan of praise for your economy?

John Bull.

The MAGISTRATES,
Blandford, Dorset

Your Worships,—I am delighted you have sent to prison for a month two men, Charles Toms and Frank Loader, who so ill-treated a pony during its breaking-in that it could be followed by a trail of blood.

But I am even more pleased at your ordering the owner of the wretched animal, Mrs. Ethel Loader, to surrender it to the care of the R.S.P.C.A., in addition to paying a fine.

Your safeguarding of the future of this shaggy little Dartmoor pony will be approved by every animal lover.

John Bull.

Councillor W. M. CRONE,
Moderate Party, Glasgow

Sir,—You must be one of those strange Christians to whom everybody whose religious views differ by a shade from your own is an out-and-out pagan.

For when an Episcopalian minister was called on, instead of the usual Church of Scotland minister, to pray at the opening of a Glasgow Town Council meeting, you marched out a section of your followers in protest.

You are described as a leader of the Moderates. I wonder.

John Bull.

ALBERT MAUDLIN,
Iveston, Durham

Fool,—Six months' hard labour may strike you as a big price to pay for a smoke. But your fellow-miners won't think so.

For you endangered the lives of 200 of them by "lighting up" in the gassiest spot of a pit.

Although I am sorry for your wife and four children, I am thinking of those hundreds of other wives and children who might have been bereft of their breadwinners through your selfish folly.

John Bull.

COSSOR *de luxe* RADIO CONSOLES

from £9·19·0

VARIABLE-MU S.G. CIRCUIT

●

SINGLE DIAL TUNING

●

MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER

●

MAGNIFICENT CABINET WORK

●

Beautifully proportioned, in cabinet work of the highest quality, these new Cossor Consoles are outstanding value. If, hitherto, a Console has been beyond your means, here is your opportunity.

Their magnificent performance will satisfy your most exacting requirements. Highly efficient in design, they bring all the leading Broadcasting Stations of Europe within easy reach. Their superb reproduction, due to the use of the latest type of Moving Coil Loud Speaker, is wonderfully true-to-life.

Your local Wireless Dealer will be glad to let you hear one of these splendid new Cossor Consoles. Ask him to-day.

BATTERY MODEL 3456 (Class "B" Output)

Complete with Cossor 220VS Variable-Mu Screened Grid, Cossor 210HL Detector, Cossor 215P Driver and Cossor 220 Class "B" Output Valves. Single-dial tuning, selectivity control and combined volume control and "on-off" switch. Wavechange switch for 200-530 and 900-2000 metres. Handsome walnut finished Console Cabinet, 35" high, 14" wide, 11" deep, giving accommodation for batteries. Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker of the latest type. Gramophone Pick-up Plug and Socket. PRICE **£9.19.0**

Hire Purchase Terms: 20/- deposit and 10 monthly payments of 20/-.

Prices do not include Batteries or Accumulator.

ALL-ELECTRIC
Model 3468 (A.C. Mains)

Specification similar to Battery Model 3456, but operating from Electric Light Supply. Complete with four Cossor A.C. Mains Valves viz: M.V.S.G. (Met.) Variable-Mu S.G., 41 M.H. (Met.) Detector, 41 M.P. Output and 442 B.U. Rectifier. Mains Energised Moving Coil Speaker. Illuminated tuning-dial. For A.C. Mains only. 200/250 volts (adjustable) 40/100 cycles. PRICE **£10.15.0**

Hire Purchase Terms: 25/- deposit and 10 monthly payments of 21/-.

ALL-ELECTRIC
Model 3469 (D.C. Mains)

As Model 3468, but for operation on D.C. Mains. Supplied complete with three Cossor D.C. Mains Valves viz: D.V.S.G. (Met.) Variable-Mu S.G., D.H.L. (Met.) Detector and D.P. Power Output. For D.C. Mains only, 200/270 volts (adjustable). PRICE **£10.15.0**

Hire Purchase Terms: 25/- deposit and 10 monthly payments of 21/-.

COSSOR
CONSOLE RECEIVERS

Prices [illegible] apply in I.F.S.

FREE WIRELESS BOOK

THE
Cossor
WIRELESS
BOOK

From cover to cover this new Cossor 72-page Wireless Book is packed full of useful and interesting information—latest circuits—explanations of technical terms—list of broadcasting stations, etc. Send at once for free copy.

USE THE COUPON

3996

To A. C. COSSOR LTD., Melody Dept., Highbury Grove, London, N.5.

Please send me free of charge, your Photogravure Catalogue B.20 which gives full particulars of Cossor Console Receivers. Also please send a free copy of the new Cossor 72-page Wireless Book.

B.20., B.V.33

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Address ________________

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J.B. 25/11/33. ________________

A POTTY PURPLE ARMY

—Queer One-Man Mission

ESTABLISHED in general headquarters in a London suburb, a new Army has opened up a campaign through the advertising columns of a national daily newspaper.

This rather strange organisation calls itself St. Peter's Army. It is a kind of religious formation, with the motto "Love ye one another, Help and uplift one another," and the badge of a purple cross, with the superimposed letters "S.P.A." in gold.

According to circulars in the possession of JOHN BULL:

"St. Peter's Army has been formed to battle for those who are decent but down and outcast, many of whom through a sudden stroke of misfortune have lost their all and gone right under; some never to rise again.

"It is my duty to emphasise that the S.P.A. has no connection with any other organisation, many of whom are doing good work; but it must be pointed out that thousands are on the road to-day facing starvation and hopelessness.

"The S.P.A. is open to all regardless of creed or birthplace. Once we are over the difficulties attached to organisation and can show these people there is someone ready to give a helping hand over the first stile (right over), they will face life with a brighter outlook, and more determination to take the path that leads to a good ending.

"We are hoping to obtain a number of houses in which many could live a sensible and straightforward life with homely attractions and all facilities for obtaining genuine work to enable them to pay their own way and so make their colony self-supporting.

"The S.P.A. will employ many on schemes already in hand; none need be idle.

"All expenses will be kept down to a minimum and the whole undertaking worked in a systematic way by those who are down, but experienced in matters of this kind.

"Will you help by a little personal service? There are many ways by which you can serve and gain the gratitude of those who are in such a terrible plight. It is certain that you will be rewarded by 'God Our Commander.' Will you kindly think it over and help to stop the war between individuals; then eventually no more war between nations? It is the solution, we have to make a start.

"We are out to do away with all greed, malice, hatred and bring a true and unselfish feeling into our hearts whether high, low, rich or poor; not self first and last, but helping to bear each others burdens and so fulfil the law of the Scriptures."

Society canvassed

That declaration of the aims and objects of St. Peter's Army is signed "Yours humbly and sincerely, Peter J. Bonsels (Founder)."

Peter J. Bonsels, the founder, obviously thinks that his army is a sound proposition, for he has already approached members of the Royal Family and many distinguished and titled people for support.

Among those he has solicited with appeals are the Duke of Connaught, Princess Beatrice, and the Marchioness of Carisbrooke. His personal letter to the Marchioness of Carisbrooke was in the following terms:

"My dear Marchioness,—

"May I ask your personal help in this great work we have undertaken?

"1. By becoming one of our committee, or by forming a committee among your friends.

"2. Helping us financially for our proposed midnight food distribution on the Embankment or Trafalgar Square among the hungry and homeless.

"3. Helping us with clothes, furniture, bedding or food for the commencement of our homes, hostels, and chapel.

"I appeal to you from the depths of my heart to help those in deepest need."

How straightforward and admirable it all sounds. Unfortunately the "Founder" does not supply information about his army. He wants the influential people whom he pesters to take it on trust. He says nothing about its actual constitution or his own qualifications for presiding over an organisation of this kind.

We can supply the omissions.

He is a man known to the police and has served two terms of imprisonment.

His last punishment was on account of fraudulent conversion. For this he received a sentence of seven months in the second division. He served his term in Pentonville Prison, and was released in June. His official number while in prison was 1637 A 4.28. His previous imprisonment was also for fraudulent conversion.

The recruit

After his discharge from Pentonville, Bonsels obtained work as a chef in a city restaurant, and in his spare time carried on his St. Peter's Army scheme.

He secured assistance from a man named Arthur F. Selman, another ex-prisoner. Selman has been sentenced for housebreaking and larceny, and also for begging.

For a period, this undesirable fellow, Selman, was the secretary of the "Army." He received free board and lodging from his colleague, Bonsels, and a wage of ten shillings a week, when the army funds would permit of any payment.

Lately the army enlistment of Selman was cancelled and he was deprived of his "commission" as secretary.

Now Bonsels is carrying on with a local builder and rent collector as treasurer, and a friend of this builder as the secretary. Bonsels is the supreme authority. There is no committee; no proper organisation.

The Marchioness of Carisbrooke, to whom "The Founder" had the impudence to appeal

Money that comes in from donors is received by Bonsels and spent by him as he thinks fit.

One small, barely furnished room with a telephone and a card index cabinet, in the house which Bonsels rents as his home in Malcolm Road, Penge, is the "G.H.Q." of the precious "Army."

Really Bonsels—who has now lost his employment as a chef—is the commander and the staff combined, for the treasurer and secretary give only fragmentary spare-time service.

What Bonsels plans to do, when he has received sufficient money, is to take over four unoccupied houses in Malcolm Road and to convert them into homes for his recruits.

At the moment, however, there is no pressing rush to join the "Army."

Bonsels and his "Army" are seriously in debt. Printers have not been paid for work; newspapers are owed money for advertisements.

The "Army" is being maintained on flimsy credit and in the hope that money will flow to the war-chest as a result of the appeals and begging letters issued by the "Founder."

No limit can be set to the effrontery of Bonsels. He even asked the Charity Organisation Society to accept the good faith of his crazy movement, but the society, after due investigation, decided that Bonsels and his "Army" could not be recommended in any way.

There are a sufficient number of supposed "uplift" societies in this country without another established by ex-jailbirds.

How a man with the record of Bonsels should dare to ask the public to entrust him with funds is an example of incredible optimism.

Yet charitable individuals have already sent donations to Bonsels, and others, no doubt, may do so under the impression that he is fathering a serious, *bonâ-fide* effort to deal with problems of distress.

These disclosures, we hope, will defeat the campaign.

St. Peter's Army must be disbanded as speedily as possible.

Let it Slide!

MANY people throughout the country who have the misfortune to be unemployed have been attracted by a series of advertisements in provincial newspapers offering "interesting and remunerative" home-work.

These advertisements have been inserted by the Matador Manufacturing Co., of 13, Belgrave Gate, Leicester.

Readers of JOHN BULL who have replied have received letters and literature which glow with promises of the steady incomes that can be made by making a special kind of leather mat at home.

"You can start a big paying business in your own home," states a booklet issued by the company. "Right in your own home or room, anywhere, without incurring undue expense, without even your neighbours knowing how you make your money."

* * *

"We guarantee to take your finished work," says Mr. P. Smith, the proprietor of the company, without so much as a blush.

A guarantee is also printed which looks impressive, but in actual practice means nothing in particular.

It is to the effect that the company will take regular quantities of finished goods made to order, for which payment at the rate of one shilling a square foot is promised.

But there are preliminaries, of course! The seeker after this money-spinning proposition, in order to become a fully-fledged working agent of the firm, has to pay £1 to cover the cost of registration and other charges.

In return he is promised the "complete manufacturing process and working instructions for the making of Matador British Matting," together with his first order, for which he will be paid £15.

This scheme, with its confident promises of orders for £15 and an income of 30s. to £2 a week, to be easily earned at home in spare time, is a proposition to be avoided.

The Matador Manufacturing Co., of Leicester, is trading upon the eagerness of unemployed people and others who, feeling the pinch of straitened circumstances, are likely to be attracted by promises of money easily earned in the home.

HUMPHREYS the HUMBUG

A "PROFESSOR" who describes himself as the most amazing prophet of modern times, "world-famed and accepted as the leading authority," is now sending out queer circulars from Billiter Buildings, Billiter Street, London.

This new prophet goes by the name of Professor Humphreys.

He writes that "there is a golden opportunity which will present itself to you some time during the next few months." But until the kindly professor has made deeper calculations and studied the stars a little more closely he cannot tell the exact date of the aforesaid golden opportunity.

However for sums ranging from five to twenty shillings he will use his skill as the "most amazing prophet of modern times," and give a reading of your horoscope covering a period of anything from a year to a lifetime.

"Such a reading will be the basis of all successes that will come to you in the future," says Professor Humphreys.

As further proof of his generosity he offers five hundred Irish Sweepstake tickets free, or, rather, he says that everyone who sends for a horoscope will share in the total winnings from these tickets. These winnings, says the professor optimistically, can easily amount to somewhere in the region of £100,000.

So this prophet of modern times is prepared to link up the science of astrology with fickle Dame Fortune who presides over the sweepstake drums in Dublin.

"Fortune favours the brave," adds Professor Humphreys as he introduces a few testimonials from anonymous clients.

One writes: "I have often read about the seven wonders of the world, but I think you must be the eighth."

* * *

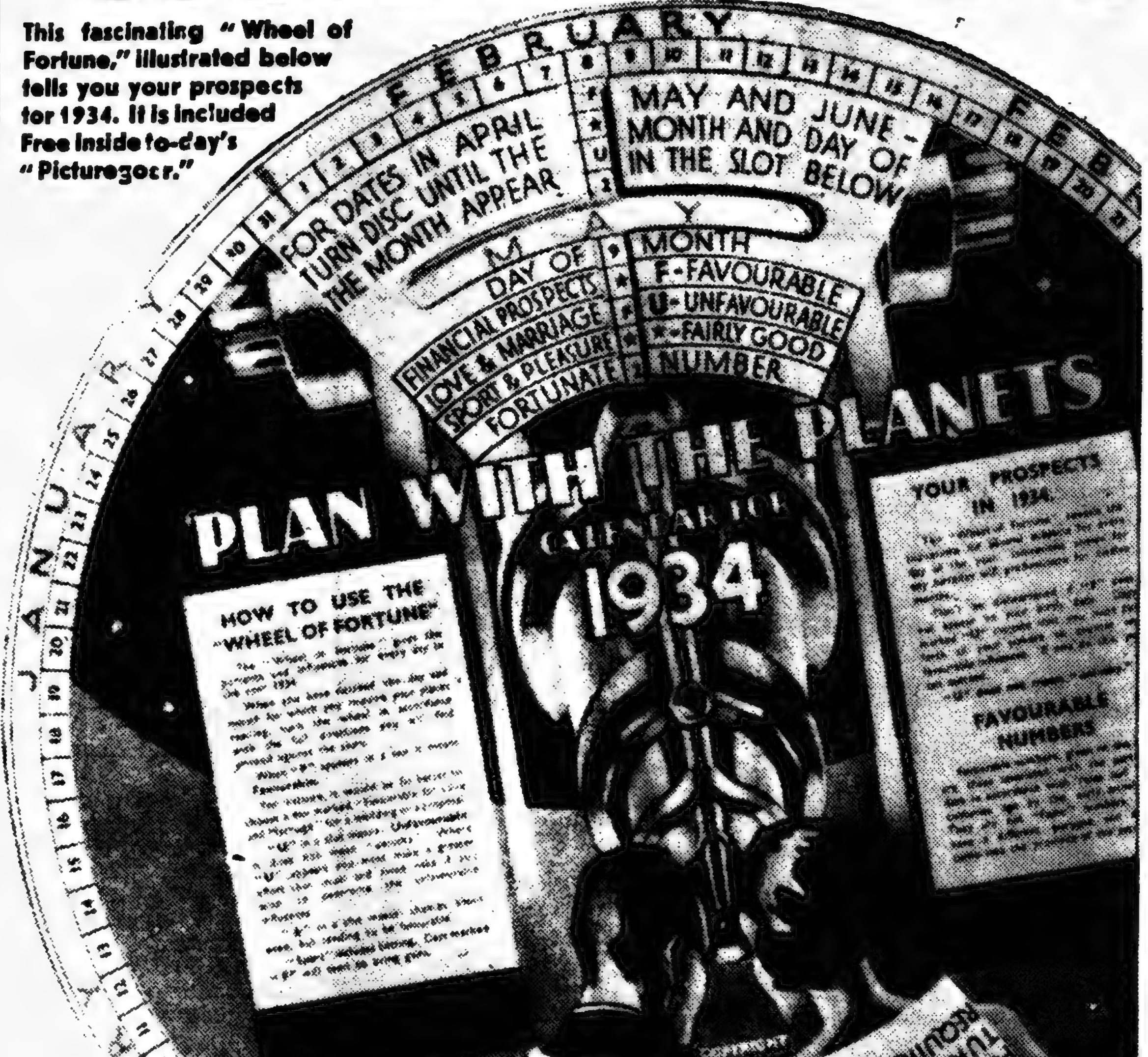
Meanwhile, it is strange to find that "Professor Humphreys," of Billiter Buildings, Billiter Street, London, uses exactly the same notepaper as "Professor Barrington," of Avenue des Champs Elysees, Paris, whose offers we criticised only a few weeks ago.

Even the benign picture of the Professor of Billiter Buildings, which adorns the headed notepaper, is the same as that of Professor Barrington of Paris!

Readers will be well advised to put their circulars on the fire

THIS WONDERFUL REVOLVING "WHEEL *of* FORTUNE"

This fascinating "Wheel of Fortune," illustrated below tells you your prospects for 1934. It is included Free inside to-day's "Picturegoer."


FEBRUARY
MAY AND JUNE - MONTH AND DAY OF IN THE SLOT BELOW
FOR DATES IN APRIL TURN DISC UNTIL THE THE MONTH APPEAR
MAY
DAY OF
MONTH
FINANCIAL PROSPECTS
F-FAVOURABLE
LOVE & MARRIAGE
U-UNFAVOURABLE
SPORT & PLEASURE
*-FAIRLY GOOD
FORTUNATE
NUMBER
JANUARY
PLAN WITH THE PLANETS
HOW TO USE THE "WHEEL OF FORTUNE"
CALENDAR FOR 1934
YOUR PROSPECTS IN 1934
FAVOURABLE NUMBERS
FOR JANUARY, FEBRUARY AND MARCH TURN DISC TILL SLOT COMES UNDER THE REQUIRED DATE AND READ INDICATIONS ABOVE
MARCH
PICTUREGOER
2d WEEKLY
ROCHELLE HUDSON

FREE

Inside every copy of the PICTUREGOER OUT TO-DAY

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 23rd.

INSIDE every copy of "The Picturegoer"—out to-day—is an ingenious "Wheel of Fortune"—presented absolutely free. It is the most fascinating and useful Gift ever devised for readers of any paper.

This "Wheel of Fortune," specially prepared for "The Picturegoer" by Edward Lyndoe, the eminent reader of the Stars, is not a toy, not a thing to be glanced at and thrown away. By a mere touch of the finger it enables you to take a peep at your prospects in 1934. It is strongly made, with a centre wheel 7 in. in diameter and a revolving coloured disc on each side. With this "Wheel of Fortune" in your possession you will be in demand wherever you go. It will fascinate you, your family and all your friends. It will create a tremendous interest and entertain you and those around you for hours. It is, indeed, the very thing for Christmas parties.

It gives amazing indications in such matters as Finance, Love, Marriage, Sport and Pleasure—and reveals the portents and influences of every day in 1934. It shows the ruling planets, favourable colours and fortunate numbers.

Here is a gift—a wonderful new idea—that will create a bigger demand than ever for "The Picturegoer"—out to-day. Hurry for **your** copy before it is too late.

BRILLIANT FEATURES IN THIS ISSUE.

Here are just a few of the many brilliant features inside this all-star Gift issue. First, an intriguing interview with Marie Dressler. Next, "Who Says I'm a Bad Woman?"—a sensational article by Mae West; then comes a whimsical ten minutes with Tom Walls, followed by "The Eagle and the Hawk," a story as vivid as the film itself; together with a page of gossip hot from Hollywood, what's doing in the British studios; frank criticisms of films "on the screen now," a . . . . but the list could go on and on!

Get your copy of this week's "Picturegoer" immediately. Remember, your "Wheel of Fortune" is waiting for you NOW. Unless you hurry you risk being told that "The Picturegoer" is "sold out."

YOUR CHARACTER READ FREE!

Look out for another amazing Gift in Next Week's "Picturegoer."

The PICTUREGOER

OUT TODAY - 2D.

A WIDOW of SORROWS

—A War Tragedy of Fifteen Years After

Mrs. Wilkins with two of her young children for whom she must now fend alone

LIVING in a small house in Canal Road, Little Lever, near Bolton, is Mrs. W. H. Wilkins, a brave widow whose husband, an ex-soldier, recently died under an operation for the removal of a piece of shrapnel near his heart.

By some mischance this widow has not been awarded a pension, although her husband's death was undoubtedly the result of his war service.

The piece of shrapnel embedded in the flesh near his heart was definite proof of that.

To-day this ex-soldier's widow faces the oncoming years with the fear of poverty and privation in her heart.

She has four children, the eldest aged nineteen, and the others fifteen, thirteen and nine years old.

With these children to support she has about twenty-one shillings coming into the house, and out of this sum she has to pay eight shillings a week rent.

Since the death of her husband in Bolton Infirmary on October 6, the day following his operation, Mrs. Wilkins has been literally fighting to keep the wolf of poverty away from her door.

The facts of this case are such that we appeal to the officials of the Ministry of Pensions to take immediate action to right the wrong that has been done to this widow.

When the war broke out, William Henry Wilkins responded with alacrity to the country's call and joined the Loyal North Lancashire Regiment. This was on August 13, 1914.

Discharged

In 1918 he was wounded in the fighting near Metz Wood. A piece of flying shrapnel entered his back and lodged near his heart.

From the casualty clearing station he was sent back across the Channel to a hospital in Scotland, where he spent many weary months.

Eventually he was allowed to leave the hospital and was subsequently discharged from the Army.

He returned to civil life and went back to his old firm to work. But although he bravely attempted to do his pre-war job, he found the task impossible and a kind-hearted manager found him a light job which he managed for a time to do successfully.

This ex-soldier, suffering constantly from his shrapnel wound, had appeared before a Medical Board and was granted a paltry pension of eight shillings a week for eight months.

In constant pain

After this he was given a small final award which continued for thirty-five weeks.

During all this time Mr. Wilkins's health had been going from bad to worse and he suffered frequent spasms of excruciating pain.

Shortly after his Army pension ceased his health became much worse and for a period of twenty-four weeks he was unable to carry on with his work.

At that time there were two children, his wife and himself to keep, and the only money coming into the house was eighteen shillings a week from the National Health Insurance scheme. Of this sum six shillings went for rent.

Harassed by poverty and broken in health, Mr. Wilkins applied again and again to the local Medical Board to have his case re-opened, and also for special treatment.

But again and again he was told that all he needed was treatment from his own doctor.

This battle for elementary justice was waged for many months, but there was no victory for this ex-Service man who had served his country in the time of need.

Finally Mr. Wilkins was admitted to the Grangethorpe Hospital, Manchester, but in spite of his appeal for an operation to restore him to health, the surgeons at the hospital decided that it was too dangerous.

Tragic events

He was then told that he should try to get another Medical Board, and that his pension would certainly be restored.

Now let Mrs. Wilkins, the brave widow of a gallant soldier, continue the story of the tragic events which led up to the death of her husband:

"A few weeks later my husband did go before a Medical Board.

"The doctor told my husband that he did not need an operation, as if there was any shrapnel in his body it was not causing him any inconvenience.

"This when my husband had spent sleepless nights because of the pain he suffered!

"My husband gradually became worse, and his own doctor then advised him to go to the Bolton Infirmary.

"There he was X-rayed, and a surgeon told him that there was a piece of shrapnel in his body lying in a dangerous position.

"The doctor promised to do his best for my husband, who said that he was in such terrible pain he was willing to undergo an operation in the hope that the piece of shrapnel might be removed.

"Then came the climax to my poor husband's suffering. The operation was performed on October 5, but he died on the following day."

Since then Mrs. Wilkins, the widow, has been fighting a lonely battle against poverty and injustice.

She applied for a widow's pension without success. Her appeal has fallen on deaf ears, and Justice hides her face.

The facts are so clear and definite that we urge the officials of the Ministry of Pensions to review this tragic case with all possible speed.

Here was a man who fought for his country, and went back to civil life a pain-racked invalid, carrying in his body a piece of shrapnel, a grim souvenir of his war service.

Our appeal

Ex-soldier Wilkins bravely staggered to work because he was haunted by the fear that his wife and children would suffer hardship if he could not earn something.

His wound was the result of his war service. His pension, inadequate though it was, should never have been taken away from him.

Still less should his brave widow be compelled to face the oncoming years with poverty, with its grim smile, at her elbow.

We appeal most earnestly to the authorities to deal justly with this widow of a brave soldier and her four children.

With these facts before them, they will surely not deny Mrs. Wilkins the pension that is her due?

MEAN RAMP on CHAUFFEURS

A PARTICULARLY mean trick is being played on garage proprietors and their chauffeurs by a plausible rogue who uses the name of "Mr. Humphreys," among other aliases.

Recently he rang up a car hire service firm at Ilford and asked for a quotation for a car to take three directors of a Houndsditch warehouse company on a tour of the North of England.

The quotation for the suggested tour was given and "Mr. Humphreys" said that he would telephone again later as he had other offers to consider.

* * *

A few hours later he rang up to say that his directors had accepted the quotation. He ordered the Daimler car to be at an address in Houndsditch the following morning.

The driver of the car arrived on time and at that moment a young, well-dressed man came across to the car from the doorway of an office opposite and said: "Are you the driver who is taking our directors to the North?"

"They are not quite ready yet," he added, "but while you are waiting I shall be glad if you will take me to the Strand where I have to pick up a canteen of cutlery."

The driver agreed and "Mr. Humphreys" stopped the car in the Strand. He got out and went down a side-street, returning a few minutes later with a bill and two £1 notes in his hand.

"I'm afraid I must go back for some more money," he said. "Will you drive me back to Houndsditch?" he asked.

* * *

The driver asked him how much he wanted and he was told that £2 would be sufficient. Thinking that it would save time the chauffeur promptly offered to lend him £2 until they returned to Houndsditch.

"Mr. Humphreys" was grateful for the driver's kind assistance, took the money and said that he would be back in a minute.

The chauffeur waited hopefully, but unfortunately "Mr. Humphreys" forgot to return So the chauffeur drove back to the firm in Houndsditch to discover that it had not ordered the car and knew nothing of Mr. Humphreys. Nor were three of the directors contemplating a tour of the North by car.

This is but one of several instances where the mysterious "Mr. Humphreys" has hired cars by telephone, met the drivers, and with a plausible excuse borrowed a few pounds to pay a bill, and then disappeared.

A few days ago he hired a car by telephone from a garage at Wanstead.

He intercepted the driver, as usual, and asked to be driven to an address in Cheapside, where he had to collect a portable wireless set.

The driver agreed, and after pretending to make a call, "Mr. Humphreys" returned to say that he needed some more money.

* * *

Once again the elusive "Mr. Humphreys" did his infamous disappearing trick after relieving the chauffeur of £3.

So far this rogue has confined his efforts to London, but as it is more than probable that he will visit other towns and attempt to repeat the same trick, all garage proprietors should be on their guard.

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"My husband gradually became worse, and his own doctor then advised him to go to the Bolton Infirmary.

"There he was X-rayed, and a surgeon told him that there was a piece of shrapnel in his body lying in a dangerous position.

"The doctor promised to do his best for my husband, who said that he was in such terrible pain he was willing to undergo an operation in the hope that the piece of shrapnel might be removed.

"Then came the climax to my poor husband's suffering. The operation was performed on October 5, but he died on the following day."

Since then Mrs. Wilkins, the widow, has been fighting a lonely battle against poverty and injustice.

She applied for a widow's pension without success. Her appeal has fallen on deaf ears, and Justice hides her face.

The facts are so clear and definite that we urge the officials of the Ministry of Pensions to review this tragic case with all possible speed.

Here was a man who fought for his country, and went back to civil life a pain-racked invalid, carrying in his body a piece of shrapnel, a grim souvenir of his war service.

Our appeal

Ex-soldier Wilkins bravely staggered to work because he was haunted by the fear that his wife and children would suffer hardship if he could not earn something.

His wound was the result of his war service. His pension, inadequate though it was, should never have been taken away from him.

Still less should his brave widow be compelled to face the oncoming years with poverty, with its grim smile, at her elbow.

We appeal most earnestly to the authorities to deal justly with this widow of a brave soldier and her four children.

With these facts before them, they will surely not deny Mrs. Wilkins the pension that is her due?

MEAN RAMP on CHAUFFEURS

A PARTICULARLY mean trick is being played on garage proprietors and their chauffeurs by a plausible rogue who uses the name of "Mr. Humphreys," among other aliases.

Recently he rang up a car hire service firm at Ilford and asked for a quotation for a car to take three directors of a Houndsditch warehouse company on a tour of the North of England.

The quotation for the suggested tour was given and "Mr. Humphreys" said that he would telephone again later as he had other offers to consider.

* * *

A few hours later he rang up to say that his directors had accepted the quotation. He ordered the Daimler car to be at an address in Houndsditch the following morning.

The driver of the car arrived on time and at that moment a young, well-dressed man came across to the car from the doorway of an office opposite and said: "Are you the driver who is taking our directors to the North?"

"They are not quite ready yet," he added, "but while you are waiting I shall be glad if you will take me to the Strand where I have to pick up a canteen of cutlery."

The driver agreed and "Mr. Humphreys" stopped the car in the Strand. He got out and went down a side-street, returning a few minutes later with a bill and two £1 notes in his hand.

"I'm afraid I must go back for some more money," he said. "Will you drive me back to Houndsditch?" he asked.

* * *

The driver asked him how much he wanted and he was told that £2 would be sufficient. Thinking that it would save time the chauffeur promptly offered to lend him £2 until they returned to Houndsditch.

"Mr. Humphreys" was grateful for the driver's kind assistance, took the money and said that he would be back in a minute.

The chauffeur waited hopefully, but unfortunately "Mr. Humphreys" forgot to return So the chauffeur drove back to the firm in Houndsditch to discover that it had not ordered the car and knew nothing of Mr. Humphreys. Nor were three of the directors contemplating a tour of the North by car.

This is but one of several instances where the mysterious "Mr. Humphreys" has hired cars by telephone, met the drivers, and with a plausible excuse borrowed a few pounds to pay a bill, and then disappeared.

A few days ago he hired a car by telephone from a garage at Wanstead.

He intercepted the driver, as usual, and asked to be driven to an address in Cheapside, where he had to collect a portable wireless set.

The driver agreed, and after pretending to make a call, "Mr. Humphreys" returned to say that he needed some more money.

* * *

Once again the elusive "Mr. Humphreys" did his infamous disappearing trick after relieving the chauffeur of £3.

So far this rogue has confined his efforts to London, but as it is more than probable that he will visit other towns and attempt to repeat the same trick, all garage proprietors should be on their guard.

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FREE PRICE LIST for dealers and Beginners for keen lines in Drapery Hosiery Haberdashery (wholesale only). —LEVY BROS. Dept A. 39. Houndsditch. LONDON. E.C.3

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LADIES' U'wear, Hosiery. &c. 50% profit. No risk. Any quant. Illus. Cat. free. Beginners instructed. Rayon Silk Co. (J.,), 9, Friday St.,E.C.4.

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A BACKING OF £5 and 10s. in every £ com., half profit and many prizes; startling but true; an amazing book of irresistible designs. All new British Book of private Xmas Cards, with full instructions how to make £20 Free and carriage paid.—Dept. J.B. The Cleveland Press, 6, 7 and 8, Sycamore St. Old St., E.C.1.

WANTED. Agents for a really wonderful book of private Xmas greeting cards; something good; and we really do give 10s. in every £ com.; a straight deal; half profit and prizes. — Dept. J.B. The London Card Co. 5 and 7, Little Sutton Street, E.C.1.

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AMPRICO HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.10.

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BE SURE AND SAFE.—Order from D. & H., the famous XMAS CLUB firm that never lets you down. Est. 25 yrs. Highest cash comm. Express delivery.—Art Catlg., etc., free.—Dept. 10, Dyson & Horsfall, Ltd., Aqueduct Mills, Preston.

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"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and today he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, W.C.1. (Chancery 7526.)

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IMMEDIATE EMPLOYMENT offered in the Army to men between 18 and 25. Good pay. Free food, clothing, housing. Plenty of sport. Holidays on full pay.—Apply any Recruiting Office or Drill Hall.

CUSTOMS & EXCISE OFFICERS.—Ages 19-21. Commencing pay £3 6s., rising to £10 15s. per week. No experience required. Details of Entrance Exam. from B.T.I. (Dept. 801), 29, Oxford Street W.1.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs. Mus. Inst. etc.—List J.B. 1470 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

MEN'S COTTON SHIRTS.—Unbeatable value at 3/9, 5/6, 7/6. Stocked in sizes 14½-17. All newest designs in FAST COLOURS, No old stock. Best workmanship and finish. Send for Patterns. Commonwealth Sales Co., 10, Hall Ings, Bradford.

A BALLOON and Dance List Free. Monster Parcels, 10s. or £1.—Novelty Stores (Dept. 19), 228, Mile End Road, London.

WALLPAPERS.—Special reductions for Xmas decoration from the well-known "Blakey Morris" pattern Book, post free.—Write at once to Blakey Morris & Co. (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 55-56, London Road, Southwark, S.E.1.

S.G.3 "SUPER" Battery Receiver for 2/6 weekly. Gets 20 stations on indoor aerial.—Elector, Ltd., offer this bargain in the "Shop Window," page 2.

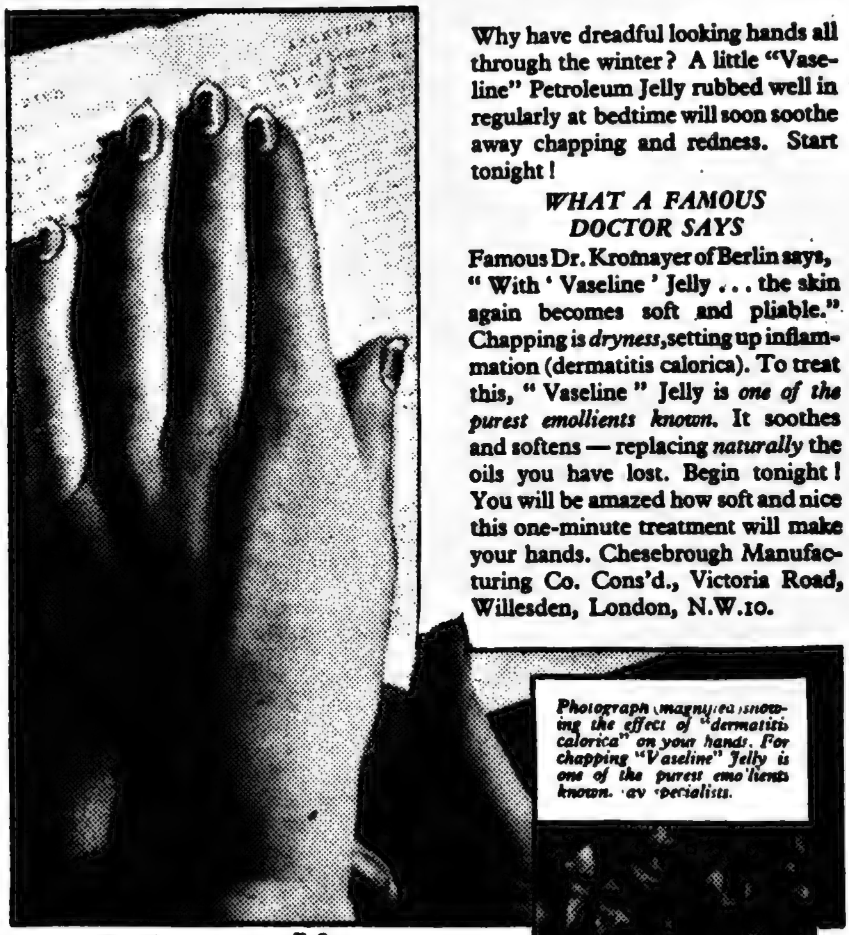
A WONDERFUL new covering for damp floors, etc. Looks like Tudor Tiles, 90 sq. ft. 15/-. Send for free samples and partics to J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., S.E.17.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer foot of p. 3.

OUTDOOR WORKERS need strong Boots. See Messrs. Lamdins' offer on page 3.

CHAPPED HANDS

Easy to smooth — skin specialist's way



Why have dreadful looking hands all through the winter? A little "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly rubbed well in regularly at bedtime will soon soothe away chapping and redness. Start tonight!

WHAT A FAMOUS DOCTOR SAYS

Famous Dr. Kromayer of Berlin says, "With 'Vaseline' Jelly . . . the skin again becomes soft and pliable." Chapping is *dryness*, setting up inflammation (dermatitis calorica). To treat this, "Vaseline" Jelly is *one of the purest emollients known*. It soothes and softens — replacing *naturally* the oils you have lost. Begin tonight! You will be amazed how soft and nice this one-minute treatment will make your hands. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Road, Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Photograph (magnified) showing the effect of "dermatitis calorica" on your hands. For chapping "Vaseline" Jelly is one of the purest emollients known. by specialists.

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For chilblains — quick relief with "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly

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QUALITY Wools.—Knit. 1d., 1½d., 1¾d., 2½d. oz. Rug. 6d., 11d., 1/3 lb. Silky Cable, 1/6½. Samps. free. NewcastleWool Co.,Ltd.(Dept.71),Newc'le/T.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Becks British Carnival Novelties, Cross Street, London, N.1.

WOLSEY MAKE,
4/11.
Winter Weight Men's Pants or Vests, soiled by very slight spot of oil from machinery, 2/9 per garment. Post free. Outsize, 3s. 6d.—H. H. WILLIS, 196/7, Rodbourne Road, SWINDON.

BABY'S
BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-.
75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

FILL in coupon in "Berkeley" Chair advt. on p. 29 for illus. Ctlg., Patterns and partics. of "Superlax" model offered for 10s. down. For 20s. with order readers can also obtain the "Superlax" Suite, which includes settee and two easy chairs. The settee, however, can be obtained separately if desired.—Send coupon now for full details.

STOP that home druggery! Use a vacuum cleaner. Fill in the coupon in the "Vac-tric" advt. on p. 32 for free partics. of the popular model illustrated.

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GRAMOS, Motors, Arms, Speakers, Horns, Parts, Springs, Repairs, Radio discounts allowed. List Free.—Regentbull, 120, Old St., Ldn., E.C.1.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, etc. Wonderful New 1934 catalogue, 44 pages, free. Terms.—OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B. 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

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FREE.—The 72-p. Cossor Wireless Book B.20 and full-sized constructional chart will be sent to all readers filling in the coupon on p. 14.

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MARKETING BY POST.

TEAS.—Empire Grown Blends. Quality unsurpassed. Loose or packeted. Own name if required. Samp. parcels 4 lb. 6/-, carr. pd. Samps. free.—Victoria Tea Co., Ltd., Arcade Chbs., Friar St., Reading.

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WORMS CURED. — "Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Ridvard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

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DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (432M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

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CARZINE, the new and most successful remedy. Does not contain opium or any other dangerous drug. Full-sized Tube with special applicator 2/6 post free.—CARZINE CHEMICAL CO., 1, Wellgate, LANARK, N.B. Estd. 1833.

BRONCHITIS, Tickly Cough. "STOPSIT" compound gives instant relief allowing sleep. Trial bottle, 2/6.—STOPSIT, 213, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, Scotland.

VARICOSE VEINS, ULCERS, BAD LEGS and all Skin complaints permanently cured as if by magic by "Varenecose" Ointment in record time WITHOUT LEAVING A SCAR. Stops that awful pain and itching for good at first application. Sent under written No Cure-No Pay Guarantee. Send for 3/- trial size or call or write TO-DAY for generous FREE SAMPLE, Booklet and Medical Press Opinions. — LE BRASSEUR SURGICAL CO., LTD. (Dept. N.P.), 12, Mortimer Street, London, W.1.

FREE.—Write for free bklt. to Phillips' Yeast Products, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), Park Royal Road, London, N.W.10. It will show you the way to greater vigour and vitality. See p. 22.

EVERY READER should fill in the coupon in the "Phyllosan" advt. on p. 33 for free explanatory copy of a book entitled "The Most Wonderful Substance in our World."

FREE.—A generous free sample of Elliman's for muscular stiffness, rheumatism and relief from ailment or accident pains. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 35. You will also receive a free copy of the new edition of an important reference book which should be in every home.

SAMPLES of "Zee-Kol" Ointment, Pills, and Medicated Soap will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on p. 41.

DO you suffer from eye strain, weak and watery eyes, etc.? If so, fill in the coupon in the Singleton advt. on p. 45 for free bklt.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver Antiques Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc. BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

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NAIL-BITING is objectionable and endangers health. Cure yourself or a child. New discovery. Amazing results. Send 1½d. stamp for explanatory booklet.—Filtex Treatment (Dep. J.B.16), 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

FREE illus. booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. J.B.18, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 26.

STOP brushing teeth by old methods. Turn to the "Pepsodent" advt. on p. 39. Accept the free offer by filling in coupon.

FREE.—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. J.10), Norwich, for a copy of their Egg Register as offered on p. 39.

SEND for free sample tube of "Shavex," the modern method of shaving. Attach coupon in the advt. on p. 41 to your name and address with 2d. stamp for postage.

A SAMPLE of "Doge" Face Cream" will be sent on receipt of the coupon (plus postage) appearing on p. 39.

FRY'S have put on the market a real Christmas novelty—a lady's handsome week-end case brimful with good things. The demand is so great that the suitcase manufacturers are working night and day. Selling at £1 1s., this constitutes one of the most popular Christmas gifts of 1933.

A FREE SAMPLE BOTTLE of "Harlene" Hair Cream is offered in the advt. on p. 39.

LOST AND FOUND.

A GOOD REWARD is offered to anyone who makes a habit of "looking into" *John Bull's* "Shop Window" every week. See this week's display on pages 2 and 3. No time should be lost in sending for a bargain when it has been found.

£12,000,000 MARE'S NEST

A view of Cocos Island. Does it conceal the buccaneers' treasure?

He knows the ropes—Mr. Stratford Jolly, an explorer, who accompanied a previous expedition on a vain quest for treasure

Weekly Informations from MAJOR-GENERAL SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

STORIES of the Spanish Main and of pirate hoards concealed on lonely atolls by sea-rovers of bygone centuries have never failed to stir the public imagination.

That is doubtlessly why enterprising gentlemen so frequently come forward with fresh schemes for treasure-seeking expeditions to remote places overseas.

The day of the individual adventurer is past. Modern treasure hunting is usually involved with prosaic financial considerations and becomes an affair of syndicates and corporations.

An example of the methods now employed is afforded by the experience of a young merchant navy officer who responded to a recent advertisement.

Getting in touch with English Counties Trust, Ltd., of 21, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.1, he was informed that this firm had been inundated with applications to join an expedition to the Pacific.

Three vacancies were still waiting to be filled.

Pirates' hoard

Invited to become a member of a preliminary syndicate, the ultimate purpose of which is to organise a search in Cocos Island, he was asked to invest £250.

The money provided by the members of this preliminary syndicate was to be used to defray all expenses prior to the formation of a limited company.

And in return for his investment my reader was to receive not only the promised post with the expedition but a bonus of £500 worth of shares "as and when" the company goes to allotment.

Supporting this offer, English Counties Trust, Ltd., favoured my reader with a list of directors of the new concern, which included a mining engineer, an explorer, a shipowner, a sailing-master and a banker's agent.

An interesting booklet, well printed and produced, which accompanies the offer, gives a picturesque description of the fortunes in gold and jewels believed to have been concealed on Cocos Island by pirates and buccaneers.

The vast hoard of wealth which the promoters hope to discover includes gold in bars and gold and silver in coin.

This booklet is published by Whitworth and Studdert, described as mining and finance company promoters, of 21, Tothill Street, Westminster, S.W.1.

It is reported that among other items waiting to be unearthed on Cocos Island are golden statues of the Madonna and the twelve apostles, and also large quantities of ancient church plate originally stolen from Spanish South America.

Here it should be noted that both Messrs. Whitworth and Studdert are directors of the English Counties Trust, Ltd., which was founded some four years ago to carry on a business as financiers and bankers.

Fortunes waiting

And this company, in turn, is responsible for the formation of a parent concern, which, called Spanish Main Explorations, Ltd., was registered the other day with a nominal capital of £100.

The main purpose of Spanish Main Explorations, Ltd., is the founding of yet another company, called Treasure Recovery, Ltd.

A draft prospectus relating to the latter, now before me, reveals that the public is to be invited to subscribe for 180,000 shares of 5s. each.

It is estimated that each 5s. invested might return £40!

The nominal capital is £75,000.

The prospectus announces that the existence of treasure on Cocos Island has been well established and that sensational fortunes are waiting to be found. It is said that £12,000,000 represents a conservative estimate of what may be recovered from Cocos Island alone.

The promoters have other sources of pirate wealth in mind: one that is supposed to lie buried in the ruined city of Old Panama, and another cache that is supposed to have been concealed in the pre-Inca city of Chan-Chan.

But while all this is very romantic, the complications associated with the offer of an investment which thus involves four separate concerns are sorely perplexing.

When I look further into the scheme some illuminating facts emerge, important among which is that several individuals whose names appear in connection with the expedition have had previous experience of treasure-hunting.

One of the directors of Treasure Recovery, Ltd., is Stratford Jolly, an explorer who went out to Sacambaya with Dr. Edgar Sanders' ill-fated company in 1928—an expedition which journeyed to central South America with the object in view of recovering gold, silver and diamonds believed to be worth £12,000,000.

It may be only a coincidence that this figure is the same as the "conservative estimate" given in the present Cocos Island venture.

The Sacambaya fortune, it was claimed, had been secreted in a special chamber by Jesuit priests who were compelled to flee the country in the eighteenth century.

They hadn't time

In spite of the optimism expressed by the promoters of the Sacambaya expedition, the Rector of the Jesuit Order in La Paz, the commercial capital of Bolivia, somewhat discounted their stories by revealing that the exiles had neither the treasure nor the time in which to conceal any such hoard from their persecutors.

JOHN BULL advised its readers at the time that the whole idea was absurd, and the Bolivian authorities likewise poured cold water on the scheme.

It is significant that the Sacambaya expedition cost its supporters no less than £20,000, but no treasure was ever found.

In these circumstances I fail to understand why Stratford Jolly's previous experience should be mentioned in recommendation in the Cocos Island enterprise with which he is now associated.

Also named among the directors of the new company is Colonel J. C. Leckie, C.M.G., D.S.O., who was the organiser of a previous expedition to Cocos Island itself last year.

Although equipped with the latest scientific instruments, this, too, returned after a fruitless search.

A gamble

Another effort, made by S. Macfarlane Arthur, the owner of a ketch, whose name adorns the draft prospectus, also met with failure.

Commander Finnis, a fourth director, was a member of the unlucky *Vigilant*, which returned without even reaching its destination!

Yet in the face of all these abortive efforts this stubborn band of adventurers is still ready to have another gamble.

Considerable publicity has been afforded several past expeditions to Cocos Island, which have all returned minus the coveted wealth.

My readers may remember the two ex-naval lieutenants, Kealey and Williams, who flooded the country with circulars offering £50 for every £1 invested in their recovery scheme.

A large section of the public subscribed to their efforts, which likewise ended in complete failure.

In these circumstances I cannot share the view of the promoters of the latest expedition that their proposition represents "an attractive gamble." It's a gamble all right, but one that wise people will leave alone.

TRAGEDY *in the* NIGHT

"I SHALL never forget it as long as I live." Who is there who does not say this of some unforgettable incident in his life—something which, because of the drama, humour or tragedy surrounding it, stands head and shoulders over everything else he has experienced?

A Yorkshire family speaks in this way of a certain night in which one misfortune crowded on another.

When bedtime came there was nothing to suggest that the hours ahead were fraught with anything out of the ordinary.

A few hours later an ear-splitting storm had awakened the occupants of the three bedrooms of the home,

* * *

Then tragedy stalked quickly.

Lightning tore in twain the chimney over their heads as if it were a lead pencil. Half its masonry went crashing down into the three bedrooms, carrying with it slates and timbers

Providence was kind in one respect—the most important respect of all. By some miracle, nobody was injured.

But the hours that followed before dawn came, with rain lashing down and soaking the furniture and decorations of the home, dislodging parts of the fabric that the collapse had loosened, count as unforgettable in the lives of all who endured it.

* * *

They talk of that drama to this day—but qualify it in one vital respect.

Because they had signed a coupon such as you will find by turning now to page 45, their main problem was solved by the receipt of a cheque to make good the damage to their household goods.

If it had not been for that, the tragedy would have been complete. . . .

They will "never forget" that night as long as they live.

But they will remember it as something that might have been ten times worse—if it had not been for their foresight in signing that coupon.

JOHN BULL'S

Xmas Gift to You

ALL RECORDS BROKEN!

John Bull
Xmas Gift
Voucher
VALUE 5/-
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as Five-shillings in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Writing Set de Luxe. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until December 30, 1933.
10/- for 5/-
John Bull
Xmas Gift
Voucher
VALUE 2/6
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Writing Set. Only one Voucher will be accepted in part payment of each Set. Available only until December 30, 1933.
5/- for 2/6

THE response to "John Bull's" grand Xmas Gift to its readers—announced in last week's issue—has broken all records. Thousands are taking advantage of "John Bull's" generous Gift—why not you? Don't miss this opportunity! Which will you have?

A FREE 2/6 GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 2/6 Voucher will be accepted as 2/6 cash in part payment of "John Bull's" Famous 5/- Writing Set. Admire the handsome chasing of the Pen, the superb finish. The self-filling device is the very latest and the 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, will give years of writing joy. A Two-year written guarantee with each pen—proof of its great reliability. The Everpointed Pencil (incorporating propel-repel-expel movement) is a perfect companion to the Pen. A 5/- Writing Set for 2/6.

A FREE 5/- GIFT VOUCHER

A Free 5/- Voucher will be accepted as 5/- cash in part payment of "John Bull's" 10/- Writing Set De Luxe. You will appreciate the graceful stream-line of the Pen with its superb finish greatly enhanced by the rolled gold band, inlaid, and pocket clip. The up-to-date lever self-filling device is also of rolled gold. The Pen is unbreakable and has a heavy 14-carat solid gold nib, tipped with costly iridium. The Everpointed Pencil to match has the same beautiful stream-line and is complete with rubber, pocket clip and extra leads; it incorporates a complete propel-repel-expel movement.

This Set is enclosed in a handsome Presentation Case beautifully coloured with butterfly tints. A written Five Year Guarantee accompanies each set. A sumptuous 10/- Writing Set for 5/-

Accept "John Bull's" Great Xmas Gift at once. As a present to a friend or to yourself—either Writing Set is unique.

CASH YOUR VOUCHERS TO-DAY!

CUT HERE

John Bull's Xmas Gift Coupon

To "John Bull" Pen Dept. (J.2), 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

(1) I enclose Gift Voucher value 2/6, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 5/- Writing Set. I enclose P.O. for 2/6, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 2/9 in all.

OR

(2) I enclose Gift Voucher value 5/-, which please accept in part payment of the "John Bull" 10/- Writing Set DE LUXE. I enclose P.O. for 5/-, plus 3d. for postage and insurance, making 5/3 in all.

CROSS OUT GIFT NOT REQUIRED.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

....

Fine—medium—broad nib (Cross out grades not required). Cross cheque/P.O. /& Co./ and make payable to "John Bull." J.B. 25.11.33.

A Family's Honour

—Son's Life Sentence for Defending It

"Apparently destined to serve a life sentence for the 'crime' of defending the honour of the women-folk of his family"—John Lowther

ONE day six years ago a manly youth in York went out into the street from his home and thrashed some cads who had insulted his mother and sister.

He has been a prisoner ever since. It seems that, for his gallantry, he will be a prisoner for the rest of his life.

John Frederick Lowther, which is the name of the young man enduring this extraordinary experience, belongs to one of the oldest families in ancient York.

For the purpose of explaining his terrible fate it is necessary to relate the events of his career from the day in the summer of 1927 when this country had the unforgettable experience of witnessing the total eclipse of the sun.

Lowther was then twenty. He went to Giggleswick in his own county to see the phenomenon from the Astronomer-Royal's camp, where the spectacle was best observed.

With him he had a pair of field-glasses which had been loaned by a neighbour.

Having been up all night to await the eclipse at dawn, Lowther, before returning to York, had an hour's rest at a public garage. His coat hung on the wall while he slept.

Either then or on the journey back, which he made on a lorry, the field-glasses were lost.

He discovered and reported the loss to the owner when he returned home.

Cruel taunts

Two hours later police officers arrived at his house. They stated that information had been laid that the glasses had been stolen by him and a warrant for his arrest had been obtained.

When Lowther protested to the magistrates that the glasses had, in fact, been stolen from him, he was bound over.

A few days later he arrived home in the evening to find his mother in distress.

She had been for many years a prominent officer of the Salvation Army, and she told her son that in the street a number of youths had followed and taunted her about still wearing the army uniform after a member of her family had been in the police court as a thief.

Then Lowther's sister entered the house, crying. She, too, had been molested by the same party of youths.

John Lowther cast his coat and went into the street. Only three of the hooligans stood up to him and he punished them one by one with his fists.

They soon had revenge. They went to the police station and complained of assault.

So Lowther was brought up in court again, charged with breaking his bond to be of good behaviour.

Questions . . .

But when the magistrates heard the truth, they quickly dismissed the case.

At the court door, Lowther, unquestionably somewhat overwrought by these experiences, made a protest to certain police officers against the degradation to which he had been subjected.

There was a "scene" and some conflict. A number of policemen had to hold him down, and in the end they put him in a van and took him to the workhouse infirmary "to calm him," as they said to his mother.

On the same day an official came to interview Lowther in the infirmary. He was asked who sat on the British Throne, how many half-crowns made five shillings and other questions equally absurd to put to a young man who had an excellent school record and was a member of the Territorial Army.

Neither Lowther nor his mother suspected the real motive for this kind of questioning.

They learned soon to their cost that it was the beginning of an attempt to have him put away as a supposed mental defective.

But before the realisation came, a welfare worker called upon Mrs. Lowther and informed her that the doctors who had examined her son were of opinion that he needed a rest.

For this purpose, the welfare visitor said, the authorities were prepared, if the mother signed a form of consent, to give him a place in an excellent home where he would receive higher education and be taught a trade.

Innocently and believing these things, Mrs. Lowther signed a document put before her.

In less than twenty-four hours she found that by her signature she had committed her son to the mental ward, possibly for life.

And the "home" to which he had been consigned was a lunacy institution only a few hundred yards from her own home in Haxby Road, York.

Mrs. Lowther immediately demanded that John should be surrendered on the ground that she had been deceived and the true meaning of the document had not been explained.

The officials expressed themselves as sorry for her, but declared they were now powerless in the matter.

Once a lunacy prisoner was made, they explained, he passed into the custody of the Board of Control.

The mother went to the Board again and again—always to receive the refusal which so many thousands of parents have been given when they have been similarly persuaded into parting with their children.

She went also to the Home Office and the Ministry of Health, only to be referred back from these Departments to the flint-hearted Board of Control.

And what of the higher education and trade tuition which was to be provided?

Since the day he was thrown into the asylum, six years ago, Lowther has been engaged on no other tasks than scrubbing and polishing floors, digging the gardens, cleaning the piggeries, feeding the pigs, and attending to sick fellow-inmates in his ward.

As the institution in which he was a captive was only five minutes' walk from his home, Lowther, on days when he knew his mother would be baking a pie of which he was fond, went to visit her for an hour or two.

On these occasions, warders and policemen came to the house and seized him, and each time he was punished by being deprived of all "privileges" for the next three months.

To crown everything, the authorities made an order upon the mother to pay for the maintenance of her son in the asylum. She refused to comply and invited a prosecution so that all the facts might be made public in court.

Since then no attempt has been made to enforce the order.

In the night

Recently, Mrs. Lowther intensified her efforts to have her son released from his long imprisonment.

The case became known to a number of leading citizens of York, who were appalled when they learned the facts, and arrangements were being made to force the authorities to consent to having Lowther independently examined by specialists so that his complete sanity could be established.

At that very moment, the lunacy officials had Lowther transferred in the middle of the night from York to another asylum near Hull!

There he is now, apparently destined to serve a life-sentence—a healthy, intelligent young man whose only "crime" was to defend the womenfolk of his family

---

Not from the B.B.C.—Sir Thomas Beecham says

Good-bye to All That!

FOR years, as a musician, I sincerely did my best
To give the public what it didn't ask for;
And though my fortune showed some signs of wilting 'neath the test,
I told myself mine was a noble task, for
I had the quaint illusion that a "mission's" an excuse
For trying to make others just as I am!
But now I'm older and I know
The public much prefers to go
In its own way to Sheol or to Siam!

I look around me and I see, on ev'ry side, some sign
That public taste is growing more benighted;
But, as I'm not a Pompous Ass, I cheerfully decline
To feel unduly sad or get excited.
Most artists say the public is the enemy of Art,
And their job is to kick it and to strike it;
But I can neither rage nor storm,
I've lost my passion for reform—
And as this age grows worse the more I like it!

If you consider this a paradox, I can only point out that my whole life has been a paradox.

The spectacle, which I have more than once provided, of a millionheir in need of ready money is surely paradoxical. Many people, too, consider it paradoxical that a man who could loaf luxuriously on the profits from pills should work at making losses from music.

Perhaps it is; for, as I told an Aldwych Club audience, music really has nothing to do with education, culture or science. It is an entertainment, and would be ten times more popular if it could be divorced "from the disgraceful rot about educating the public mind."

I laboured for twenty years to educate the public along musical lines before finally deciding to "abandon the rôle of prophet, reformer and everything else, and let the public go to the devil."

Its way of making the journey will probably be *viâ* the nearest kinema. But, although it refuses to swallow my music with the avidity with which it gulps down the family pills, I have had my fun. Every performance of opera I gave was, to me, worth a guinea a box—even when the boxes were empty.

And, having grown older, I am more tolerant of those who are more willing to purchase pills than purple patches, for, as I confided to my audience, I have made the strange discovery that "as the age grows worse the more agreeable it becomes."

The simple explanation of this seeming paradox is that "People are happiest; more agreeable, more enlightened and more tolerant when they are not being worried by cranks, reformers and uplifters."

Nowadays, when I contemplate the mob of reformers, it has the appearance of a hydra-headed ass whose tongue is as long as its ears, so that it spends its whole life braying, while we long for the animal to take time off—if only to eat a few carrots.

They bray at us from platforms and assail us through the mail,
And drivel in the daily Press; the stoutest heart might quail
To see them in their serried ranks and hear them rant and rail!

The things we like they try to squelch beneath a damp golosh;
The films we hate are good for us, the ones we love are "bosh";
The books unread are "great," the ones we buy are "utter tosh"!

They tell us how to rear our young, and what we ought to wear,
And what we ought to eat and drink, and when and how and where,
And why we can't do this—and what will happen if we dare!

Each has his pet reform to boost, each is convinced his plan,
If taken up, will mean a New and Better type of Man—
For in their schemes mere human nature is an "also ran"!

Like ordinary coves, I now have grown to hate the breed!
"Reforming the reformers" has become an urgent need.
"Let's all go to Gehenna in our own way!" is *my* creed!

ALONE!
Cadbury
Cadbury's
BOURN-VITA
THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK
1 LB NET

THE CONCLUSIVE PROOF OF BOURN-VITA'S SUPERIORITY

The digestibility and "digestive power" of a food-drink determine, very largely, its ability to help you to sleep. And here are authoritative figures showing the "digestive power" of Bourn-vita as compared with that of the other leading food-drinks. These figures are provided by a famous Professor of Bio-chemistry who has conducted an independent research into this important subject in the bio-chemical laboratories of one of our largest universities, submitting all the food-drinks in question to the standard "diastatic-value" test. "Diastase" is the scientific name given to the natural digestive which is found in malt.

— RESULT OF TEST —

Diastatic power of **BOURN-VITA 49·8** (*Lintner value*)

Diastatic power of Next Highest **29.0** (*Lintner value*)

(Diastatic power of the lowest 2.2: the average of the eight tested being 12.1)

• • BOURN-VITA *has* THIS EXTRA POWER *to give you* BETTER SLEEP

Thousands of people have reached a higher level of fitness since they started taking Bourn-vita every night. They will tell you that nothing else is so effective for making them sleep better at night and feel better next day.

Bourn-vita exerts a unique and helpful influence on your digestion. No other food-drink can equal it in "digestive power." This is because it contains an unusual concentration of "diastase"—a natural digestive. See the *proof* of Bourn-vita's superiority in the adjoining panel.

Supreme among food-drinks, Bourn-vita has the ability to do two fundamentally helpful things. It draws the blood from your restless brain to your digestive system—and it relieves your digestion of overwork. You are then so relaxed in body and comforted in mind that you can't help going to sleep and sleeping soundly. And while you sleep, your system is left free to absorb all the splendid "energy-nourishment" Bourn-vita provides. Start drinking Bourn-vita at bedtime *to-night!*

Cadbury's

BOURN-VITA

¼ lb. 9d. ½ lb. 1/5
WEIGHT GUARANTEED

for sleep and energy

REJUVENATION

GET RID OF INDIGESTION RHEUMATISM AND NERVE TROUBLES

NATURALLY

Your aches and pains soon disappear by taking PHILLIPS Live Yeast. It is the real way to cure Indigestion, Rheumatism and Nerve Troubles. Its action begins in the stomach a few minutes after taking. It purifies the entire digestive system in such a natural and effective manner that the Blood is cleansed, the Skin is cleared; Rheumatism alleviated; and troubles of nervous origin, such as DEPRESSION, HEADACHE and INSOMNIA, soon disappear. PHILLIPS Yeast is Live Yeast in its *purest and most concentrated form*. It is a WONDERFUL TONIC and really makes you feel—*and look*—years younger.

Mr F. F., Plumstead, June 22, 1933. "I have suffered for years with my Nerves, and after taking 3 bottles of your Yeast, I feel 10 years younger . . . It is the finest tonic for *new life and health-restoring.*"

Of all Chemists 1/3 & 3/- in GRANULES or TABLETS. All bottles contain *generous quantities.* BOOKLET explaining REVITALISING and REMEDIAL action of PHILLIPS Yeast, *Post Free* from PHILLIPS Yeast Products Ltd., (Dept. J.B.1.), Park Royal Rd., London, N W 10.

IN GRANULES or TABLETS

Phillips YEAST

puts LIFE into you!

Quick, safe relief!

"CHEST COLD *removed overnight*"

"*There are some remedies for everyday complaints which seem to be excellent for some people and useless for others. Your Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment appears to me to be different. My entire little family (as well as friends to whom I have recommended it) find it removes a cough or chest cold overnight—without any 'ifs' and 'buts'.*"

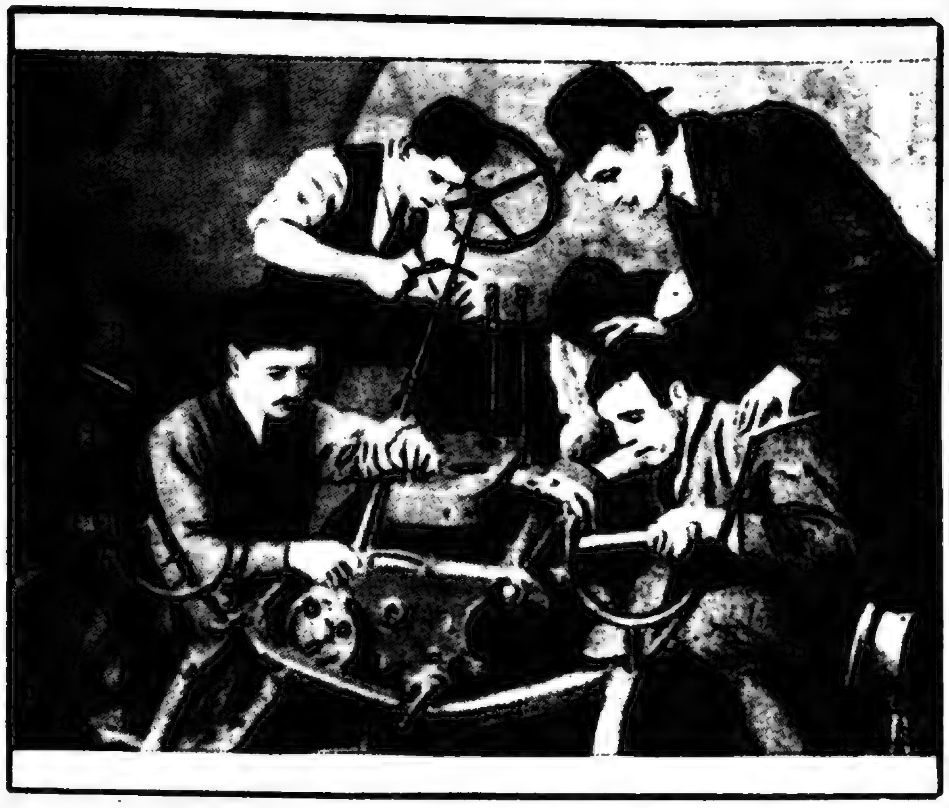
Yours truly, (Mrs.) B. W., Putney.

Musterole Brand Mustard Ointment is unequalled for affections of the chest and lungs, especially in pneumonia, 'flu, or with coughs, colds and sore throats. This clean, white ointment penetrates right down to the seat of the trouble. Its soothing, healing warmth draws out the pain and soreness, and loosens the congestion. Always keep a jar handy in the house, because when you want it, you want it badly. Your chemist will tell you how wonderfully this magical ointment works—without burn or blister. Ask him.

MUSTEROLE BRAND MUSTARD OINTMENT

Thos. Christy & Co.
4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C. 4

Scoundrel's Snare for MOTORISTS



This picture, from the brochure of one of Woodcock's former ventures, depicts the principal watching his students at work

AN audacious plot to victimise motorists throughout the country was exploded recently when Stanley Cyril Woodcock, a motor engineer, was sentenced at the London Sessions to three years' imprisonment.

But the public has remained in ignorance of the true facts. JOHN BULL can reveal that he was actually on the point of launching the most impudent venture of his career.

On the day of Woodcock's arrest we had an article in print denouncing his proposed scheme, but to avoid interfering with the course of justice we withheld publication.

Nothing emerged during his trial to indicate the vast scale on which this rogue had laid his plans for victimising motorists throughout Britain.

Harmless now

He was simply charged with obtaining money by false pretences in connection with an employment-with-investment offer.

Though Woodcock is now out of harm's way, it may be advisable to tell something of his interrupted plot, lest any of his associates are prompted to pursue the grandiose scheme he had so carefully prepared.

This was nothing less than a proposal to launch a rival organisation to the various soundly established bodies which cater for the needs of motorists in this country.

It was to be known as the Motor Drivers' Association, and Woodcock actually began operations from a small office in New Oxford Street, London, later moving without paying his rent to premises in George Street, Euston Road.

He advertised widely and sent out literature stating that the Motor Drivers' Association had been founded by "a number of influential motor traders." But he remained discreetly silent as to their names.

Some of the literature he prepared sets forth the association's aims and objects most imposingly.

It was to advise and assist in all matters appertaining to wage disputes, conditions of employment, the purchase of new and second-hand cars, hire purchase and insurance.

No names

It offered free legal advice and information regarding routes, conditions of roads, hotel accommodation at home and abroad.

Among the many other "services" the Motor Drivers' Association offered to make every effort through its "Employment Advisory Experts" to introduce members to suitable positions both at home and abroad.

But, like the "influential motor traders," these "experts" were unnamed!

Impudent bluff

The subscription to the Motor Drivers' Association was a guinea, and a special badge was available at half-a-crown.

Many people replied to Woodcock's advertisements, and he assured those who called that he knew the motoring business from A to Z. He was in touch with employers all over the country, and members of the association would find it easy to secure employment with his assistance.

In addition to all this, Woodcock announced that he was to open club rooms for members of the Motor Drivers' Association in at least four centres. Billiards tables, rest rooms, libraries and cafés were to be provided.

Stanley C. Woodcock sought to impress the public in this new venture by printing the initials "L.P.N.L.S. of M." after his name on all correspondence.

This imposing array of initials was just an impudent piece of bluff. They did not stand, as one might expect, for any technical accomplishment or degree, but indicated that Woodcock was "Late Principal North London School of Motoring"—another ramp run by him earlier in his career!

This school was established during 1925-26 at premises in Islington, North London, with Cyril Woodcock as proprietor.

Fees at this establishment ranged from £1 10s. to £25, and a pupil who paid £25 was "guaranteed" a position at the end of his tuition.

Everything went with a swing for a time, but in 1926 the London County Council refused Woodcock a licence as an Employment Agency, which was linked up with his school of motoring, because of misleading advertisements which had been inserted in the Press.

After many people had been victimised, the North London School of Motoring faded out of existence, and the principal went off in search of pastures new.

Frustrated

For a time Woodcock was active in Paris, and his search for money led him to the South Coast of France, but he soon tired of foreign soil and returned to England.

After a period in the Midlands he went to Ireland and began his usual campaign of advertising a "School of Motoring." His activities in Dublin ended in prison.

This was by no means his first sentence, for he has an unenviable record and a string of aliases, which include Stanley Woods, Leon Davis, Jack Francis and Jack Radley.

It was typical of his impudence that within little more than a week of his release from prison in Dublin he reappeared in London, got in touch with old associates, and began to lay his plans for launching the Motor Drivers Association.

His arrest on a charge relating to an employment-with-investment offer alone prevented him from bringing his huge motoring scheme to fruition.

The Human Machine

Broad Backs

WHEN, not so long ago, Sir John Reith described the average man as "a pretty poor specimen," he must have been speaking without having thought very deeply, for the "average man" is, after all, the representative of the vast bulk of the nation's citizens, and he makes a pretty good job of things on the whole.

He maintains himself and his family; he does the bulk of the country's work; he pays the bulk of the country's taxes; and he does it all cheerfully and uncomplainingly.

He is decent and honest and reliable. He makes the best of things. He is usually an incurable optimist. He is certainly a sticker. In fact, in every way he is almost exactly the opposite of that mediocrity that Sir John Reith would have us picture him.

To reach the pinnacle of fame is often easier than to be a good specimen of the average man, for fame is mostly grasped by those who, by accident of birth or environment, have a flying start in the race. That there are exceptions does nothing to invalidate the general truth of this statement.

But the average man has nothing to help him except sturdiness of character and pluck and endurance. What he gets he must win for himself. If he doesn't help himself, no one else will.

And the average man—who is you, and me, and millions like us—has cause enough to be proud of his heritage and his achievements, for he carries the nation on his back.

They once asked the stonebreaker—just an average man—if he did not tire of his lowly lot. "Why should I?" he replied. "I am the maker of the King's highway."

There's a moral in that which the average man can work out for himself.

Officialdom Without a Heart

THERE is something harsh about the mentality of high officials of the Post Office, and something particularly callous in their treatment of sub-postmasters.

A recent victim of Post Office officialdom is Mr. W. T. Phillips, an ex-sub-postmaster of Uphill, Weston-super-Mare.

He has been thrown on the industrial scrap-heap at the age of sixty-two after forty years of conscientious service for the Postmaster-General.

Mr. Phillips was appointed to the post office at Axbridge, Somerset, after gaining experience at Glastonbury, Camberley and London.

* * *

People at Axbridge found in him a true friend as well as an efficient postmaster. The officials of the Weston-super-Mare postal district found him a zealous subordinate, and thanked him on many occasions for the efficient way in which he had carried out his duties.

Then, in November, 1931, came the bombshell! Mr. Phillips was dismissed for "insufficient supervision." He appealed against this decision, but it was in vain. Others appealed on his behalf, but their efforts were wasted.

The Assistant Postmaster-General wrote: "I am sorry for Mr. Phillips, but clearly he cannot be allowed to continue as sub-postmaster, and there is no other work which I can offer him."

Such sorrow and sympathy sound odd when this grey-haired sub-postmaster is cast adrift and becomes dependent on help from friends to supplement unemployment pay.

Unfortunately, he had to go to the Public Assistance Institution at Axbridge, where he had been compelled to seek food and shelter.

* * *

Now Mr. Phillips, whose life has been devoted to Post-Office work, is unfitted for any other class of employment, and he begs for jobs without success.

Even when Mr. Phillips' wife was lying on what proved to be her deathbed, he was given notice to quit the premises which had been his home.

Expressions of sympathy and regret from high officials in the service are of no use to a man suffering privation. We can only hope that the Postmaster-General will reconsider the particularly hard case of Mr. Phillips.

Who's the Lucky Kiddies?

"JOHN BULL" readers have lost no time in expressing their appreciation of the wonderful Christmas Surprise which JOHN BULL announced last week. Applications for "The Children's Wonder Book"—the greatest single volume book of favourite stories in the world—are pouring in by every post.

And now, on pages 4 and 5 of this issue, JOHN BULL announces one further opportunity for every grown-up to secure this thrilling 768 page work for some lucky child. But instant action is essential.

There is no time to reprint this fascinating Wonder Book before Christmas, and if you have not reserved your copy you must do so at once or it will be too late. If you have already applied, draw the attention of a friend to JOHN BULL's amazing offer.

"The Children's Wonder Book" is the finest gift you can possibly find for children of all ages. Just think of the scores of childhood's favourite stories it contains—all that is best in the realms of fairyland and adventure, including such masterpieces as "Tales of Robin Hood," "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," "Sindbad the Sailor," "Ali Baba," "Robinson Crusoe," "Gulliver's Travels," "A Christmas Carol," and many more.

Here are magic tales delightfully illustrated with nearly 400 drawings.

There are four weeks to Christmas, but every moment counts if you are to get JOHN BULL's enchanting Christmas Gift for the child you love.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 now.

Mr. HARMAN, of

THE passing of Martin Coles Harman, the fallen financier of Angel Court, who has just been sentenced at the Old Bailey to eighteen months' imprisonment for fraud, has brought a wealth of comment in various sections of the Press.

But many aspects of this extraordinary man's character have escaped notice.

Harman might have gone far if he had not plunged too deeply into the whirlpool of high finance.

Some of his earlier efforts were marked by a brilliance which has rarely been surpassed.

In some measure, in fact, the nation is in his debt, for it was his brain that was largely responsible for evolving the original Saving Certificate Scheme, which, launched during the war years, has endured to the present time.

That was at the time when he was associated with a famous City banking house, and before he embarked upon enterprises of his own.

Before his arrest his position as a colossus of finance was unique.

He had already captured popular imagination as the self-styled sovereign Lord of Lundy Island, with its fortress of solid rock and its self-contained community.

"I am King" was his proud boast, and, to show that he meant it, he created his own currency, his own postage stamps—each bearing his rugged profile, which in itself is suggestive of domineering strength.

Harman, it has often been said, is very much like Mussolini in both resemblance and manner.

He is certainly a most amazing man—full of strength and power, with unfailing confidence in himself, and an almost uncanny skill for manipulating finances and impressing investors.

Mr. Justice Macnaghten, in sentencing Harman, pointed the moral that his conviction should be a warning to all others who might be tempted to emulate him

Volumes might be written about this unique Napoleon of Finance. And sensational as some of the disclosures were during his trial, they touched but the fringe of his multitudinous affairs, and revealed little of the true character of the man.

An egoist, he loves publicity, and is one of the greatest "showmen" of the day.

One of the most characteristic sides of his amazing personality is the stony calm with which he faces all trouble. Even when sorely pressed for money and thousands of pounds had to be found quickly, his outward appearance has betrayed nothing.

On that fateful day in February, 1933, when Inspector Philpott, of the City of London Police, telephoned for an appointment, it was granted at once.

Unruffled calm

Harman knew, from official enquiries which had been made for some time about him, that the Public Prosecutor was likely to act against him at any moment, and when the Inspector asked for the appointment, Harman knew what was coming.

Thus, he was his usual calm and smiling self when the Inspector and another officer arrived at his office in Angel Court.

As he listened to the charges made against him, and learned that three of his colleagues were also involved, he summoned his secretary.

Slowly naming the other three, he asked for them to be sent to him.

He indicated that it would save time if they all heard what the officers had to say at one meeting. The situation might have been some trivial incident in a day's work.

One by one the others entered the room, and when the Inspector had explained the purport of his visit, Harman was quite unmoved and showed not the slightest emotion.

So cleverly did Harman control this meeting that even his closest confidants had no idea what was happening.

And when taxis were called, and he and his colleagues later left Angel Court for the City of London Police headquarters, not one member of the staff had any idea that anything unusual had occurred.

He was released on bail, but not before he had spent three hours in a cell.

Not even this indignity could shake him.

He returned to Angel Court, cleared up the normal day's business, gave implicit instructions to his solicitor about preparing his defence, and then drove to Grosvenor House, Park Lane, where he had a suite, and dined with a friend.

One ironic thing about his arrest—which we can reveal was specially "timed" by the Public Prosecutor, although the accountants had not actually completed their reports concerning his maladministrations—was that Harman had actually booked passages for himself and members of his *entourage* to sail for the Far East on a business-with-pleasure trip.

And, with his usual egoism, he had instructed a well-known film firm to lend him, at a handsome fee, one of their best kinematograph operators and staff, to proceed with him for the purpose of making a film record of his tour!

The object of this film was, Harman confided, to provide the shareholders of a concern called the Chosen Corporation, Ltd., which has many interests in the East, with first-hand evidence of what was happening there, and how great was the progress and development being made on their behalf in Korea and other places.

But the visit of the police to Angel Court stopped his trip, and shattered all the great plans Harman had in his mind to win back the esteem of those shareholders in the Chosen Corporation who had lost faith in him.

Abandoned tour

Yet this proposed tour to the Far East illustrates the indomitable courage which has always manifested itself throughout Harman's career.

He was taking it as the final plunge to rehabilitate himself in the eyes of his supporters.

Everything was as black then as it could be. Dark clouds were settling upon him; wherever he turned he met fresh trouble.

Certain of his affairs, in fact, had been the subject of an official enquiry by an Inspector appointed by the Board of Trade, and the "findings" following the investigation were, to say the least, most unfavourable to Harman and certain of his directors.

He saw the red light clearly when he read the grave things that were said about some of these transactions, but it would not be like Harman to admit it.

When, indeed, at a meeting of one company, which was held after the Inspector's report had been delivered, one of Harman's nominees was questioned concerning some of its disquieting contents, the reply was particularly Harmanesque.

"It is a most one-sided and unfair presentation of the case," he said. "And the directors have lost no time in replying!"

Poor Harman!

At the height of his greatness came the fall from which he was never to recover. That Board of Trade Inspector's report was the turning point in his destinies.

And even then his great faith in himself, and the new schemes he was planning, prompted him to believe that if he could get out to Korea, and provide evidence in black and white "on the spot," he might even yet be in a position to face his disillusioned shareholders, and emerge from the findings of this report, triumphantly.

But the police visit to Angel Court changed all that—stopped all his great plans in one dramatic sweep.

But they could not rob him of his courage.

Since that day Harman has borne a thousand worries which would have dismayed a lesser man.

He has been burdened with his bankruptcy affairs; answered thousands of intricate questions on oath, and contrived to free himself from the complete disaster that at times threatened. Yet he looks fit and well, and has maintained his

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Angel Court

Big Secret of Fallen Colossus of Finance

Last taste of *freedom while on* trial—*Harman (left) and his* co-director **Conigrave,** *leaving* the court *during an interval in the proceedings*

calm, domineering, kingly air to the end. When under fire in the witness-box he has always been the master. Once, when he was being questioned about one complicated financial transaction, he was asked if the company's books would help him to remember.

He was content to murmur that this was surely a question for the accountants.

And, in regard to another matter, when it was remarked by counsel that his memory was getting quite a lot at fault, he at once retorted, quietly but with dignified emphasis, that even his memory was entitled to fail in a case of this magnitude!

When he put the blame on to other shoulders he did so in characteristic fashion. Asked if it were not very suspicious that certain vital letters he said he had written had never been received, he simply smiled.

He didn't think it was suspicious at all. He said he knew his office. The typist was a very careful person, but some of the posting clerks were just pretty little chatterboxes!

More tumultuous company meetings have marked the Harman companies than any others during recent years. But Harman never failed.

Personal magnetism

Once, when he was told to sit down, and shouted at continuously, he walked calmly into the middle of the most antagonistic shareholders and took a seat, pointing out that he, too, was a shareholder of the concern, and had as much right to be present as any of them.

In the end Harman was addressing the whole of the shareholders from his chair in the hall.

He had quelled the uproar single-handed.

That was his big secret—the supreme gift of being able to sway others into letting him have his own way.

A master man always, with undoubted powers for swaying men, he was at one time destined to become a great industrial leader, as well as financier.

Some time before his downfall he was planning a great scheme for a colossal merger between large Lancashire textile machinery firms and several important artificial silk manufacturers.

It was in 1924, when he was comparatively unknown outside banking circles in the City of London, that Harman assumed the spectacular rôle of financier.

His entry into the realms of spectacular finance was made through the medium of an investment company, which Harman acquired for £25,000.

This concern has since figured in a maze of transactions, and was constantly referred to during the Old Bailey proceedings as being one of the companies Harman used as a medium with which to further his share deals.

It says much for Harman's skill and dexterity that, following the acquisition of this investment venture, he was within a year or two actively associated with a score of companies which possessed an aggregate capital of something like £10,000,000, many of which he controlled!

However honest and regular his operations may have been, he adopted measures as time went on which were audacious in the extreme.

In the dark

Only a man like Harman could carry off such things in the grandiose manner he did.

In some cases, his audacity was astonishing.

As the director of one Harman concern, he fixed the price at which certain of its shares could be sold, and, in the dual capacity of director of another company, he fixed the price at which they should be bought.

Thus money from one Harman company went to another, and the shareholders, who were not consulted, were kept completely in the dark.

On those occasions when his affairs became the subject of official scrutiny, Harman surpassed himself in arrogance.

Facing his questioners, he would assume an air of truculent self-assurance. His answers would come readily to his tongue, and no amount of cross-examination would disarm him.

He would stand up like a man of stone; face the officials unflinchingly, and deliver himself of coldly sarcastic observations that would leave his questioners aghast.

The ready retort

Once, when the complicated nature of certain transactions was under review, he offered an "explanation" that a bankruptcy official could not possibly fathom.

"I do not understand it at all," protested the Registrar.

"Oh, I knew you would not!" was Harman's airy retort.

On another occasion, when asked if he "suggested" a certain fact, he heatedly assured the officials that he was "positive." There was never any half-measures with Harman!

In another instance he signed a "personal guarantee" for a huge sum. The only excuse he volunteered was that he did it to "make a good friend happy."

As the good friend he had desired to make happy had died by the time the "explanation" was made it was impossible to pursue the question further.

When recently adjudicated bankrupt, with liabilities of over £400,000, he boldly stated that he could only agree to one course being taken—that he be given the opportunity of paying twenty shillings in the £.

He even induced Mr. Registrar Mellor to adjourn the bankruptcy proceedings on the sworn promise to provide sufficient money to meet a fourth of his total liabilities by a stipulated date.

He excelled himself during these proceedings, when one official told him that he did not think he could avoid being adjudicated bankrupt.

Why he smiled

"Surely it will depend upon my creditors," was Harman's brusque retort.

"No; it depends upon the court," came the official's reply.

"If the court is prepared to go against the interests and wishes of my creditors, that is another question," snapped the financier.

Harman has often smiled at his own cleverness, when told of the helplessness of some of the investigators in sifting the tangled affairs of some of his companies.

The effect of his personality on one of his closest associates is shown by the fact that he imitated his master's methods when presiding over "Harman Group" meetings. We refer to Fairfax Conigrave, who was sentenced with him.

Conigrave, too, knew how to handle hostile investors.

Once, when question after question was asked about one company's affairs, and particularly as to what had happened to certain securities, Mr. Conigrave asserted himself just as Harman would have done.

Colleague's faith

He triumphantly announced that he held sufficient proxies to carry the resolutions of the meeting by an overwhelming majority!

"Shout him down!" roared the infuriated shareholders, but, amid all the uproar, he declared the meeting ended, and the questioning investors were left without any information as to the fate or fortune of the securities concerned.

Conigrave's faith in Harman has, in the end, led him to jail.

But thousands have trusted him, and thousands will trust him still.

During his stay at Lundy Island he was more often than not protected by a giant bodyguard, nearly 6 ft. 6 in. in height, and weighing eighteen stone.

In Harman's great, final adversity he fought like a tiger, and, right to the last day, believed completely that his acquittal was certain.

It was only when the jury returned to court, and asked in specific terms for guidance from Mr. Justice Macnaghten on a technical point, that his face fell.

Count 10 was the one the jury asked about—to Harman the significance of this must have brought the biggest shock of the trial.

Irony

It meant the jury was against him—that he was "going down." For the judge had told them in his summing up that if they found Harman *not guilty* on the first four counts, they would automatically have to find him not guilty on all the rest.

And they were asking questions about Count 10!

Then came the sentence.

It was characteristic of him that he heard the judge's stern words with an unruffled dignity.

And by an ironic twist of Fate he left the dock for the cells from the very court where, not very long ago, he had sat on the bench as an honoured guest of another judge!

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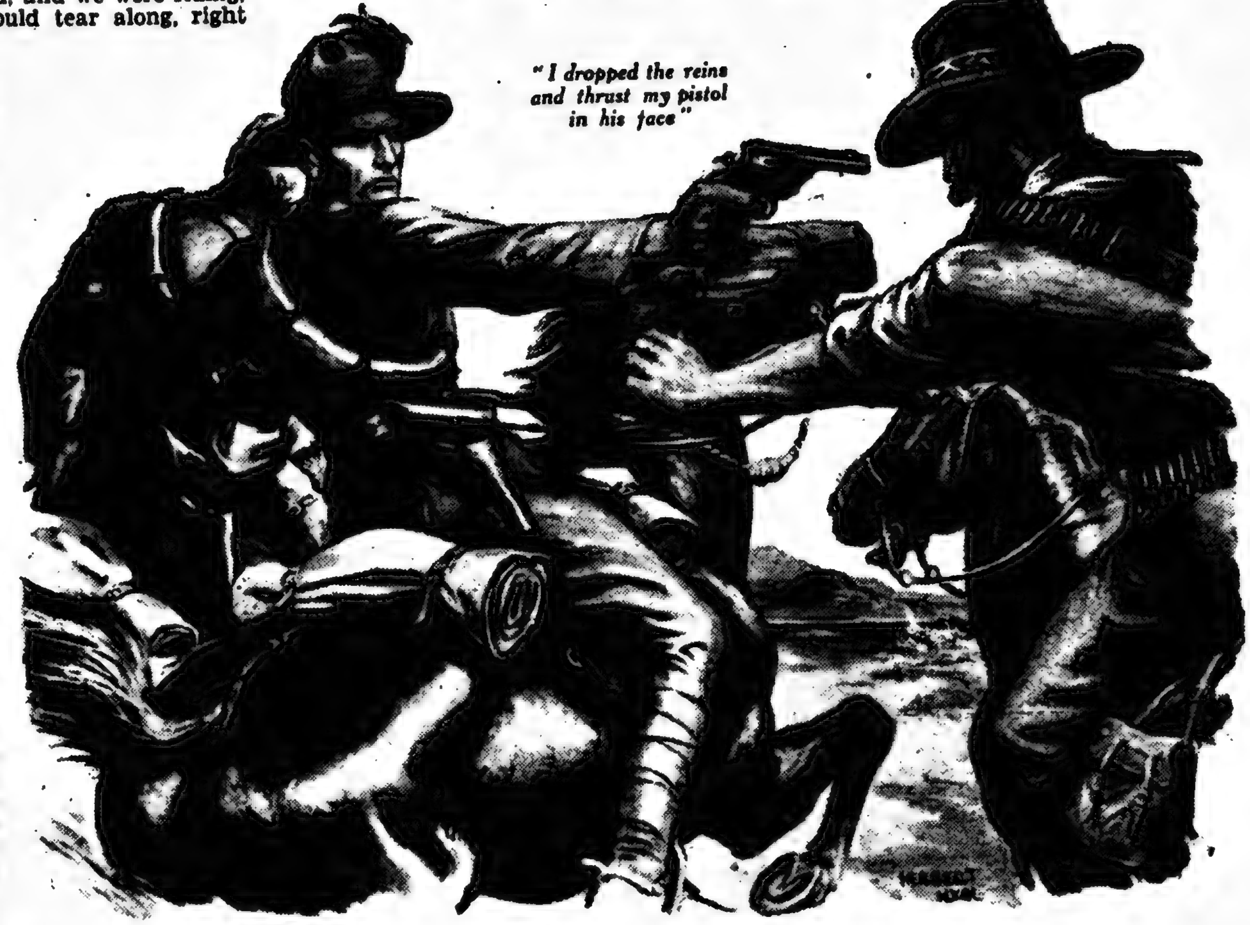
JOHN BULL Readers' Stories—63

SEALED ORDERS—

—A Ride for Life



"I dropped the reins and thrust my pistol in his face"

"RIDE like hell!" And we did! On, on over the veldt, through the darkening shadows and bluey stillness of the coming night, we rode, as we, old Jim and I, had ridden many times before.

Old Jim had said it would be our last ride together. So it would be. We might not, he or I, or both of us, reach the end of it. We should need a lot of luck to get through.

So far all had gone well; we had had narrow escapes and survived unhurt, but now the climax was upon us: the danger was straight ahead, and we were riding, as hard as we could tear along, right into it!

There was no turning to right or left! Straight on we must go, straight into the peril that sprang up on either side to meet us, and barred our way in front, for beyond lay our hope and safety.

"Now, my lad," cried old Jim, "ride for your very life; ride as you have never ridden before; ride, ride like hell!"

I am writing of many years ago, but "the memory" is very vivid. It is very painful, too, and bitter as gall.

"After all," we thought as we rode, "what have we to ride for? What is there at the end of the journey for us?" Not much for either Jim or me.

Jim's case was worse than mine. He was about fifty-five. I was but twenty-five.

Jim had lived his life in South Africa. A lonely life; his wife had died young; he had no relatives, few friends; he had passed his life there, and there he would finish, and from the way things had gone, it would be a bad finish.

I WAS young; I had life before me. I could get away to another country, and, if we reached the end of our ride in safety, I meant to.

But my thoughts were just as bitter as Jim's—I was disillusioned, crushed and shamed! What had we to ride for? Why not stop and face whatever was coming to us, and make an end of it.

That unchanging law of nature, self-preservation, made us ride on and on, over the veldt, over its boundless wastes, over its trackless plains, breasting the rocky ridges of the hills, and sweeping down its grassy slopes, dodging the ant-hills and giving kraals and cattle-runs a wide berth.

Then we were skirting below the skyline of a mountain, then plunging down into a valley; galloping along the shelving banks of a stream, and at "long last" finding a halting-place on some kopje.

There, perhaps, among the rocks and boulders, we could find a hiding-place and rest our weary horses and ourselves, before nightfall made it safe for us to ride on and on to the end—whatever it was to be.

And now, before telling you the story of our ride, I must explain when and where this was, and how I came to be there.

I had landed at Cape Town some months before on my way to New Zealand; then changed my mind and decided to stop there.

"The trouble" had broken out soon after and, tired of doing nothing, I had decided to be "in it," and had joined up in the Mounted Police.

If there was one thing I could do it was ride. I had been brought up "in it." I had hunted in the roughest country, ridden at cross-country meetings and jumping competitions, and over Aintree itself when I was but seventeen, Becher's Brook, Valentine's, and all.

Men were wanted for patrol work, it seemed; with their own horses if possible; might be asked to carry despatches and things like that.

The job seemed O.K. to me, so I bought the best horse I could find anywhere off a man I had got to know, who kept a roadside hotel out where Wynberg now stands.

He was a beautiful black. "Nigger" I called him. Beautiful to look at, easy to ride, and a good 'un to go. He could gallop all day and had an amazing turn of speed.

We had to ship to Durban; "the trouble" was up on the Natal border of the Transvaal. My Wynberg friend, the publican, Sinclair his name was, came to see "Nigger" and me safe on board. As we shook hands, he said: "Take care of that horse. If you bring him back to me safe and sound you can have what you gave me for him any old time."

ON board I met and palled in with old Jim. He had joined because he wanted something to do. He knew the country well and would be useful. More than that, he was an Englishman, and hoped to be of service to the "old country" which he hadn't seen since he was a boy.

At Durban, and all over Natal, we were given plenty to do. "The Mounted" patrolled in couples, and Jim and I had many exciting rides together. "The trouble" had become the war, and the war had developed, and things were going very much against England—indeed, they couldn't have gone worse.

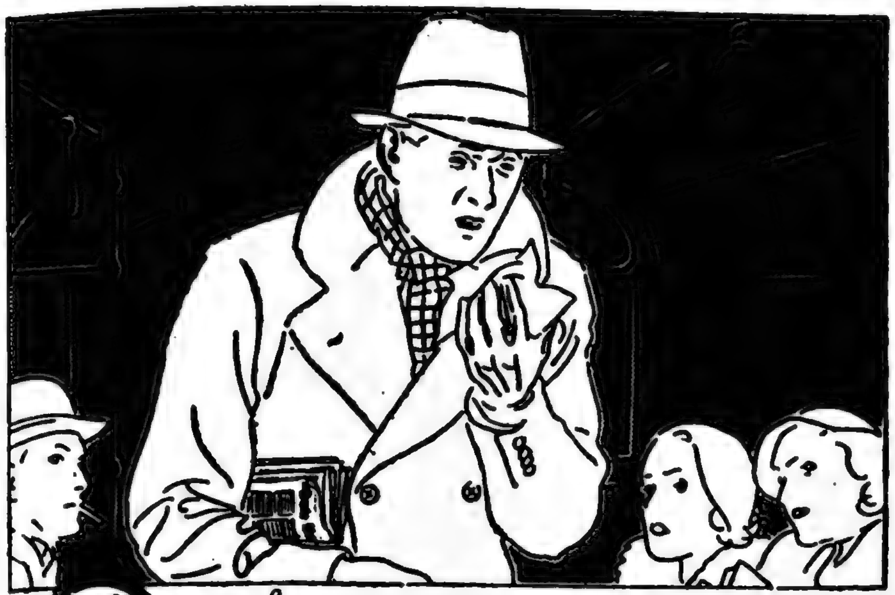
A troopship arrived: all raw recruits, the rawest of the raw; not a man among them who knew one end of a horse from the other; so we, Jim and I, volunteered to carry some despatches up to the front.

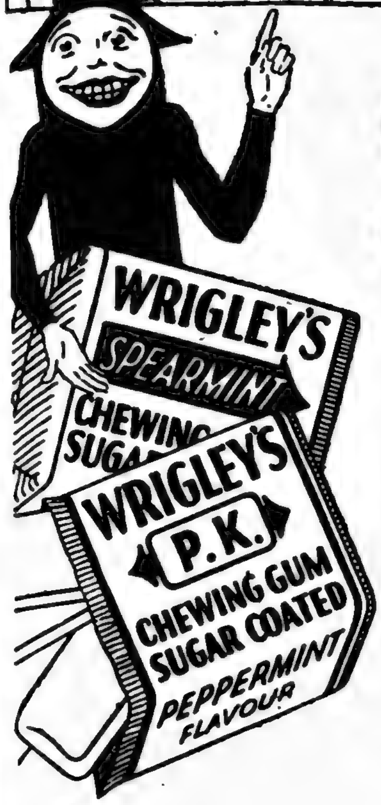
We had made our way past Greytown, and along the Basuto border, and delivered the despatches to the officer commanding a small detachment—"Commando," the Boers called it—we had come up with at a little village named Bethlehem. There we heard of the disaster of Majuba Hill!

I am not going to attempt to describe "Majuba," nor is this the place, nor that my mission. Enough for me to say that there were not more than 2,000 men all told, English and Boers, engaged at the Battle of Majuba Hill! It was hardly worthy of the name of "battle."

Yet few engagements, great or small, have left so lasting an impression, few have had so marked an effect upon our history, and none has been so great a blot upon it as that tragedy of February 27, 1881, when Sir George Colley and 400 officers and men were trapped and shot down, like rats, trying to climb

(*Continued on page 28*)





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"I nearly lost my job

UNTIL I FOUND OUT THIS WAY TO STOP FEELING TIRED"

" I'm head waitress at a large café in Manchester and it's a pretty hard job. I'm on my feet 9 to 12 hours a day. It's extra work for me, too, seeing that customers are served in their right order and that the bills are made out right — I've got to keep my wits about me.

" I nearly lost my job about 3 months ago because I got so tired and 'nervy,' kept breaking things. I added up bills wrongly, too. There were several complaints from customers all in one week. The manageress warned me. Then a friend of mine who's over 70 and takes Hall's Wine to keep her strength, put me on to it. The very first day my nerves felt better. In less than two months taking lovely Hall's Wine regularly I felt as full of go as if I'd had three months' holiday lying on the beach somewhere — the hardest day is no trouble now my nerves are strong. I'm glad I was given Hall's Wine when I needed it." *(Miss) A. G. Fleming, 4 Lord Street, Lower Broughton, Manchester*

"A NURSE TOLD ME —"

" Most women think it's natural to feel weak and 'old' at my age. I did too . . . Then a nurse told me about Hall's Wine. I've got my strength now." *(Mrs.) Agnes Culliman, 76 Cromford Road, London, S.W.18.*

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Cheating the Boers

(Continued from page 26)

"out of a pit," out of the basin that fits into the top of Majuba Hill.

The situation was indeed desperate. Having delivered our despatches, the 'Redcoats" had no further use for us.

Jim and I were in a fix. Things had taken a nasty turn. The news travelled fast—bad news always does—the English were beaten; British prestige vanished in a night!

The state of the country had been bad enough before; now it was against us to a man. If Jim and I fell into the hands of the Boers, they would shoot us out of hand.

As soon as we saw the way things were going, Jim and I disappeared. We didn't want our horses, our only hope of safety, to be commandeered, so we got clear away and held a "council of war."

At least, old Jim was the council! What Jim said "went." He *knew!* I didn't—not a thing! I was just a "passenger."

JIM was not only the "eyes" of our endeavour; he was the ears and nose as well. Many a time he would smell out a danger when I would have walked straight into it. But for old Jim I should never have seen Cape Town again.

"The council" decided that it would be madness to try and reach Durban the way we had come. The country between us and the coast would be overrun by the enemy, and we would be shot down to a certainty.

"No, youngster," said Jim; "I know this country right through; we'll keep well away; down the middle of the Free State there's plenty of room. It's a long way, but we are not pressed for time, and we have a good chance of getting through. When we reach the border and get towards De Aar, then will come the trouble, and we shall need all the luck that's coming to us, and a bit more."

"I'm with you all the way, Jim," said I (It should be remembered that at this time there were no rails, no wires, and not even roads through S. Africa.)

As we saddled up Jim said: "These are what I am building on, these two beauties of ours! There isn't a Boer with one like 'em. Not in the same class even. If it comes to a race, as it very likely will, and a stray shot doesn't get either of us, their pace may get us through. At any rate, we shall have a good run for our money and may just do it!"

A Boer War memory - the Natal Carabineers advance

It was now more than a fortnight since Majuba. We had come down the middle of the Free State and had camped a couple of nights ago not far from De Aar. The country had been almost clear of the enemy; only at a great distance had we spied any Boers, and frequently we had been able to travel during part of the day as well as the night. After passing De Aar we bore away to the west, fording the Zac river, and coming nearly to the end of the Noggeveld Hills.

During the day we sighted a party of Boers high up on the hills. We tried to dodge them, but they always reappeared. They didn't try to approach us, but certainly were watching us. Jim didn't like it. We decided to halt and rest.

We were nearly at the end of our long ride, another twenty miles or so, and our trials and troubles would be over, but a lot might happen before we covered that twenty miles, and a lot did.

Jim said: "Come up to the top, and I'll show you what we've got to do."

From the summit of the hill we could see all round for miles. The Boers had travelled on almost to the end of the ridge. The plain ran away to a point in the far distance, where the river took a sharp turn.

Jim pointed. "See, sonny, just this side of that point is an old bridge, built of trestles and struts; it is wide enough to take an ox-cart, and that's all. Remember, we ride over it. If we reach it, in single file, I'll go first. You follow me, and mind your step."

WE went back to our camp, and Jim continued: "Those chaps mean to head us off, and we've got to see they don't. Now, listen to me, sonny; they don't know what we're riding; do they? No, well, we'll go leisurely along the foot of the hill, and then out into the plain without turning for the bridge.

"They'll likely remain watching us from the hill-top. They'll think we've given up the idea. When we get so that we are in a direct line for the bridge we'll turn and go straight for it. I reckon it'll be a good five miles; the 'going' will be the best, and, bar accidents, we may beat them to it."

Things panned out as Jim said. The Boers watched us from the hill-top. We rode on out into the plain. The Boers dismounted and sat around. We halted.

Five miles away was the bridge. Over on the hill-top on our left were the Boers, but at least a mile and a half nearer the bridge than we were. The turf beneath us was like a carpet. It sloped down on our right and rolled away to the river in the distance, broken only here and there by a few hillocks.

"Take a look over your shoulder, sonny, and fix your eye on the bend of the river where the bridge is so that you know which way to go."

I did as Jim said. We moved slowly on.

"Now, sonny, are you ready?"

"Aye," said I.

"I'll turn sharp round to the left. You come up on my right, and ride, ride like hell!"

And we did!

IN silence we rode. It was a moment or two before the Boers realised what we were up to. Then they scrambled to their feet, seized their horses, mounted and disappeared over the hill-top.

We were flying over the ground, our horses fairly revelling in the springy turf.

We had covered half the distance before our pursuers came in view again, away on our left, riding along the banks of the river almost at right angles to us—half a mile nearer the bridge, but we were coming at them every stride!

"Look, Jim, look," I cried. "On the right there, down in the hollow."

Suddenly, from behind a hillock, another half-dozen Boers had appeared, galloping straight for the bridge from the opposite side. We should be caught between them.

There was no help for it. We must ride on. We must reach the bridge before them. We must ride like hell!

On and on we flew. Not a quarter of a mile to go. Rapidly the distance lessened. It was anybody's race. We were riding head on for each other.

We were going straight as a dart for the bridge, Jim about a length ahead. On either side, unknown to each other, the Boers racing across to stop us. I see a Boer on the left drop back; he raises his rifle and fires. Jim's hands go up and he falls forward!

I race alongside and throw my arm round him and grab the reins and hold them all together in a bunch. On we tear, locked together!

"On, on, my beauties." There was just a chance! I remembered Jim's last words, "Ride, ride like hell."

RIGHT and left the Boers came at me, and the bridge, the way to safety, not half a dozen lengths ahead!

I yelled "Up, Nigger," and on to the foot of the bridge we sprang.

A Boer reached for my bridle. I dropped the reins and thrust my pistol in his face. He rolled backwards down the slope!

We were on to the bridge! Behind me I heard the wild rush of horse and man as the Boers galloped blindly into each other, and the yells and curses that followed.

On, up the curve of the bridge we tore; the old structure swayed and rocked beneath us. The clamp of the hoofs on the rough planks deafened me. The rushing torrent, fifty feet below, made my head swim.

I tried to hold Jim firmly to me. The reins lay loose. The horses' heads stretched out together, hugging each other, it seemed, for safety. There was not a foot to spare on either side. One slip, one stumble, and all would be over!

We were half-way across now. The miracle might happen. We might win through yet—ah, what was that!

I shrieked in horror. There, in front of us, only a few yards ahead, was a gap in the bridge! It had rotted and broken away. In another moment we should be into it!

WITH an effort I reached the reins—the gap was there—I lifted them and shouted as I did in the old circus days, "Over!"

Locked together, with old Jim and me pinned together on their backs, those two game and gallant horses rose into the air and safe across that yawning gap they bore us!

A crash of splintering wood rent the air: I turned.

The bridge had gone! Vanished into the cataract below!

We had escaped by inches.

* * *

And Jim—old Jim—not so bad, after all. We rode gently on a little way; then I laid him down in the shade. A drink of brandy from my flask revived him.

The shot had torn through his side and left a nasty wound, but my arm had partly stopped the flow of blood. I rode on for help.

Late that night we reached my friend Sinclair's place.

"I've brought 'Nigger' back," I said; "but he's not for sale."

NEXT WEEK: *A reader describes a thrilling encounter with head-hunters in Malaya.*

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

WISBECH STANDARD:—"HIGH-purchase terms arranged."

PERTHSHIRE ADVERTISER:—"All trains were handled with the MAXIMUM of delay."

BOURNEMOUTH DAILY ECHO:—"The ambulance took him, suffering from SEVERED head injuries."

PAISLEY DAILY EXPRESS:—"Treasurer —— moved as an amendment that, as a trial, the gate should be opened for three MONTHS each Sunday."

EVENING HERALD (Dublin):—"A conviction would mean that the defendant would LOVE his army pension."

BIRMINGHAM MAIL:—"Fascist Militia, carabineers in pale coats and COOKED hats."

WESTERN EVENING HERALD:—"They had to dig down banks, break down walls—and all in the middle of a fierce GALA."

10/- WITH ORDER BRINGS THIS GREATEST VALUE EASY CHAIR

GUARANTEE. *We deliver soon after Receipt of First Payment with order, and if the value of any Berkeley Model does not come up to your expectations you may return it within seven days AT OUR EXPENSE and we will refund your money in full.* **DELIVERED FREE in England, Wales and Scotland.**

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AND FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

The Christmas Gift problem is easily solved when you decide to give a Berkeley Superlax. For this Easy Chair pleases everyone—young or old—with its modern beauty, homely comfort and lasting service. It fits in with all your moods. For without getting out of the chair—without any adjustments on your part—the Superlax takes up any position you wish—AUTOMATICALLY. In its NORMAL POSITION the Superlax is exactly right for sewing, knitting or just a quiet talk over the tea-cups. Then in its LOUNGING POSITION it is perfect for a man and his pipe after a day's work. Delightful, too, for that rest in the afternoon that every woman loves.

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Gives homely comfort through the years

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The greatest change in chocolate since the nineties

1897 . . . ladies bathed from horse-drawn boxes. Milk Chocolate was introduced about this time.

Rowntree's Milk Chocolate *made with* EXTRA-CREAM

WAY BACK in the naughty nineties, when paddle steamers chugged along to the tune of a brass band, milk chocolate was the newest delicacy. *Now* comes another great change — milk chocolate made with ★EXTRA-CREAM is here. Rowntree's have made it — more nourishing and more delicious than ever milk chocolate was before. Buy a block today. Sold to you everywhere you go in big bars and blocks for twopence, and also ¼-lb. and ½-lb. net-weight sizes.

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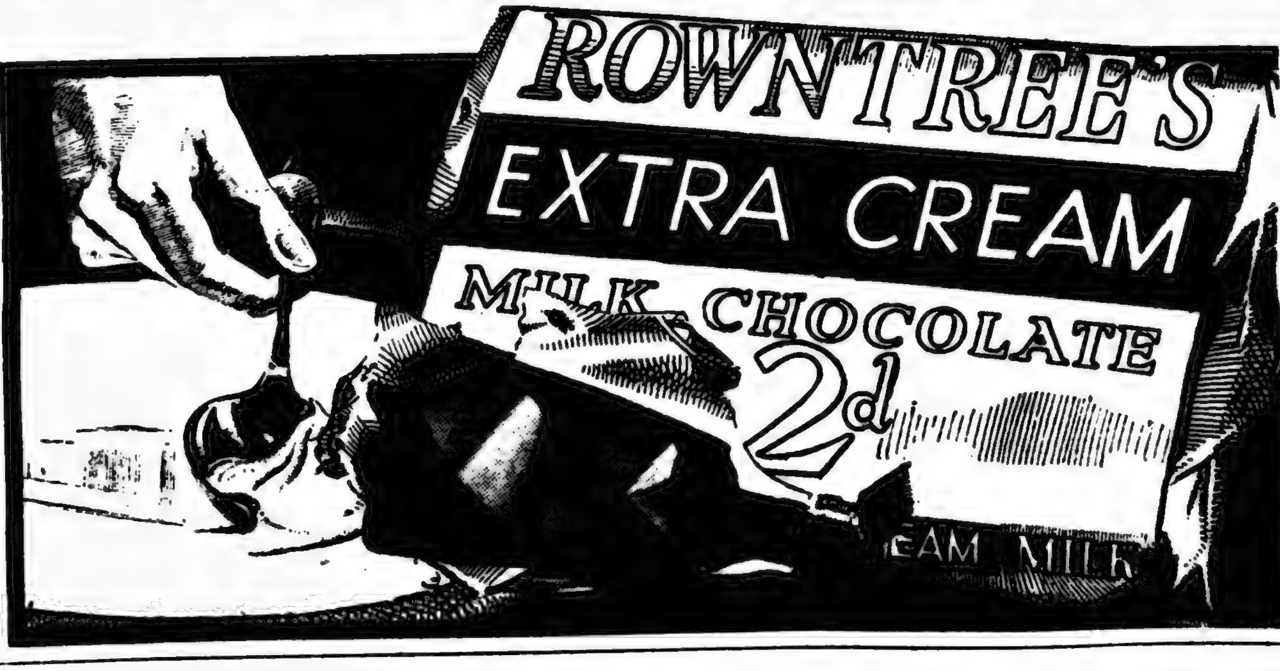

RC 7-139

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"A noteworthy effect of Sanatogen is a better appetite which is generally perceived within three or four days after beginning this nerve food"

writes a London physician.

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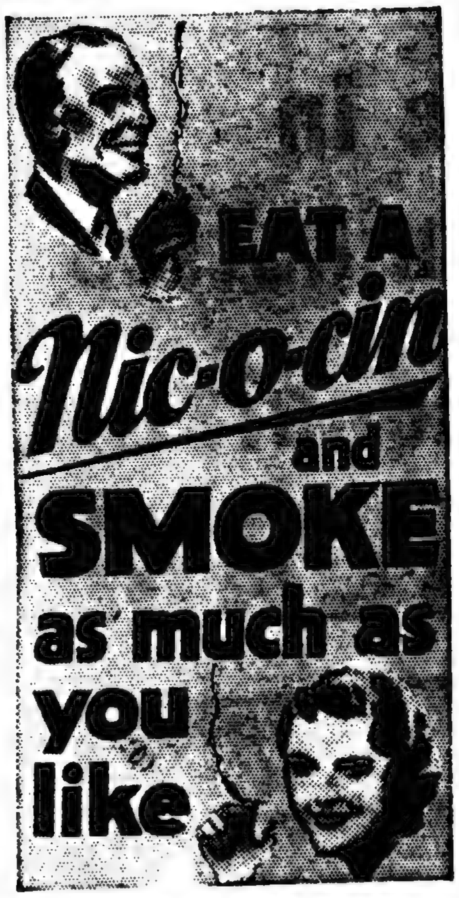

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Nic-o-cin is sold by chemists, including Boots, Timothy Whites, Taylors, Parkes—by tobacconists including Albert Baker, Angel Botibol and Co., Finlays, A. Lewis & Co. (Westminster), J. Leon & Co., and by stores, including Harrods, Selfridges, Army and Navy Stores, etc., etc.

6D. Per Tin.

Nicocin Ltd., 76, Kingsbury House, St. James's, S.W.1

TRUE FRIEND—or FALSE?

Advises Philip Inman: "Be frank with your friend—and if he is a true friend he will congratulate you"

HUMAN DOCUMENTS
Probed by
PHILIP INMAN

who is JOHN BULL'S "Humanist," and always ready to help you. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted on this page.

HOW many real friends have I, I wonder? How many real friends have *you?* People who, no matter what happened, would stick to us through thick and thin.

I don't want to be pessimistic, but I fear there are not many of that sort. There are crowds of folk who will flock around in times of good fortune, but who conveniently absent themselves when things are bad. The only friend worth while is he who will remain steadfast and sure when everything goes "dead wrong."

Now, here is a story of a young man who is anxious to retain a friendship that has become one of the high lights of his life. And yet it isn't going to be easy. This is what he says:

"I have been selected for a job which means a pretty good promotion for me. My chum, who works at the same place and is really far better than I am, would certainly have had this position except for the fact that he is not too strong and is constantly away on sick leave. He is, indeed, at present away ill.

"We are both very keen to get on, and he has often said that he would love to get this particular job that has been offered to me. Now, if I accept it, my friend may feel that I have taken a mean advantage of his absence to work behind his back and curry favour. But that is not true. He doesn't realise that his bad health is the cause of his being passed over.

"As for me, I'd rather give up the idea of the job than lose my friend. But if I do that, it may go to an outsider, and then neither of us would gain anything. What do you think I ought to do?"

THE only course open to my correspondent is to accept that position.

Why do I say that? For three reasons: His conscience is clear and he knows that he has done no shabby trick that would give him an unfair advantage over his friend. Secondly, if he turns down this offer, his employer may misjudge his action and in his irritation give it to someone else.

Again, the man who finds work for these two is surely the best judge of their respective merits. He has made his choice and it is up to my correspondent to justify it.

After all, friendship does not preclude rivalry, nor does it mean that one must "kow-tow" to the other.

It is hard luck that this other fellow should have so much ill-health. But that is his misfortune, and his friend should not be made to suffer on that account.

I advise my correspondent, therefore, to go to his chum and tell him quite frankly what has happened. He can say that he has not sought the position, but that it has been offered to him and that he intends to accept it. If his friend takes it badly, then, in my judgment, he is no friend. If he takes it well, as I believe he will, then the old relationship can still continue.

My next problem shows the reverse side of the picture.

Four years ago a friend approached this correspondent and told him that he was being blackmailed on account of something he had done wrong in the past. He asked for the loan of £10, and, rather foolishly I think, the man who writes me lent this money. Still, it was done out of kindliness, and apparently the blackmailer was satisfied.

Now, here comes the crux of the present problem:

"I have made repeated requests for the return of this loan," the letter goes on, "and yet my friend makes not the slightest attempt to pay up, although he is now in a position to do so.

"I suppose your advice would be to sue him in court. But if I did that it would lead to an exposure of the circumstances under which the loan was made. And, surely, by taking that step, I should be putting myself in the same category as a blackmailer. That is why I hesitate to adopt such a course."

My correspondent is all wrong. He still calls this man who borrowed money from him a friend. That is mistake No. 1. Four years ago he lent £10 to that so-called friend when he was in great difficulty. That sum is still owing after repeated requests for its repayment and in spite of the fact that the debtor is in a position to pay up.

There is no friendship in that—and the sooner my correspondent realises it the better.

Then, again, why should it be necessary to disclose the whole story if he takes the case to court? All my correspondent need say is that this money is due to him. If the other man chooses to tell why it was borrowed, that is his look-out.

BUT even if the fact should leak out, my correspondent is entirely wrong in thinking that this would make him into a blackmailer. He is seeking to recover a just debt—a debt that he has not been able to collect by ordinary means. He, therefore, has no other course open to him.

I take it for granted, of course, that my correspondent has definite evidence that he lent this money to this man. I seldom advise going to law, but, in this case, I think there is no alternative. I urge him, therefore, to see a solicitor, who will, no doubt, first of all, send a peremptory letter. It is more than likely that this will lead to the settlement of the debt and make further action unnecessary.

There are times when I feel thoroughly ashamed of my own sex. And I believe that when they read this story many others will share the disgust I felt.

Twelve months ago, according to this correspondent, a happier family could not have been found anywhere. It consisted of a husband and wife and their four children. Then the husband was taken seriously ill. The doctor diagnosed his trouble as consumption, and for the last six months he has been in a sanatorium.

His wife writes and tells me a little of the struggle she has had to keep going, and I can quite imagine it. Very little money has been coming into the home and food and clothing have had to be found for herself and her children.

When things were about as black as they could be, she was approached by one of her husband's friends who offered to help her—on one condition. And that condition meant the sacrifice of her honour. To her eternal credit she refused.

Now this man is making her life almost unbearable, for when he is not pestering her he is spreading lies about her. And this woman concludes her letter to me by saying:

"The anxiety about my husband and the strain of this persecution are undermining my own health, and I really am in desperate need of your advice. I can't consult my husband because he must be saved from worry at all costs."

I SOMETIMES wish this country had a Public Horsewhipper—this man would richly deserve his attentions. . .

But he cannot be allowed to continue his persecution. My correspondent must tell him quite definitely that if she has any further trouble she will at once inform the police. And, if necessary, she should not hesitate to take that step.

After all, if he comes to her house without her invitation, he is a trespasser. And he can be dealt with on those lines. If he circulates lies he is slandering her—and the law is very severe on slanderers.

I only hope that this man gets his deserts.

Just a word about my correspondent's financial position. She does not tell me how her husband contracted tuberculosis—if it was the result of his work or of his war service; surely she is drawing either panel pay or a pension?

This may be supplemented by a grant from the Public Aid Committee. And, to obtain clothing for her children, she might approach the Personal Service League, the headquarters of which are at 37, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

The help derived from these sources is not princely, I know. But, at any rate, it will serve to keep the wolf from the door. And the conditions to-day are infinitely better than those which prevailed when I was a lad.

My correspondent tells me that twelve months ago there was not a happier family in the land. She is passing through a bad patch just now. But this is her great consolation: She at least has done nothing that will prevent a return to those happy days when her husband is well once again.

SUN-STARVED!
"Every winter he missed weeks of school—until doctor told me why"

"LEONARD got on so well at school—he beat older boys and was top twice running! Then winter came. He missed weeks of term—nasty colds and 'flu and things he couldn't shake off," writes *Mrs. Morrell*, 113, *Bravington Road, Maida Hill, W.9*

"A doctor put his finger on the trouble—he said Leonard was short of sunshine, that's why so many children are ill in winter. Scott's Emulsion takes the place of sunshine. So I got a bottle next day. In 2 weeks I knew what doctor said was right—Leonard was a different boy. Last winter his uncle gave him a prize for never missing school once—thanks to Scott's."

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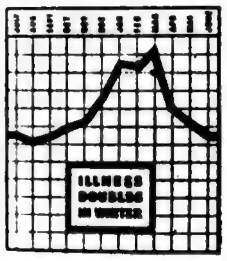

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Scott's Emulsion

Does what the Sun does

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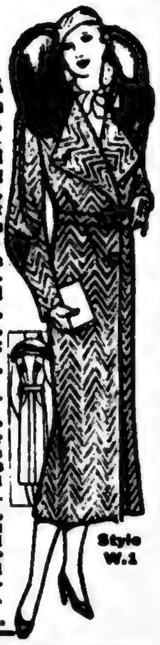

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HONEST OLD HODGE, the heroine's sire
Leads in song, the village choir
And tells them, when their voices tire—

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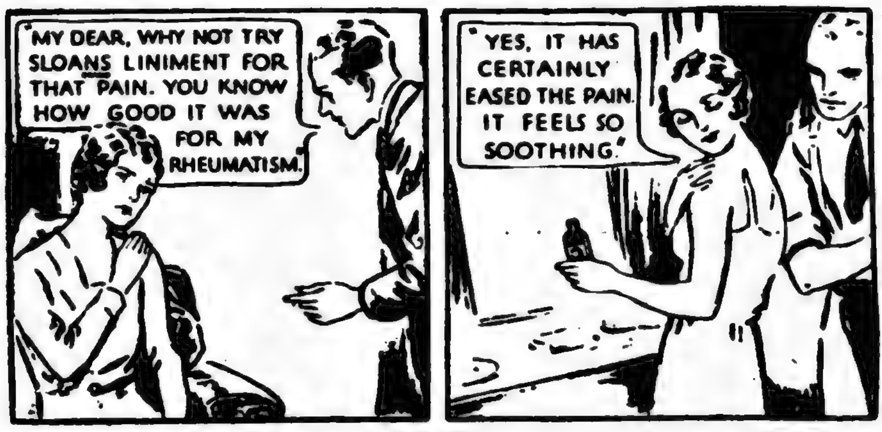
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"YES, IT HAS CERTAINLY EASED THE PAIN. IT FEELS SO SOOTHING."

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No longer need you suffer the discomfort, the tortures of indigestion. This Maclean powder will bring you almost instant relief. There is no doubt about it, no secret; it is the exact formula which doctors are using. Try it at once. You will be amazed at the result.

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder under that exact name, with the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles, in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

CHEMIST

"WE THREE ARE FREE!"

Life was a misery! Scared to work and scared to go out, frightened to move a muscle! Now, . . . able to walk for miles, because Urace clears all the trouble right out of the system, and tones it up to prevent further attack. 1/3, 3/-, 5/-, from your chemist.

FREE SAMPLE—for limited period only!

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BRAND TABLETS—FOR
RHEUMATISM
LUMBAGO, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, KIDNEY TROUBLE, BACKACHE
Urace Laboratories, Dept. 45,
23 Banner Street, London, E.C. 1

ROAD SIGNS that lead to DISASTER

OPTIMISTS are declaring that within a few weeks the entire re-signposting of the roads of Britain will have begun.

By next summer, they say, the strange conglomeration of millions of finger-posts that has fogged and fuddled road users for years, some of them erected in the far-off stage-coaching days, will have given place to bright new signs that everyone can read and understand.

It is a wonderful thought!

Finger-posts that have been sending motorists along the wrong roads for years will be replaced.

The hundreds of signs giving totally inaccurate distances to the next town or village, usually planned by some local councillor who says, "I say Little Dinglebury is five miles away, and five miles it's going to be," are going to the bonfire.

At corners and cross-roads from which signposts were stolen ten, twenty and even seventy-five years ago—for we do not move quickly in road matters—nice new signs are going to be erected.

Then there are the scores of thousands of signs erected by nobody knows who, probably the work of Fussers and Busybodies All these unofficial signs are going to disappear, too, in this great re-signposting of Britain!

CROSS ROADS
SCHOOL
CROSSING NO GATES
SCHOOL
SLOW
MAJOR ROAD AHEAD

Painting road signs at the Royal Label Factory, Stratford-on-Avon, in readiness for the "big push"

Ancient finger-posts

So we are told. And we hope the responsible central authority, the Ministry of Transport, will see that this very necessary reform is quickly put into operation.

The officials of the Ministry have, however, acted all along as if they have some deep-seated reverence for our crazy national signposting.

Twelve years ago they announced that there was going to be a sweeping away of the lofty finger-posts which in height, design and the kind of lettering were employed fifty and more years ago. And yet just that type of abomination was being erected in several counties as recently as last month.

In 1930 the Road Traffic Act told local authorities they would have to erect signposts of a "size, type and colour" that the Ministry would prescribe.

Unfortunately, in the three and a half years that have elapsed since then the Ministry has failed to prescribe any "size, colour or type."

Highway authorities certainly thought the Ministry was rousing out of its deep sleep last June, when a Departmental Committee on road signs reported, recommending a type of signpost that might well become universal.

But the Ministry merely said the recommendations were "acceptable in the main," and that it would issue regulations.

Now, because authorities fear that the regulations, when they arrive, might differ to some extent from the recommendations of the committee, they daren't spend public money in case the signs they erect have to be pulled down again.

If order is to come out of our signposting chaos there is much to do. The 1,100,000 cross-roads in Britain, every one of them a potential source of peril to motorist and pedestrian alike, are marked with fifteen distinctly different kinds of warning notice.

So many thousands of different people with a positive mania for putting up traffic signs have gratified their strange whim that the majority of road-users, finding nine road signs out of ten to be unintelligible, confusing, meaningless, ambiguous or inaccurate, don't bother to look at any of them.

Think of just a few "directions" to modern traffic, bearing in mind that it is often unsafe, nowadays, for a motorist to take his eyes off the road long enough to read more than two words:

"Racehorses. Slowly please. Thank you."—In Berkshire.

"Motorists. Beware of Cattle and Sheep on Bend."—In Bucks.

"White Line Laid Down."—Notts.

"Schools. Steady Round the Bend, Please."—Oxford.

Crying "Wolf"

One sign in Berkshire bore so many vague words, and was erected at such a dangerous spot, that any motorist stopping to read it would have become a peril to anybody following him round the blind corner on which it was situated.

Ever since 1930 it has been illegal for anyone but an approved authority to display any printed instruction to road-users. And by that is not merely meant the owner of an estate who displays "Caution: Carriage Drive" on the main road, instead of putting "Caution; Main Road" on his own carriage drive.

"Turn Left for Petrol" outside a garage is illegal. "Stop for Tea" is illegal, too, because a motorist, seeing the first word only, might mistake it for an instruction.

A local authority could even order a wayside café to remove the sign "Pull Up for Carmen," on the grounds that the first two words might be deceptive, itself taking down the sign if the owner refused.

Yet, largely because the Ministry has never given highway authorities a lead, such signs are being put up every day.

Worst of all are the tens of thousands of warning notices that cry "Wolf"—the dangerous bend warning when there isn't a dangerous bend, so that when a motorist meets a really dangerous bend that is not signposted a couple of miles ahead he finishes upside-down in the ditch.

Then there are the direction-posts, usually about ten feet high, and usually designed so that you have to walk completely round them to find out all they try to say. Of all the signposts on the King's highway they are the most stupid.

In the first place, they are too high to be seen properly from a modern car, and their print too small to be read from a fast-moving vehicle. And remember that there is danger for following traffic if motorists brake violently to read them.

Then there is such a temptation to local jesters to turn them round, and so in one move make all four of their arms tell lies that send everybody in a wrong direction.

Hundreds and hundreds of signposts are turned in the course of a year. In some cases two years have elapsed before they have been put right. In many cases nothing is done until they have been noticed by an A.A. patrol.

Then there is the fact, a difficult one to explain, that large numbers of them are stolen every year. As even milestones have been taken on occasions, and there is usually plenty of loose wood in districts where signposts are erected, it is hard to believe that they are taken away as firewood.

Contradictions

Another curious fact is that hundreds of practical jokers will persist in sawing off a signpost half of the name of a village, thus causing confusion. Where Magna or Parva or something similar follows a name, to distinguish it from another village of that name, no end of confusion is caused in this way.

That is not all. There is the gross inaccuracy of tens of thousands of these posts.

Thousands of road-users will remember two that contradicted each other noticeably on the London-Margate road, one stating "Margate 9½ miles" and another, half a mile more distant from Margate, "Margate 6½ miles."

There are signposts from which the paint faded twenty or more years ago. There are some standing so high that only a mounted horseman—the type of road-user for whom they were intended when they were erected—could read them. There are others so squat that they have been entirely overgrown by reeds and bushes.

In fact, the chaos is so widespread that it is amazing we have tolerated it so long.

Too many people have a finger in the finger-post pie. That is the cause of all the trouble.

There should be one sign only to protect schoolchildren from the motorist, one only to draw attention to the perils of a steep descent ahead, one for a right-hand bend, one for a left-hand bend, and so on. And it should be the same throughout the kingdom.

That is what the Departmental Committee recommended. That is what the Ministry of Transport promised us many, many years ago.

It's about time we got it, for in addition to the funny side described in this article, there is a tragic side as well.

HOW TO KEEP YOUR DOG FIT

when bad weather won't let you exercise him

SAFEGUARD HIS HEALTH WITH BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS.

UNTIL the bad weather is over and you can exercise your dog more regularly, keep him fit with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. Food impurities are constantly entering his bloodstream, and when he misses his exercise these impurities quickly accumulate because there are no pores in his skin to carry them away. Then his stomach and liver become infected, making him listless and sulky.

What thoughtful dog owners do

But even though bad weather keeps your dog indoors, this loss of exercise need not make him miserable if YOU will help him. It is *easy* to keep your dog healthy and full of fun all through the winter months, if you will do as all thoughtful owners do, and condition him regularly with Bob Martin's Condition Powders. By keeping the blood fresh and pure, Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent (and quickly cure) all blood ailments such as *dull or loose coat, listlessness, sulky temper, loss of appetite, continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.*

A London lady writes :—"My two dogs are pictures of health and happiness, and have escaped all the usual doggy troubles such as listlessness or sulkiness. This I attribute to the regular use of Bob Martin's Powders. Could you but see them sit up and beg for their Bob Martin's you would feel proud of the health and happiness you have brought them."

Regular conditioning—the only way

The *correct* way to keep your dog fit is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders three times a day on two successive days in every week. Whatever methods you have used in the past, follow this plan from now on and keep your dog in good health always—condition him TO-DAY. You can buy Bob Martin's Condition Powders in 1/- boxes of 21 powders, and 6d. packets of 9 powders, from dog biscuit shops, chemists and big stores.

E.W.R.4

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CAPSTAN
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To Men and Women of all ages—especially those over forty :

Do you realise how hard your heart must work?

Your heart beats about 72 times a minute (a little slower while you sleep) and at every beat it pumps 3 ounces of blood into your arteries. So that, in a year, not only does it beat some 36,000,000 times, *but it pumps more than THREE THOUSAND TONS of blood round your body.* This is simple arithmetic which you can easily verify yourself.

Yet, how do you treat your heart? Most of us submit our hearts to abnormal strains, and not until symptoms of serious trouble show themselves do we begin to take care.

In middle-age, hardening arteries put an increasing strain upon the heart by impeding the circulation, and the vital organs, particularly the brain, do not receive their full complement of blood. Consequently vital functions are enfeebled, you have dizziness, headaches, loss of energy, depression.

But thanks to the researches of Dr. E. Buergi, Professor of Medicine at the University of Berne, it is now possible to help your heart in a very simple but efficacious way.

'Phyllosan' brand of chlorophyll tablets, which are prepared under Dr. Buergi's direction, not only fortify the heart's action, but also rejuvenate the arteries and restore high blood pressure to normal.

Help your heart this simple way. *Start taking 'Phyllosan' tablets to-day!* Just two tiny tablets three times a day before meals. But if you take them regularly the results will astonish you. Get the 5/- size. It contains double quantity.

"Truly wonderful recovery"

"I am writing to tell you of my truly wonderful recovery by steadily and regularly taking 'Phyllosan' tablets. I was ill from overwork and anxiety. My heart failed, syncope set in. I fell in the street very often and could not sleep at nights. I decided to take 'Phyllosan' tablets and after only four days I was much better. My nurse said it was a miracle and she had never expected me to see another summer."—H. B.

Start taking 'PHYLLOSAN' TABLETS TO-DAY!

Regd.

To revitalize your Blood, rejuvenate your Arteries, correct your Blood Pressure, fortify your Heart, strengthen your Nerves, and increase all your Vital Forces, *irrespective of age!*

All chemists 3/- & 5/- (double quantity)

"The Most Wonderful Substance in Our World"

Every man and woman should read this book which describes Dr. Buergi's researches and explains the remarkable results obtained with 'Phyllosan' tablets. Ladies are particularly requested to read page 18. This book is Free. Send Coupon or a Postcard at once for your free copy.

'PHYLLOSAN' is the regd. trade mark applied to the brand of chlorophyll tablets prepared under the direction of E. BUERGI, M.D., Professor of Medicine at Berne University. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture.

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Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.57, Clifton, Bristol.

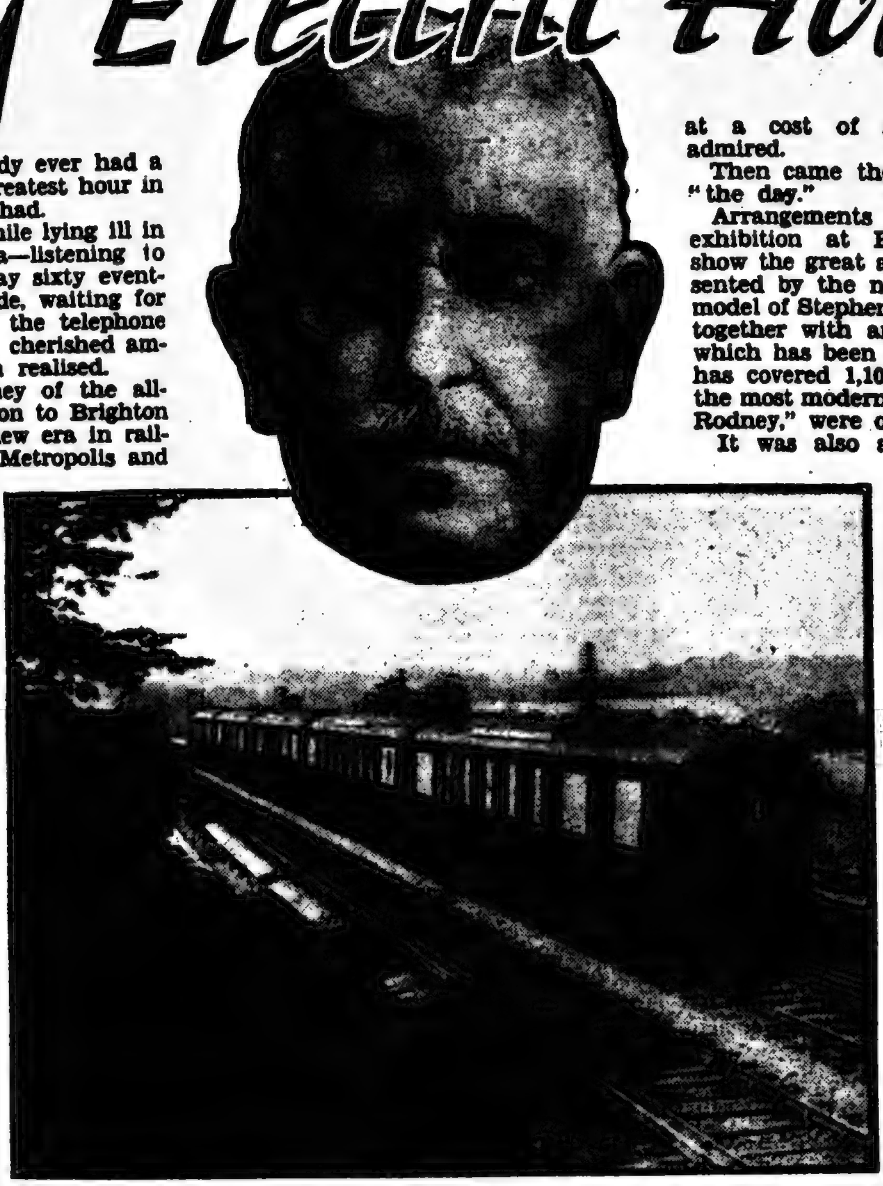
My Electric Hour

A remarkable "Greatest Hour"

experience described by

Sir Herbert WALKER,

the famous Railway Chief



He took the pioneer journey only in imagination—but it gave him his finest thrill

I WONDER if anybody ever had a more remarkable greatest hour in their lives than I had.

For I spent it while lying ill in bed with influenza—listening to a clock ticking away sixty eventful minutes at my bedside, waiting for a voice to tell me over the telephone at my elbow that a long cherished ambition of mine had been realised.

It was the first journey of the all-electric train from London to Brighton—the opening up of a new era in railway travel between the Metropolis and the South Coast.

That was on December 31, 1932. In the train were the then Lord Mayor of London (Sir Percy Greenaway), Sheriffs of the City and officials of the Southern Railway. It was the formal opening of the new London to Brighton electrified line, and the successful completion of the journey was indeed one to which I had looked forward with the happiest anticipation.

It was in January, 1932, that we commenced our £2,750,000 venture, and in the following July the line was opened to the public as far as Three Bridges.

As the electrification of the line progressed, mile by mile, I looked forward more and more to the completion of the work. I felt sure, too, that there would be little difficulty in attracting the extra four thousand passengers a day which would be needed to make the venture a paying proposition.

Here was a great step forward that would still more justify Brighton's title of "London by the Sea."

I visualised what the journey must have been like in 1832 when, travelling in the steam coach "Infant," it took seven hours to accomplish it.

How, in 1841, the first train, with third-class passengers standing up in trucks, took no less than three hours to do the journey.

My greatest hour was indeed drawing near when, on December 16 last year, a number of business men were invited to make a trial trip on the new electrified line.

They were much impressed by all they saw and experienced.

Fresh air, either warm or cool, as it was needed, was pumped into the carriages of the train, and the foul air filtered away by electrical machinery.

They asked with surprise which were the third-class carriages.

They saw some of the 153 new coaches which had been built, among them thirty-eight Pullman cars. The three "Southern Belles," which had been built at a cost of £35,000, were greatly admired.

Then came the final preparation for "the day."

Arrangements were made for an exhibition at Brighton which would show the great advance in travel represented by the new electrified line. A model of Stephenson's famous "Rocket," together with an old engine, No. 2172, which has been running since 1891 and has covered 1,100,000 miles, and one of the most modern locomotives, the "Lord Rodney," were on view.

It was also arranged that the new electric train, with its magnificent lighting effects, should be run into a darkened station.

THEN, only three days before the formal opening of the new service, I was at my office as usual, but feeling rather cold and "seedy." I remember I remarked that I hoped I should not have a bad cold for my speech at the luncheon which was to take place at the completion of the electric train's first official journey.

Alas, I was doomed to have more than a cold.

When December 31 dawned, I was in bed with a bad attack of influenza — absolutely forbidden by my doctor to leave my room, much less go out

What a scurvy trick Fate had played me.

But there was nothing to be done but make the best of it. So I made up my mind to spend the hour just picturing the whole thing as I knew it would be if everything went off according to schedule.

A small clock and telephone were near my bedside, and I watched both with tense interest.

I imagined Sir Percy Greenaway and the Sheriffs driving down to Victoria in State, and I timed in my own mind each stage of the journey.

I was just saying to myself, "They must be nearly at Worthing now," when the telephone bell rang. I seized the receiver.

"Is that Sir Herbert?" said a voice from Worthing. And I heard good news. "We've had a splendid journey so far. All O.K."

I knew that the station waiting-room had been turned into a reception salon, and that all would partake of "Worthing Sunshine Cocktails."

Later, a further telephone call told me that my "Greatest Hour" was complete—the journey to Brighton was finished.

IT was afterwards that I heard all about the enthusiastic crowds which greeted the train, headed by Councillor Beale, the Mayor. How the official luncheon was a big success, a new toast to "the South Coast towns" was drunk and the Lord Mayor was replied to by our chairman, Mr. Gerald Loder, while our Southern Railway's Assistant General Manager, Mr. Szlumper, read my speech.

At the luncheon I should very much have liked to hear Mr. Loder say, as he did, "In the Southern Railway, Britain has already the largest suburban electrified system in the world. Further developments cannot be long delayed."

I look forward to those further developments.

Yet, whatever they may bring, I doubt if I shall ever feel a greater thrill of pride than I did during that official electric train journey to Brighton which, owing to illness, I was permitted to take only in imagination.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

Genuine Need

AN ex-Naval man, in a northern mining town, goes about his poor little home with a very heavy heart, trying to do the household tasks that usually fall to the wife.

He lost his job in the pit about a year ago through slack trade, soon after his little son, "Bobby," had broken his leg at play.

Bobby

On top of these disasters, his wife, he says, "started to take fits." That meant the hospital and three operations for tumour on the brain. The operations were not successful. She returned to her home two months ago, and is now gradually going blind, and she is but twenty-eight.

That is why Bobby's dad, who cannot afford out of his 29s. 3d. a week unemployment benefit to pay for domestic help, has to look after the home and tend four-year-old Bobby (who suffers from his nerves since he broke his leg), his five-year-old daughter, and the two-year-old baby boy.

His mind is further burdened because at the time his wife was suffering from fits and loss of memory she ran up bills, which he was trying to clear off whilst in work, but is now unable to cope with. His rent is in arrears, and, all told, he needs quite £10 to get straight.

Lest our readers should condemn this couple for being thriftless, those who have personally investigated the case state that it is one of real and urgent need through adverse circumstances.

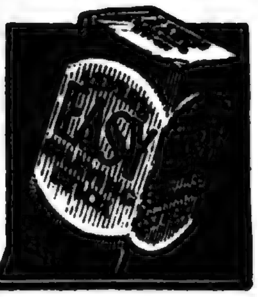
Will our readers in whose hearts compassion dwells send donations earmarked "Bobby" for this case of urgent necessity? These and subscriptions for the fund generally should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. We very much regret that it is impossible to acknowledge donations in JOHN BULL.

Lists of subcriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's issue will be sent on application.

First to be picked for promotion

Riley is now the Head Waiter. It was Riley's well-shaved look which first attracted his employer's notice—resulted in his being observed more than the other waiters. One can see at once that Riley's not a shave-with-ordinary-soap man. It's evident, too, he doesn't shave one day and miss the next. Fact is, he uses Lever's Easy Shaving Stick. In this way he gets a quick, close shave *every* morning. Just you try it ! That will show you what a really good shave you can enjoy by using a soap that's made for the job. Lever's Easy is. You can tell that by its creamy, beard-softening lather. Yet you can buy Lever's Easy for only sixpence and enjoy a hundred perfect shaves. Start now using Lever's Easy. It may make all the difference as to when *you* get picked for promotion.

If you don't pass a dealer's shop on your way to work see that your Lever's Easy is on the household shopping list.



100 shaves for 6d

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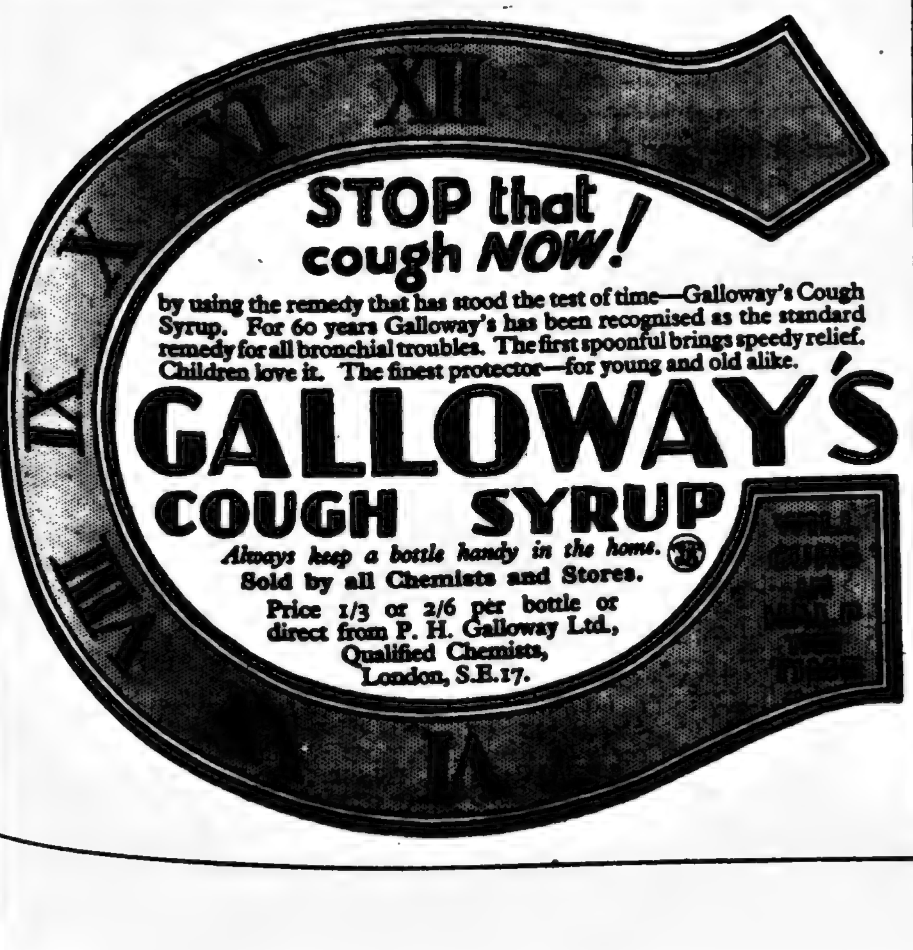


STOP that cough *NOW*!

by using the remedy that has stood the test of time—Galloway's Cough Syrup. For 60 years Galloway's has been recognised as the standard remedy for all bronchial troubles. The first spoonful brings speedy relief. Children love it. The finest protector—for young and old alike.

GALLOWAY'S COUGH SYRUP

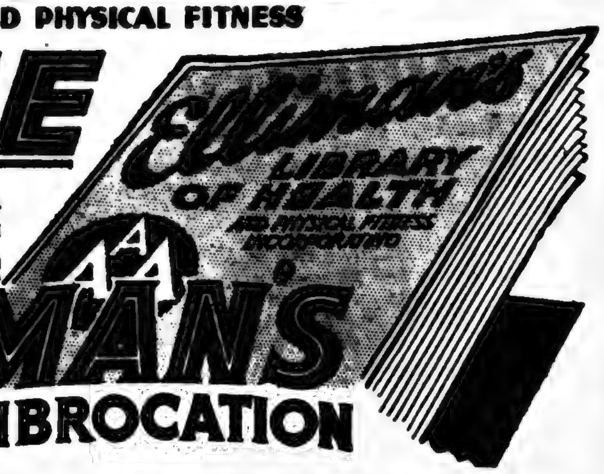
Always keep a bottle handy in the home.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores.

Price 1/3 or 2/6 per bottle or direct from P. H. Galloway Ltd., Qualified Chemists, London, S.E.17.

"Library of Health"

AND PHYSICAL FITNESS



FREE

Together with a **FREE SAMPLE** OF

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION

The arrangements made to present FREE OF CHARGE, to every reader of JOHN BULL, a copy of the LIBRARY OF HEALTH AND PHYSICAL FITNESS together with a *free* sample of Elliman's Embrocation have met with tremendous enthusiasm.

Those who have already sent for this Two-fold Free Gift are loud in their praises. If you have not already sent for yours you should do so without delay.

Amongst its valuable contents this remarkable book deals with :

CHRONIC RHEUMATISM

That destroyer of Human Happiness—Arch Torturer of the human body ! How wonderfully Elliman's allays the Agony and releases the Locked Joints.

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That intense "Electric Shock" of Agony that strikes so suddenly and fearsomely. How marvellous the relieving power of Hot Fomentations with Elliman's !

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Physical fitness is the aim of everybody—whether they play games and indulge in sport or not. "Elliman's Library of Health" contains a wealth of information on this subject. No less than nine pages are devoted to

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—a section alone worth many pounds and revealing secrets of

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It tells you how to act—How to avoid dangerous complications—How to stop Bleeding, etc., and valuable advice on Sprains, Cuts, Wounds, Fractures, Dislocations, etc.

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BANDAGING

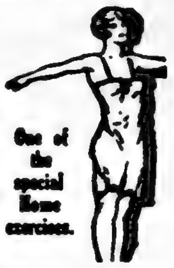
How to Bandage various parts of the body (copiously illustrated with helpful diagrams)—How to bathe cuts and wounds and render them antiseptic. An illuminating article on

TRAINING

is contributed by T. Whittaker, Trainer of the Arsenal F.C. and England F.A. Team, and every player of games should read what he has to say. There are some easy

HOME EXERCISES

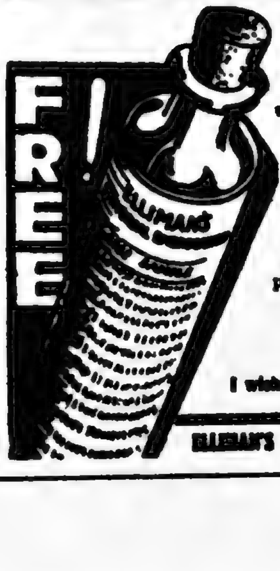
and altogether the information on maintaining and regaining perfect Fitness is copious and invaluable. Champions of every sport rely on Elliman's to keep them fit.



One of the special Home exercises.

SEND THIS COUPON NOW

To obtain your Free "Library of Health" and Free Sample of Elliman's just fill in the Coupon below and send it to the address indicated to-day.



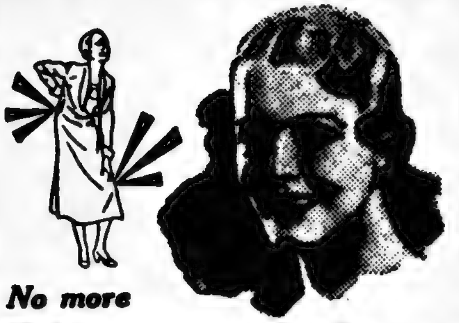
FREE JOHN BULL COUPON

Mention below the purpose for which you desire to try Elliman's World Famous Embrocation. Then attach this Coupon to a sheet of paper bearing your name and address in CAPITAL LETTERS and post in sealed envelope together with 3d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing to

Elliman's (Dept. J.B.6.), Slough.

I wish to try Elliman's for..

ELLIMAN'S EMBROCATION is obtainable from all Chemists, price 1/3, 2/- & 4/-



No more
Rheumatism
backache, or indigestion

" I was a cripple with rheumatism, also pains in my back, but since I have taken Kruschen Salts I feel wonderful. I take a half teaspoonful every morning first thing in a glass of hot water. You would never think that I had had rheumatism. I have now no pains, no backache, and I feel a new woman. I am 42, but I might tell you I feel 32. I have no indigestion, am not afraid what I eat or drink, and I am able to do all my own work. I tell everybody about Kruschen. It has been a godsend to me."

(Mrs.) B. R., Everton.

It is common knowledge that rheumatism and lumbago are caused by needle-pointed uric acid crystals getting lodged in the muscles and joints.
Kruschen Salts dull the sharp edges of these crystals and then dissolve them away altogether. Afterwards Kruschen flushes the system clear of every trace of these dissolved crystals. Furthermore, Kruschen prevents uric acid from ever forming again. How? Simply by assisting the body to expel every day all undigested food which produces uric acid and other dangerous body poisons.

KRUSCHEN SALTS
Good Health for a farthing a day

Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A 1/9 bottle lasts three months—a farthing a day for health and happiness. Start to-morrow.

Tasteless in Tea

RESTLESS NERVES THAT RUIN LIFE.

What man or woman over forty does not know the horrors of nerves? Days when every little thing upsets you. Nights when sleep simply *will* not come.

But you must not think that nerves are inevitable. There's a very simple way to cure any nervous trouble, a way doctors have known and recommended for nearly fifty years. In fact, it is so simple that many people have thought it too good to be true.

It is the Wincarnis way. Two or three glasses of Wincarnis a day will cure almost any case of nerves, for it is the ideal nerve tonic and soother in an ideal form.

With your very first glass you will feel it doing you good, feel new peace stealing through your veins. The first night you will find your insomnia better, find you sleep more soundly and wake more refreshed. Try Wincarnis to-day. See for yourself if this delicious tonic wine is not in very deed a perfect cure for jagged nerves.

FREE
... at all chemists!

Samples of new lozenges for hoarse, tickling throats. Pleasant in taste, they contain ingredients of famous Vick brand Vapour-Rub.

Try them today, free!

VICK BRAND LOZENGES
DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

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Magnificent Natural Red Fox Animal Tie with deep full grown fur in rich colouring and exquisite lustre. Handsomely modelled and trimmed with large brush and 4 natural paws. Lined Art. Silk, complete with corded chain snap and hook fastener. Approx size 50in x 7in. Price 35/-, or 5/- monthly. Full Approval. Write for Catalogue of Fur Bargains—Wrap Ties, Coats, Coatees, Trimmings, &c. Post free.
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PRISON Smuggling —from the Inside

The last link in the smuggling chain — the warder makes delivery

THE enquiry ordered by the Home Office into prison smuggling has once again brought into the limelight one of the most amazing features of prison life.

In spite of the most stringent counter regulations, this illicit traffic is steadily on the increase. In some prisons, in fact, it has become a carefully organised business, so much so that to those who "know the ropes" it is possible to get almost anything smuggled into a prison cell.

How is it done? How can it be prevented? Those are the two main lines of the investigation selected officers of the prison service and the police have been detailed to pursue.

Meantime, JOHN BULL is able to reveal some of the most closely guarded secrets of the jail smuggler. They are based on the confessions of a man recently released from a London prison after serving a term of punishment for a first offence.

At one prison there is actually a rough-and-ready tariff of charges for the introduction of contraband to a prisoner.

Payment of £1 will ensure 5s. worth of goods reaching a man under sentence; for £2 he can get 10s. worth into his cell, and so on in proportion.

Spare-time job

Under this system, a disgruntled prison officer, who is not above making a regular income as an addition to his inadequate service pay, is an essential agent.

The officer, at favourable unobserved moments, begins negotiations with a prisoner who is known to have friends in comfortable or wealthy circumstances. When he has received a kind of authorisation from the prisoner to act, the officer, during his hours off duty, calls on the friend or relative, and explains his errand.

Quite openly, he states the scale of charges—15s. to himself and 5s. in extra food or tobacco for the man in the cell. Sometimes there is a demand for travelling expenses as well.

With the payment handed over, the officer makes the necessary purchases, hides the articles in his clothing, and then when opportunity serves transfers them to the prisoner.

Another way of arranging the smuggling is through a time-expired man leaving the prison. It is quite a simple matter—again with the connivance of a willing prison officer—for a man to be passed a note with instructions just as he is taking his discharge, and after he has been searched for the last time. All that remains to be done then is to deliver the contraband, and there are many ways of doing this.

Frequently at one prison parcels are thrown over the walls, addressed to prisoners.

At this institution, the boiler-house is near the outer wall, along the side of which runs a public road. The prisoner working at the boiler furnaces is an essential part in the smugglers' chain. He is told when a parcel is due for delivery.

Then, when the coast is clear, he gives the signal by stoking up the fires and causing a thick column of smoke to pour from the chimney stack.

That smoke is the "all clear." Over the wall comes the parcel. The stoker makes a dash to retrieve and hide it until he can safely pass it on to the man for whom it is intended. The stoker receives his reward in a portion of the "extras" which the parcel contained.

This kind of delivery happens as often as three times a week.

Football decoy

Even such dainties as a cold fried sole, a roast chicken, and a bottle of whisky have found their way to a prisoner with wealthy relatives. The usual traffic, however, is in jars of potted meat, butter, biscuits, cake and cigarettes.

Tobacco and biscuits have reached a prisoner, hidden in a football "accidentally" kicked over the wall from outside, at a pre-arranged time through the agency of a discharged man.

Some people may wonder how, under the strict discipline that is enforced, prisoners find ways and means of communicating with one another.

One reason no doubt is that a prisoner who wants to communicate with another soon learns the art of the ventriloquist. He acquires the habit of talking coherently and loudly without any movement of his lips — an accomplishment soon copied from the hardened prisoners.

If he is a ready pupil, he can talk without end and without detection in the working cell, on the exercise ground and in the chapel.

Service in the chapel is conducted against a background of sound. Never for a moment is there silence. The psalms are chanted, the hymns are sung and the sermon preached through a constant undertone of conversation. Yet not a man on the chapel benches, under the vigilant eyes of the officers, can be seen talking. It is all talk without lip movement—a sort of mass ventriloquism.

Bread is "dough"!

Bread is the currency for sale and purchase in most prisons. The ration of "toke"-bread, served out to every man, forms a rough-and-ready instrument for barter.

Prisoners bet together in terms of bread, on horse races and football matches, and the debts are always honoured. There has probably never been a defaulting bookmaker in prison society. The bread odds are paid, under protest, perhaps, *but paid;* for the unpleasantness that would follow default in prison would be far worse than a report to Tattersalls outside.

£1,050 & 630 Giant Hampers Won in Crossword Competition No. 236

In the above Competition, correct solutions were received from the following 56 competitors, who share the £850 offered. To each of them, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £15 3s. 7d. will be sent :—

Adams, Mrs. E., 96, Military Rd., Northampton; Ash, Mrs., 51, Crown St., Reading; Beadsworth, Mrs. S., 132, Ashley Rd., Hale, Altrincham; Bean, A., 14, Felix Rd., Gosport, Hants; Bowker, J., 32, Frederick St., Blackburn; Brown, M. M., 29, Wordsworth Ave., Cardiff; Carver, F., 12, Newnham Way, Kenton, Middx.; Clegg, J., 21, Greenside St., Ainsworth, Bolton; Cole, J., 29, Procter Rd., Rock Ferry, Birkenhead; Connery, R., 264, Newtownards Rd., Belfast; Cryer, E. H., 51, Ashley Rd., Altrincham; Ekner, R. E., Queens' College, Cambridge; Field, J. C., 76, Kingscourt Rd., Streatham, S.W.16; Firth, Miss L., Fern Mount, Hardwick Mount, Buxton; Fitt, D., Aysgarth, Bristol Rd., Worle, Weston-super-Mare; George, R. B., 41, West Ave., Wallington, Surrey; Gilham, Mrs. R., Hatchman's Farm, Woodham Walter, Maldon, Essex; Glenister, L. A., 18, The Alders, Winchmore Hill, N.21; Hobbs, Miss C. A., Bradstow, Mayfield, Sussex; Holmes, W., Vale, Guernsey; Hopes, G., 34, Paragon Row, London, S.E.17; Howse, Mrs. G. E., 49, Lichfield Rd., Stafford; Hurman, N., 137, Cowbridge Rd., Canton, Cardiff; Jones, Mrs. D., Lorna Doone, Ramsden-Bellhouse, Nr. Billericay, Essex; Jones, G., Cwmnofydd, Nr. Caerphilly, Glam.; Jones, L., 170, Meads Lane, Seven Kings, Essex; Law, H., 85, Preston Rd., Hull; Lee, B., 78, Westgate, Southwell, Notts; Lloyd, J. R. C., 31, Collingwood Rd., Lexden, Colchester; McKeggie, W. A., Woodlea, Lightwood, Buxton; McFarland, T., Newtown, Hamilton, Co. Armagh; Maher, M. E., 36, Firbank Rd., Bournemouth; Marron, Jnr., J., 68, Kashmir Rd., Belfast; O'Leary, W., 34, Elmwood Rd., Croydon; Parks, S., 28, Grindon Terr., Sunderland; Pearce, L., Blue Slates, Kirkheaton, Huddersfield; Phillips, H. G., Tygwyn Farm, Llwydcoed, Aberdare; Pollard, Miss, Duntisbourne Abbots, Cirencester; Popham, V., Hillview, Lympsham, Nr. Weston-super-Mare; Rayner, Mrs. O., Bellman's, Stock, Ingatestone; Roberts, J., 63, College Park Ave., Belfast; Robinson, A., 72, Orford Lane, Warrington; Sang, J. A., 92, Stranmillis Gdns., Belfast; Sheeran, C., 45, West St., Bargoed, Glam.; Shute, R., 14, Samuel Rd., Kingston, Portsmouth; Shelton, Mrs., 8, Elphin Grove, Walton, Liverpool; Stanway, L., 251, Stoney Lane, Sth. Yardley, Birmingham; Taylor, W. A., The Gables, Stockton Lane, York; Tosland, Mrs. F., 29, Langdon Park Rd., Highgate, N.6; Verne, E. M., 64, Abingdon Villas, Kensington,

(*Continued on Page 45*)

So complete is the system of bartering in food that a certain scale of charges has been established in one prison.

In that institution, too, there is keen competition to secure exciting books from the library, and the prisoners allocated to duty there make a good thing out of it.

A prisoner who wants a book greatly in demand must pay for the privilege. Here is the scale of "library subscription":

One story magazine .. One piece of bread (plain).
One murder yarn .. One piece of bread with margarine.
One Sax Rohmer novel .. Two pieces of bread and margarine.
One Edgar Wallace .. Half of a dinner.

To be in the library in this particular prison is the "fattest" job of all.

The best-educated and best-behaved men usually go to the library. At one prison, at the present time, there are no fewer than eight ex-solicitors engaged in the library. Their duties are light, and they have many opportunities for unrestricted reading from the six thousand volumes in their charge.

When rogues meet

With the first offenders, a new system of what is termed "association" has been introduced. After a period of eight weeks' probation in "C" hall, the good conduct men are moved into "D" hall, and there the old style of discipline is relaxed.

Prisoners actually dine together in the lower corridor of the hall. They sit at long trestle tables, each table presided over by two prisoners, who are classed as "leader" and "deputy leader."

During these meals a great deal of the prison exchange and barter is conducted. Payments are made in food. Bets are laid and settled.

And here, too, smuggling is organised

THIS COMPLETE KIT OF THE FAMOUS "SKYSCRAPER"

YOURS *for* ONLY 8/6 DOWN

MOST SENSITIVE SELECTIVE & POWERFUL BATTERY SET YOU CAN BUILD YOURSELF

THE ONLY KIT YOU CAN BUILD YOURSELF EMPLOYING METALLISED S G. HIGH-MU DETECTOR AND ECONOMY POWER PENTODE VALVES

The LISSEN
89/6
VALVES

COMPLETE IN CABINET WITH LOUDSPEAKER £6'5, or 11/6 down & twelve monthly payments of 10/6

INCLUDING VALVES 89/6

GREAT *FREE* CHART

TELLS EXACTLY WHAT TO DO WITH EVERY SINGLE NUT AND SCREW

Lissen have published a 1/- Constructional Chart, giving the most detailed instructions ever printed for the building of a wireless set. You can't go wrong—every part, every wire, every terminal is identified by photographs. Everybody, without any technical knowledge or skill, can safely and with COMPLETE CERTAINTY OF SUCCESS undertake to build this most modern of radio receivers from the instructions given and the parts Lissen have supplied.

This Lissen "SKYSCRAPER" Kit Set is the only one on the market that you can build yourself, employing a Metallised Screen Grid Valve, High-Mu Detector and Economy Power Pentode. Around these three Valves Lissen have designed a home constructor's kit the equal of which there has never been before. Why be satisfied with whispering foreign stations when you can BUILD WITH YOUR OWN HANDS this Lissen "SKYSCRAPER," that will bring in loudly and clearly distant stations in a profusion that will add largely to your enjoyment of radio? You can get the Lissen "Skyscraper" Chart FREE from any radio dealer, or by posting the COUPON below direct to factory.

To-day you can buy the LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" KIT on Gradual Payment Terms. "Skyscraper" Chassis Kit, complete with Valves, CASH PRICE 89/6. Or 8/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 7/6.

"Skyscraper" Kit, complete with Walnut Cabinet, and inbuilt Loudspeaker, as illustrated, £6 5s. Cash. Or 11/6 down and twelve monthly payments of 10/6.

LISSEN "SKYSCRAPER" 3

To LISSEN, Ltd., Publicity Dept., Isleworth, Middx.
Please send me FREE copy of your 1/- "Skyscraper" Chart.

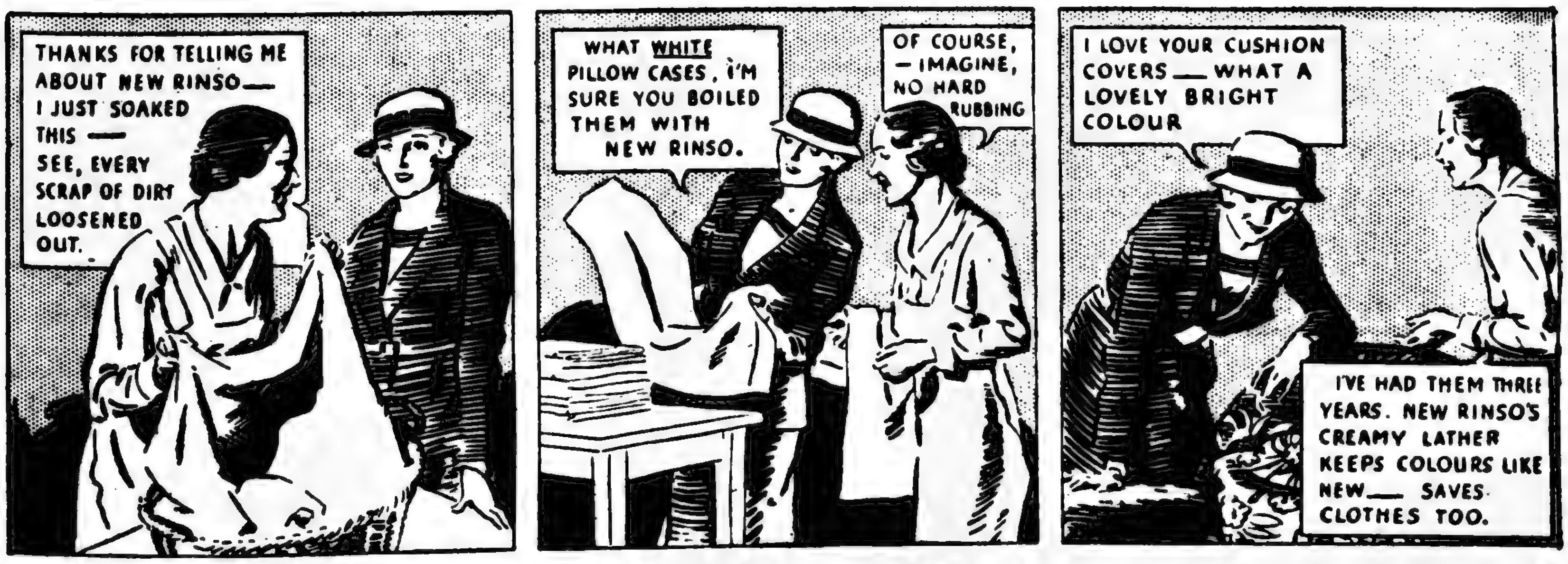
NAME ....

ADDRESS ....

J.B.7.34 ....

ASK YOUR DEALER—OR POST COUPON

A WHITER WASH TIP *FROM TWO HAPPY HOUSEWIVES*


THANKS FOR TELLING ME ABOUT NEW RINSO— I JUST SOAKED THIS — SEE, EVERY SCRAP OF DIRT LOOSENED OUT.
WHAT WHITE PILLOW CASES, I'M SURE YOU BOILED THEM WITH NEW RINSO.
OF COURSE, — IMAGINE, NO HARD RUBBING
I LOVE YOUR CUSHION COVERS — WHAT A LOVELY BRIGHT COLOUR
I'VE HAD THEM THREE YEARS. NEW RINSO'S CREAMY LATHER KEEPS COLOURS LIKE NEW — SAVES CLOTHES TOO.

"FOR BOILING RINSO IS MARVELLOUS"

"What a joy to have a wash which is just as white and clean as you can wish! New Rinso *is* so wonderful — I get all the dirt loosened out by *soaking* — and its lather is so nice and gentle — no wonder it's safe for woollies and colours. And now I've found that New Rinso is the best ever for boiling too — makes white things white as newly-fallen snow!" says Mrs. M. EASTON, 63 Logie Street, Dundee.

Mrs. EASTON is enthusiastic about New Rinso — so are hundreds of women in *your own town.* Just try New Rinso for boiling your white things — see how stains and greyness will all disappear. New Rinso has no harmful chemicals — whitens by *really cleansing* clothes. Soaks dirt loose — and makes lovely lather — safe for colours and woollens. Just right for washing-up too. From your grocer or dealer.

Rinso
NEW RINSO

NEW RINSO — best for boiling as well as for soaking and washing. 3½d. 6d. 10d.

R. S. HUDSON LTD., LIVERPOOL, WEST BROMWICH AND LONDON

R1257-12-6

Why become Rheumatic ?

" Every Picture tells a Story."

The cause is excess uric acid due to weak kidney action.

EVERYBODY has uric acid in the system. It only causes rheumatic pain when defective kidney action allows an excess to remain and form into crystals which lodge in the joints and muscles and in the nerve sheaths. Doans Backache Kidney Pills stimulate the weakened kidneys, helping them to remove this excess uric acid, and so overcome rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, renal dropsy, backache and urinary disorders.

Stiff, swollen joints

On 15th March, 1913, Mrs. F. Saunders, 37, Alexandra Road, Wellingborough, said :—" For a fortnight I hobbled about and I was in bed for three weeks. Every part of my body was painful, and there were bad swellings around all my joints. The kidney excretions caused pain when seeking relief.

" I feared I should never walk properly, but Doans Backache Kidney Pills proved this mistaken. They corrected the bladder weakness and rid me of pain. I enjoy beautiful health now."

On 29th August, 1933, Mrs. Saunders said :- " My health has been real good since Doans Pills rid me of kidney complaint and rheumatism."

(Signed) F. Saunders.

1/3, 3/-, 5/-. Insist upon Doans BRAND Backache Kidney Pills

"GRIPS" Pastilles for Winter Ills of Throat and Chest

3d 6d and 1/- per box

2½d per oz

THESE KIND MICE..

See how they run— to Profit

A Victoria Cup winner whose enviable reputation it is that he possesses a coat blacker than any other mouse in existence!

WHAT must be the surprising thing to most people about the fact that the National Mouse Club has just held a show at the Crystal Palace is that there is such an institution at all as a National Mouse Club.

Yet it has been in existence nearly half a century. It was started during the 'eighties, and one of its founders was a woman!

She is Mrs. Charlotte Grimstead, niece of Earl Verulam, and she was one of the visitors to the show this year. Furthermore, its present secretary is a woman. The strength of the club is now nearly 400. *Half of them are women.*

Mice and women! So much for another long-cherished male delusion.

The other half of the club is a mixture of all classes and all professions, including accountants, schoolmasters, working-men, tradesmen and a strong contingent of doctors. There are branches in all the big towns, and hundreds of shows are held each year. The club runs its own paper, the *Mouse and Rat News.*

MICE to the club members are a serious, scientific and engrossing hobby. They are also a very paying hobby.

As to the serious side of their activities, one of their most cherished possessions is the Mendel Gold Cup, named after the great discoverer of the principles of heredity. There are working-men members of the club to whom the obscure and delicate processes of the Mendelian law are an open book, and whose collections of mice of every hue and pattern are triumphant applications of their knowledge.

Silver, blue, black, tan, champagne, grey, red are only a few of the colours in the fifty classes into which these fanciers have divided the mouse world. There are also mice in combinations of two or more of these colours. Others also, called "broken," are spotted in almost leopard patterns. These last are the rarest and the most valuable.

About the only colouring the club does not bother much about is the old "pink eyed white"—the schoolboy's friend. It is still used, however, because its size and vigour helps a sickly breed of its pastel tinted friends, and because its white coat can be used to dilute strong colourings in another breed and so obtain a particular effect.

Schoolboys, incidentally, seem to have lost interest nowadays in mice as companions or as a hobby. The juvenile section of the club has been growing weaker every year. "They like handling 'live wires' now instead of live creatures," as one club official put it.

Many of these club members know a good deal more about what can be done with breeding than the professors. One of them owns proudly a four-page letter in grateful academic French.

It is from the President of the Zoological Society of France. This gentleman in a scientific paper discussing certain "impossibilities," mentioned, among others, a black-eyed white mouse.

The statement reached the ears of a club member who had already bred his "impossibility" and possessed live specimens. He told the Frenchman, who insinuated that he would believe it when he saw it.

The upshot was that the member despatched three specimens by aeroplane (surely the first mice that have travelled by aeroplane) to Paris, and the professor came specially from Bordeaux to receive them.

HE acknowledged their receipt humbly and gratefully, as one savant to another, and the club member benefited subsequently by several lucrative orders from France for others of his rainbow-hued pets.

The financial side of the club's activities is very important. Members will assure you that theirs is one of the most profitable of all hobbies.

Their pets need less attention than any others. They are fed only once a day, and occupy very little space. A doe mouse eats about 1s. worth of food a year, during which time she can produce forty-eight offspring.

If the breeder has been lucky or successful in his efforts, one of these mice will be a prizewinner at one of the hundred or so of smaller shows which the club holds every year, in which case his mouse may be worth anything up to £10, according to its colouring and closeness to ideal type. One of the mice in the recent Crystal Palace show is priced at £50.

A trio (two does and a buck) of decent colouring and type, not prizewinners, sells for 7s. 6d. Even if the progeny of one doe are all utterly useless, they are termed "wasters," and the breeder sells them to hospitals, chiefly for cancer research, at an average of 6d. each. In other words, a 24s. return for his 1s. outlay.

One club member has made as much as £200 a year out of his hobby. Another, who was crippled in the war and has only been able to obtain casual employment, frankly admits that his mice have kept himself and his family for several years.

The demand for tame bred mice is always ahead of the supply. Besides the hospitals and fellow-breeders, the zoos are also buyers. They use them for feeding purposes.

SOME time ago Admiralty officials also entered the buying field, but they didn't stay long. They approached one of the club members and asked for mice which were to be used in submarines to test gas escapes of bad air.

They asked particularly for "pink-eyed whites" with a pure line descent of about twenty generations. The mice had also to conform to certain specifications as to age, size and whiteness.

The member filled in voluminous official forms testifying that the mice he was sending were according to specification, and sent off a trio. Thereafter the Admiralty ceased to be a buyer. It commenced breeding its own.

Another possible market for coloured mice has been opened up by recent experiments made by glove makers with the skins of the Chinchilla and the silver-grey varieties.

Glove manufacturers, who are usually male and might still have lingering beliefs about women's prejudice against mice, are considering the invention of some fancy name for these skins.

The two hundred women members of the club, however, have nothing but contempt for such evasion. To them a mouse is a mouse, a pleasant, interesting and profitable creature.

What should be a final blow to man's accepted beliefs is that the club members sell a lot of the rare small black mice to women as amulets. Black mice are believed to be exceptionally lucky, and some women carry these tame, quiet little creatures in muffs and handbags. It may even become a fashionable craze, just as marmosets were once.

At least, the club hopes so. Pure black mice fetch a lot of money.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Ginger Needed

THE jumping campaign, which will be in full swing next week, needs to be gingered up by the introduction of a few big events.

Now that the Grand Sefton Steeplechase is over, there is nothing really outstanding until the Imperial Cup Meeting at Sandown Park, which is followed almost immediately by the National Hunt festival at Cheltenham, and the Grand National at Aintree.

The Manchester executive showed enterprise when inaugurating the Victory 'Chase and Victory Hurdle races, and these events, although not very valuable, attract some of the best jumpers in training.

The Lingfield executive invariably puts on attractive programmes, but this cannot be said of many powers-that-be.

At Lingfield this week-end the Open 'Chase has attracted a select field, including Kellsboro' Jack, Golden Miller and Brienz. The "Miller" may win it.

In view of information received, I am revising my Manchester November Handicap tips, and go nap on Free Fare. Empire Unity should take the Farewell Handicap.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, November 23, to Wednesday, November 29.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P J X Z R 98 T F O

K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald*, read those above or below.

95Y98JQ would read BUNCH.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. KJ2WK would read ACCRA.

KEEP YOUR TEETH . . . .
KEEP THEM WHITE!

Remove FILM daily this new way. See Coupon.

When the sparkle seems to vanish from your smile, a dingy coating of film on your teeth is to blame. You can feel film with your tongue. Ever present . . . constantly accumulating . . . it makes teeth yellow.

To keep teeth clean and film-free use Pepsodent. The special polishing material in Pepsodent is the great discovery of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film is revolutionary! Its distinction of being twice as soft as other materials in common use has gained wide recognition.

Reveal the natural beauty of your teeth today. Remove film. Send the coupon.

FREE
10 DAY
SPECIAL FILM-REMOVING TOOTH PASTE
Pepsodent
MADE IN ENGLAND
TUBE

The Pepsodent Co. (Dept. 69) Park Royal Rd., London, N.W.10
Send me free 10-day tube of Pepsodent. I enclose 1½d. in stamps to cover postage

Name ____________________

Address ____________________

5 J.B.25.11.

Ever-Ready
The MASTER BLADE of the WORLD

Use Ever-Ready BLADES

because–

1. They are made from the finest surgical steel.
2. Are 1½ times thicker than other blades.
3. They are made specially for tough beards and tender skins.
4. Keep their sharp, keen edges longer and give more shaves than any other blades.

On sale at all Chemists, Hairdressers and Stores, etc.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF EVER-READY RAZOR PRODUCTS, LTD. 110 CRICKLEWOOD LANE LONDON N.W.2.

Something NEW

A Hair CREAM with Tonic Properties

A HAIR Cream which not only "fixes" the Hair, but actually has a Tonic effect upon every Hair Root and Shaft is to-day made available by the introduction of "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM. Just send 4d. stamps for postage and packing to Edwards' Harlene Ltd. (C801), 20/26, Lambs Conduit Street, London, W.C.1, and you will receive a

FREE Sample Bottle

This new combined Dressing and Tonic will be welcomed by all Men who wish to appear well-groomed. Just a little rubbed into the hair when dressing will keep it in position all day. At the same time, the health of your hair will benefit, it will improve in many ways, and be protected against many common hair troubles. "HARLENE" HAIR CREAM is obtainable from all Chemists and Stores price 1/1½ and 2/- or direct (POST FREE) upon receipt of Price.

---

250 PAGES free

OPENINGS *for* ENGINEERS

Never before has engineering offered such magnificent chances. With the rise of the depression, the industry is literally teeming with first-class opportunities. Our 250-page Hand-book, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES," shows where the opportunities lie, and the easiest way to prepare for them. The Hand-book gives details of A.M.I.Mech.E., A.M.I.E.E., A.M.I.C.E., G.P.O., Etc., Exams., outlines Home-Study Courses in all branches of Civil, Mech., Elec., Motor, Radio, and "Talkie" Engineering, Building, etc., and explains our unique Employment Dept. Send for this valuable Hand-book to-day—FREE.

BRITISH INSTITUTE OF ENGINEERING TECHNOLOGY, 56, SHAKESPEARE HOUSE, 29, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1.

THAT EXTRA EGG

Your hens *can* lay that extra egg that helps profits. Give them Colman's Poultry Mustard to improve condition and laying power. It costs you only ½d. per hen per week.

Colman's Poultry Mustard

Colman's Egg Register FREE—Write to J. & J. Colman, Ltd. (Dept. J.10), Norwich.

DOGE CREAM

THE NEW MARVELLOUS COMPLEXION RESTORER

HOWEVER sallow or patchy your complexion may be, we guarantee to make it perfect with Doge Cream. Doge Cream is absolutely a complete restorer. It works miracles of the skin, and is the most ideal complexion cream on the market. It is the most remarkable and the most perfect cream that has ever been blended into a face cream. It contains Almond Oil and it does not grow hair. It preserves the skin and takes away all wrinkles, and leaves the skin smooth as a child's. It was taken from an old Venetian recipe. We guarantee that there is not another cream in the world to compare with Doge Cream. It will make the worst complexion perfect. Send for a sample and see its marvellous results.

Doge Cream is not a vanishing cream and does not dry up the skin; it keeps the skin supple, firm, and youthful. We do not pay for Society women to give us their portraits, but over a thousand of the leading Society women use Doge Cream.

If Doge Cream is smeared around the eyes at night, every wrinkle will vanish as if a miracle had happened.

When thinking of other face creams remember that Doge Cream is not like any of these. Try it and you will never go back to any other face cream you have ever used.

IRENE: I cannot understand, Lilian, how you manage to keep such a beautiful complexion. You are without doubt the most beautiful woman I have ever seen; yet, my dear, you must be at least 45 years old. You are ten years older than myself, and you look ten years younger! You have not got a wrinkle.

LILIAN: My darling, don't flatter me. I am certainly 45, and my skin is kept perfect with Doge Cream. It is simply wonderful: it takes all wrinkles away. I could not believe a face cream could work such magic. It is Venetian and does not grow hair. It is not a vanishing cream, because they only dry up the skin. It is without doubt a marvellous beautifier.

IRENE: Oh, Lilian, why did you keep this secret? Why did you not tell me of it before? I will get some at once.

Per Pot - - 1/-;
Large Pot - 2/-;
Large Tube 9d.;

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

FOR FREE SAMPLE TUBE OF DOGE CREAM.

For a sample of Doge Cream send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of Doge Soap is also desired send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD., (Dept. De. 6), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

ALMOND OIL ZEE-KOL TOILET SOAP

Beautiful and Talented Women's Evidence that it

CREATES BEAUTY AND PRESERVES BEAUTY

A revelation in transforming the worst skin in three nights into a most beautiful satiny and peach-like complexion.

Never before has a soap of this description been given to the public: It is made of the purest oils:

This is the wholesale price of the material used in most of the advertised soaps. Compare this price to Almond Oil, which is 5/6 per lb., and which is used in "Zee-Kol" Almond Oil Soap.

PALM OIL
costs 4d. per lb.
ALMOND OIL
costs 5/6 per lb.

Now it is easily seen why Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is the most expensive to make, as it is very rare to get Almond Oil in soap at all. The price of Almond Oil will prove to everyone that there is no soap in the world so marvellous as Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap.

Blended with the most exquisite perfumes, ALMOND OIL has been chosen for this Zee-Kol Super-Toilet Soap. It contains the purest and the most natural oil for the skin. When washing the natural oil is replaced and the skin keeps firm, smooth and beautiful.

1/- LARGE TABLET NOW 6D.

Obtainable from all Chemists and Stores or direct from

SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., LTD.,
(Dept. S.14),
40, Blenheim Road,
Upper Holloway, N.19.

It has taken years to know how to blend the oils in this soap, because it is not like other soaps to-day, which are only ordinary soaps. Its oils are a marvellous tonic to the skin. No ordinary soap can do what Zee-Kol ALMOND Oil Soap does, yet it is sold everywhere to-day at half its former price—6d. instead of 1/-. Zee-Kol Almond Oil Soap is a perfect Shampoo. All dandruff disappears and the hair shines with health.

LUCRETIA BORGIA.

"Glorious Lucretia, I could sing of your charms and beauty all day—your skin is like a rose, with its heart of pink, and petals of palest hue."

"Don't flatter, musician—play your music, which is sweeter than all your flattery. All the complexion I have is made beautiful not by my subtle poisons but by the finding of the Almond Blossom, which produces Almond Oil, giving me my cherished complexion. This alone is the secret, for Almond Oil gives youth, life and beauty to the skin. So in my laboratory my beauty is made."

WHEN MEN LOVE

Unsightly spots and skin blemishes destroy a woman's peace of mind, causing an acute sense of shame and misery. Think how wonderful it would be to have NO fears, to feel always supremely happy about your complexion and skin. These ills are due merely to the body wastes moving too slowly, so that the poisons spread into the blood and are carried all over the body, making trouble everywhere. Take Vegetine Pills and confidence will return at once. Listless to-day, but lively to-morrow! Vegetine Pills prevent wastes accumulating and poisoning the blood. They keep the system working freely, regularly and punctually, so that new fitness and fresh vigour continually flow through your veins, quickly bringing back the coveted look of healthy loveliness, of youth, vigour and well-being. Write for free sample to F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., Dept. B, 31/3, Banner Street, London, E.C.1. Send quickly—lest the supply of samples is exhausted.

A FINE RECIPE FOR BACKACHE AND KIDNEY TROUBLE

Here where we eat so much meat Kidney Trouble is very prevalent. Meat forms uric acid, which clogs the kidneys so they only lazily filter or strain out part of the waste and poison from the blood. Then you are ill. The moment you feel that your kidneys are falling behind with their work get an ounce or two of ordinary Carmarole Compound and take 8 or 10 drops in a tablespoonful of water three times a day after meals. If you prefer tablets, it is just as good in tablet form. The Carmarole Compound will bring you almost instant relief from either kidney or bladder trouble, as it stimulates these organs to healthy action and cleans them right out. It acts as a nice tonic, too, if you are a bit run down. After taking it a few days you will sleep fine and awake in the morning refreshed and ready for anything. Anyone suffering from kidney or bladder trouble should give this prescription a trial. There is nothing better than Carmarole Compound in liquid or tablet form.

FREE TO YOU
THE 'BIG TWO' Writing Set

The "Big Two" Writing Set consists of a high-grade Fountain Pen, and Propelling Pencil to match, in elegant Presentation Case, and is offered FREE to clients who use the

'CHALLENGER'
FIXED PRICE AND LONG ODDS TOTALISATOR
FOOTBALL LISTS
SIX LEAGUES—Nothing Barred. Nothing Starred

RACING.
Commissions from 1/- up to any amount accepted by letter in accordance with rules. Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price. NO LIMIT—Win or Place.
WINNINGS BY RETURN.

DAVID COPE & ALFRED H. MAURICE LTD. BATH STREET GLASGOW, C.2

Please send me coloured illustrations and full particulars of your Free Offer of the "Big Two" Writing Set. J.B.

Name...
I am over 21 years of age.

Address...

Town .... County ....

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

Worst Injustice Ever Done Me

MY sister, some years older, had been given a musical career. She was brilliant, witty, and charming. I was considered beneath her in every respect.

Then someone discovered I could sing. But, as there was no money forthcoming for me, a distant relative generously paid my fees.

Yet though I have sung before Royalty, broadcast for the B.B.C., and maintained myself by means of my gift, my people have never forgiven me for what they term "accepting charity," though I repaid.—*"Thelma," New Malden.*

Another's Home

While engaged to a man I trusted implicitly each week I gave him money to add to his savings for our home.

One day I learned that, while courting me, he had betrayed a girl in a near-by seaside resort. He married her, and £50 of my money that I failed to get returned furnished their home. And he told people that I tried to extort money from him.—*D. M. D., Bristol.*

Poverty a Crime

I went to Australia with two years' guarantee of work. The two years' work turned out to be six weeks' picking fruit at £1 a week.

I paid my fare back to Melbourne, which cost £2, arrived there with £4, and was still workless a fortnight later.

One night, when standing miserably wondering what I was going to do, a policeman approached me, and I told him my story.

I spent that night in jail. Next day I was sentenced to fourteen days for having no lawful means of support.—*Alex. Campbell, Stirlingshire.*

Toppling Castles

During the last years of my apprenticeship I was told, after enquiring about my future, that I had a safe job and everything was all right. Into my work I put heart and soul—everything was a pleasure to do.

Time passed and I got to my last week. Many "castles" were built, since I had been promised the "foundations."

Friday arrived and I was called into the office, where, with many regrets, I was given a reference. The next morning found me among the ranks of the unemployed.—*"Hopeful," York.*

Delayed Honeymoon

Twenty-three years ago I returned from work to find my mother gone, leaving behind a drunken, brutal husband, my baby brother and little sister.

I was looking forward to a wedding and honeymoon dear to all brides. My fiancé suggested that we should be married at once, forgo the honeymoon, and take the children.

"Gossiping neighbours whispered . . ."

In our new surroundings gossiping neighbours whispered: "They don't expect us to believe the brother-and-sister story. They are hers."

The horrible injustice nearly broke my heart. But to-day my husband and I smile while planning our silver-wedding honeymoon.—*Wem, York.*

Mother Wins

I was engaged to a man ten or twelve years older than myself. We met at a dance and he asked me to marry him. I consented, but said he must meet my widowed mother before things were decided, and he became a frequent visitor.

My mother, who is only nineteen years older than myself, seemed to like him very much, and one day told me she was going to marry my young man.

I was indignant, especially when he told me that he made friendship with me so that he could meet my mother.—*"Wronged," Tunbridge Wells.*

Hat Trick

I used to work for a married couple, doing odd jobs about the house and garden. One day the man's new hat was missing from the hallstand.

I was not actually accused of taking it, but was told that my services would be required no longer.

About three months later the mistress met me. She was almost in tears as she told me that the hat had been discovered, chewed and ripped up, among a lot of rubbish that the dog had hidden in his kennel.—*"Vindicated," Suffolk.*

Helper Hurt

While helping my pal, who was handyman at the vicarage, to do some painting, the vicar came out and enquired of my pal who I was.

On being told that I was just giving a little help, the vicar replied, "You shouldn't bring anyone in here when there are so many valuables lying about."

I immediately left, feeling he had done me a great injustice.—*T. H., Moorends.*

Kindness Unpaid

We were doing urgent repairs in a pit one Sunday when my mate, lifting a girder, broke his arm. With my knowledge of first aid I did what I could, then accompanied him to the surface.

The doctor congratulated me on the attention I'd given the arm; but the management deducted 3s from my day's pay, for I'd been only six hours underground instead of eight.—*R. W., Woodthorpe.*

Cautioned!

I found an empty notecase outside a block of legal offices, and, as it was a good one, I called at all the offices to find the owner. When I eventually traced him he swore that I had taken a large sum of money from it.

The lift attendant stated that I had been "acting suspiciously" by calling at all the offices.

Eventually the owner remembered that he had not put his money in the case that morning, and I was allowed to go—with a caution.—*J. T., Lozells.*

After the "Dough"

Some years ago I kept a baker's shop. A man asked me for work. Seemingly down and out, I took pity on him and gave him employment, took him in, and treated him as one of our own.

One night after hours, we locked up and all went out together, but we missed him. When we got home, we found he had been there, broken in, and taken all the money.—*C. R., Bristol.*

* * *

A girl of fourteen, I was sent to service miles away from home without understanding human nature, and a rascal got me. I have now the best of husbands. We often look at our girls, and take a solemn vow that they shall never say on a bed of suffering, "Why did not my mother tell me?"—*F. K., London.*

After rescuing a kiddie from drowning the child informed her father that "This man pushed me in!"—*"Awkward," Liverpool.*

My employers sacked me and employed a woman at half-a-crown less than I earned. To save that firm half-a-crown a week my wife and children must go on "short commons."—*H. Robinson, Brighton.*

Through force of adverse circumstances I filed my petition for bankruptcy, and was suspended from church membership. The irony of the position was that had a deacon and one of his colleagues paid me what they owed I could have avoided bankruptcy.—*"Sargo," S. Wales.*

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C., by first post Tuesday, November 28.

My Biggest Triumph Over Self.

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on November 25

FIRST DIVISION.
(1) LIVERPOOL v. W. B. Albion.
(2) Stoke v. EVERTON.
(3) Wolverhampton v. Middlesbrough.
*(4) ASTON VILLA v. Newcastle.
(5) Chelsea v. Birmingham.
(6) HUDDERSFIELD v. Arsenal.
(7) LEICESTER v. Leeds.
(8) PORTSMOUTH v. Manchester C.
(9) Sheffield U. v. Blackburn.
(10) SUNDERLAND v. Wednesday.
(11) HOTSPUR Derby.

SECOND DIVISION.
**(1) PRESTON v. Lincoln.
(2) WEST HAM v. Southampton.
(3) Bolton v PORT VALE.
(4) OLDHAM v Millwall.
(5) BRADFORD v. Bury.
(6) BRENTFORD v. Notts County.
(7) BURNLEY v. Swansea.
*(8) GRIMSBY v. Hull.
(9) MANCHESTER U. v. Bradford C.
(10) FOREST v. Fulham.
(11) Plymouth v. BLACKPOOL.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
(1) Airdrie v. Hibs.
(2) AYR UNITED v. Dundee.
*(3) CELTIC v. Third Lanark.
(4) COWDENBEATH v. Partick.
*(5) HEARTS v Clyde.
**(6) ABERDEEN v. St. Johnstone.
**(7) MOTHERWELL v. St. Mirren.
(8) QUEEN'S PARK v. Hamilton.
(9) Queen of South v. Kilmarnock.
*(10) RANGERS v. Falkirk.

ENGLISH CUP—ROUND ONE.
**(1) Q. P. RANGERS v. Kettering.
(2) Newark v. TRANMERE.
**(3) ORIENT v. Epsom Town.
(4) Gainsborough or Shrewsbury v. Altrincham.
(5) Manchester N.E. v. Workington or Southport.
**(6) ROTHERHAM v. South Bank St. P.
(7) SCUNTHORPE v. Accrington.
(8) BARROW v. Doncaster.
(9) COVENTRY v. Crewe.
(10) N. BRIGHTON v. Mansfield.
(11) Walsall v. Stockton or Spennymoor.
**(12) GATESHEAD v. Darwen.
(13) York v. Hartlepools.
(14) Sutton Town v. ROCHDALE.
(15) CHESTER v. Darlington.
(16) Chorley or Lancaster v. STOCKPORT.
*(17) Blyth Spartans or North Shields v. Murton or Scarborough.
(18) HALIFAX v. Barnsley.
(19) Carlisle v. Wrexham.
(20) Northampton v. EXETER.
(21) Ilford v. SWINDON.
(22) Bath City v. CHARLTON.
(23) Kingstonian v. BRISTOL C.
(24) Crystal Palace v. Norwich.
(25) Cheltenham v. BARNET.
*(26) TORQUAY v. Margate.
(27) Watford v. READING.
(28) CARDIFF v. Aldershot.
(29) NORTHFLEET v. Dartford.
(30) BOSCOMBE v. Hayes.
(31) Oxford v. GILLINGHAM.
(32) London Paper Mills (Dartford) v. SOUTHEND.
(33) Dulwich v. Newport.
(34) Folkestone v BRISTOL R.

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

Example Code.—Div. I.—4 (*H*); Div. II.—1 (*H*); Scottish League—7 (*H*); English Cup—3 (*H*) would indicate Aston Villa, Preston, Motherwell, and Orient.

If You Could SEE

What Happens When You

COUGH

—if you could *see* the thousands of tiny air and blood sacs strained and tortured by every gasping paroxysm . . . if you could *see* the terrible strain thrown on the whole respiratory tract, then

You Would Realise

Why You Must Get

VENOS

Brand

— Lightning —

COUGH CURE

A cough is Nature's signal that your vital breathing organs have become a breeding ground for dangerous germs. **Neglected**, a cough leads inevitably to Bronchitis, 'Flu, Asthma, Catarrh, and other serious Chest Troubles.

Don't run the risk of falling a victim to serious Lung Weakness. Take VENOS at once!

The first dose will bring instant relief from that tearing, hacking, DANGEROUS cough! The damaged linings of Throat and Lungs are soothed . . . irritation is banished . . deadly disease germs succumb **at once** to the LIGHTNING action!

—THROAT

The sensitive linings of the Throat and Bronchial Tubes are strained and damaged by EVERY COUGH. Venos soothes away soreness—kills infectious germs—and restores the delicate membranes to thorough health.

—LUNGS

A persistent cough throws a strain on the Lungs which they cannot withstand for long without a weakened resistance to deadly disease germs. Venos lightning action, by STOPPING that incessant cough, allows the Lungs to build up strength and fortifies them against future attacks.

48-HOUR TEST!

If You Suffer From

COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, 'FLU, ASTHMA, CATARRH,

or any Lung Trouble

go to your nearest chemist and buy a 1/3 Bottle. Take as directed for only 2 DAYS and if the results are not ENTIRELY SATISFACTORY we will refund your money in full at once. Simply return the empty carton to the Veno Drug Company, Ltd., Manchester, 16.

VENOS

LIGHTNING

BRAND

COUGH CURE

1/3 and 3/-

NO SOAP SHAVEX *NO BRUSH*

REVOLUTION IN SHAVING

A FEW years ago "SHAVEX" was unknown, yet it is in every part of the world to-day. Millions are now using "SHAVEX."

"SHAVEX" is the most modern and up-to-date method of shaving. What is more simple than wetting the beard with water, smearing a little "SHAVEX" lightly over the beard and then shaving? You will get the smoothest, cleanest and best shave you have ever had, and your skin will feel like softest satin. No wrinkles will appear, as "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food. It will also take only a quarter of the time required with soap and brush.

The skin after being shaved with soap and brush often looks and feels sore, as the soap and brush have taken out all the natural oil and dried up the skin. "SHAVEX" gives the skin natural oils—all the creases smooth out with the use of "SHAVEX." Shavex is without doubt the most perfect method of shaving in the world. Shavex will give you the best shave you have ever had. Your face will keep young, as Shavex is a skin food. All wrinkles disappear with Shavex, as there is no soda in Shavex to dry up the skin. Your skin will feel as smooth as satin, and you will shave in a quarter the time that you would take with soap and brush.

When asking for "SHAVEX" ask for a "Shavex" Super Blade, the sharpest, longest lived and the most marvellous Blade that one could use to-day. Made of Chrome Steel by our secret process.

Never before has shaving been made so easy, so rapid, and so pleasant. No after lotions are required. Never before have men been given the true secret of youthful looks. "SHAVEX" is a Skin Food, Skin Tonic, and Skin Preserver preventing formations of wrinkles and lines, and keeping away the ravages of time. Travellers who when on a journey find themselves short of water can always get a perfect shave when carrying "SHAVEX" and look fresh. After being in sun and wind and the face is rough and sore and you have to shave, nothing is more soothing than a "SHAVEX" shave.

***FRIEND:** Good lord, not dressed yet! I have been shaved and dressed this five minutes and that Conference can never wait. Heaven above, what are all those soap suds doing on your face? You surely don't use soap and brush now! Why every sensible fellow uses Shavex to-day. Even Kings and Princes use Shavex.*

***JIM:** Have you got some Shavex, my face is quite sore.*

***FRIEND:** Wait a tick, old chap. I will get you my tube, and in less than five minutes you will have had the finest shave you have ever had, and when you have shaved, rub Shavex in the skin, it's a skin food. It keeps you young, Old Boy. My wife says all my wrinkles have disappeared since I used Shavex.*

***JIM:** Well, you certainly look young and your skin looks fine, and you look as fresh as a daisy.*

SHAVEX

is sold everywhere in

6d., 1/- & 1/6 Tubes and 1/6 Pots.

SEND THIS COUPON TO-DAY

For FREE Sample Tube of SHAVEX.

Cut out this Coupon, attach it to a piece of paper on which your name and address are written plainly, and send with a 2d. stamp to the **SHAVEX ZEE-KOL CO., Ltd. (Dept. R11), 40, Blenheim Road, Upper Holloway, London, N.19.**

SKIN DISEASES

Cured in a Night

WE HAVE A ROOM FULL OF TESTIMONIALS.

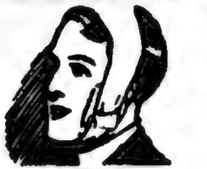
Many may promise a wonderful cure; there is nothing like Zee-Kol. Beware of imitations.

ECZEMA.

"I suffered from Eczema all over my face and body. I applied Zee-Kol and in three days the Eczema had gone."

VARICOSE AND OTHER ULCERS.

"For years I could not walk with Ulcerated Leg. Zee-Kol cured it in a week."



ABSCESSES.

Zee-Kol instantly draws out all inflammation and the abscess is healed in twenty-four hours.

ERYSIPELAS.

This alarming skin affection will disappear in a few days with Zee-Kol applied night and morning. Its effect is marvellous.

CORNS

The worst corns will soon disappear if Zee-Kol is applied to them night and morning.

Zee-Kol is, without doubt, the most wonderful skin remedy of all time. The cruellest Skin Diseases, such as Ulcers, Eczema, Abscesses, Erysipelas, etc., are rapidly and completely banished, and Pimples, Blackheads, Boils, Rashes, etc., disappear like magic. Never was known any remedy like Zee-Kol. Where it touches, the skin takes on a finer and healthier glow. It destroys everything unhealthy to the skin. No skin disease can resist it. Forget it being a Patent Medicine. This is the only way we have of letting the world know of Zee-Kol's marvellous power of skin healing. We are supplying the big London Skin Hospitals, for there is nothing in the world to compare with Zee-Kol. Do not hesitate. Go straight to your chemist and get a box of Zee-Kol and rest absolutely assured that your skin trouble will speedily be banished. Zee-Kol cures, in record time, Eczema, all kinds of Ulcers, Hæmorrhoids, Chilblains, Bad Legs, Severe Burns, etc.

BURNS.

Zee-Kol takes all pain away and no blister will form.

BOILS, ETC.

Boils cannot resist the wonderful healing properties of Zee-Kol, and in two days they disappear.

PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS.

"I always had Blackheads and pimples. Zee-Kol cured them in a night—they vanished."

LUMBAGO, STIFF JOINTS, ETC.

Splendid for Stiff Joints, rubbed in gently by the fire, and for Rheumatism.

ZEE-KOL

4 FREE GIFTS COUPON

For sample of ZEE-KOL Ointment and Pills send 2d. stamp for postage. If sample of ZEE-KOL Medicated Soap and Doge Face Cream are also desired, send 4d. for postage and packing. Write to the **Shavex Zee-Kol Co., Ltd. (Dept. Z.K. 18), 40, Blenheim Road, London, N.19.** Of all chemists. Zee-Kol Ointment at 1/3 or a large tin 3/-.

ACUTE INDIGESTION

Unbearable full-up feeling

Then Instant Relief

Mrs. W., Folkestone, writes: "*I was suffering from a particularly bad period of indigestion, accompanied by that awful and unbearable full-up feeling. Dr. Jenner's at once cured the indigestion and took away the full feeling, and did it without leaving that feeling of depression I had experienced with other remedies.*" Just one Dr. Jenner's Lozenge, and even if you have been suffering for years pain and discomfort stop *at once*. These are the two great features of Dr. Jenner's—the small dose and the instant relief—no waiting for results, no long course of treatment. Dr. Jenner's are no ordinary "patent medicine," but a remedy of the highest medical standing recognised and prescribed by doctors and Harley Street specialists. Made up in the private laboratories of Savory & Moore from an original prescription of the famous Dr. Jenner. Contain no bismuth or magnesia, do not constipate or relax, are perfectly harmless. To be taken daily if required after every meal. DR. JENNER'S Absorbent LOZENGE Brand Digestive Tablet. Boxes 1/3, 3/-, of all chemists. If any difficulty post free from Savory & Moore, Ltd., 143A, New Bond Street, London, W.1. (25)

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

WITHOUT PURGATIVES OR CALOMEL

and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of pep

If you are fed-up and depressed, feel heavy-eyed in the morning and get the blues all day long, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives and expect them to make you feel fresh and buoyant and full of sunshine.

They can't do it. They only move the bowels and that doesn't get at the cause—your liver. Your liver's chief job is to send two pints of bile juice into your bowels every day. If bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Your stomach is filled with gas. You have a thick, bad taste in your mouth. Your breath is foul and skin blemishes often break out. You get headaches and feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

It takes those good old CARTERS BRAND LITTLE LIVER PILLS to get these two pints of bile juice flowing freely and to make you feel right on top of the world. They contain harmless, gentle vegetable extracts and they are just wonderful when it comes to promoting the flow of bile. But don't ask for liver pills. Ask for Carters Pills. Look for the name Carters on the package. At all Chemists 1/3 and special 3/- size, saving ninepence.

RHEUMAGIC

Brand Liniment

The Medical Discovery of the Century.

Penetrating — Concentrated Anæsthetic

To all sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout, Neuritis Arthritis, Bruises, Swellings, Headaches, etc., immediate and permanent relief is offered by extremely effective liniment of proved and remarkable powers.

Treatment of such complaints by means of liniments is agreed by science to be far more direct and effective than by means of internal remedies, but hitherto, Science has known no means of rapidly penetrating the skin with healing, soothing lotions, because of its great toughness. AS A RESULT, IRRITATING MASSAGE HAS BEEN NECESSARY, which in itself has aggravated the soreness. But now Rheumagic has found the means of conveying all its healing, soothing properties rapidly and effectively straight to the inner flesh. Applied on to the skin the medicament sinks into the angry tissues, stimulates the blood stream and thereby assists in carrying off the poisonous, pain-causing toxins, and at the same time soothes the pain so that INSTANT RELIEF IS GIVEN. Moreover, by attacking the cause of pain at its source, Rheumagic definitely removes the cause and effects permanent beneficial results. Everyone who suffers from Rheumatic or kindred complaints, or who suffers from congestion or athletic strains, should try this remarkable liniment under our unusually generous Money Back Guarantee, that if after using the bottle no satisfaction is received, the full purchase price will be refunded without question. Sufferers, go to your chemist to-day and get a bottle of Rheumagic; it costs 3/- and will be the means of ridding you of agonising pain and of restoring you to freedom from discomfort. Although only newly introduced, already thousands are finding full benefit. You can too. Start to-day.

Pickups, Ltd., 30/42, Smedley Street, London, S.W.8

STONY (Lewes).—"What does a woman want with half a dozen new frocks?' Half a dozen new hats.

G. H. (Burton).—"I am going to play Bach at our bazaar." We hope you beat him.

F. M. (Margate).—"A man walked from New York to Chicago and ran back." No wonder!

S G. (Yeovil).—"I got a car for my mother-in-law the other day." What a wonderful exchange!

MOLLY (Kent).—"I am afraid married bliss doesn't apply to we two." Perhaps you haven't a wee one.

POLITICIAN (Westminster).—"In the present depression taxpayers need faith and hope" Followed, before long, by charity.

PEARLY KING (Shoreditch).—"How can a bloke make his wife sew on his buttons?" Get a harem.

H. D. (Leamington).—"The mail train was three hours late." Sounds more like a female.

SQUIRE (Cheshire).—"I have given up my aeroplane For one thing, the upkeep was too much." Another thing, no doubt, was the keep-up.

LODGER (Wakefield).—"My landlord keeps the house awake with his snores, and I can't stand snoring." But surely he doesn't, either.

BAKER (Chesterton).—"I object to people speaking of me as a dough-puncher." But you wouldn't like to be called a loafer.

G. H. T. (Carlisle).—"My wife ought to be an angel." We hope, for your sake, she takes that as a compliment, and not a wish.

GOLFER (Kew).—"I have not touched a golf ball since 1927." Equalling the record of others who have played regularly since 1927.

MRS. H. (Dymchurch).—"I have seen a girl so worked that her health was broken, her nerves shattered, and her ideals smashed" Sounds like a domestic servant.

COUNTRY COUSIN (Bexley).—"When I asked a policeman in Piccadilly a question he laughed at me." Did you want to know the time the circus started?

THEATREGOER (London).—"Old-time villains have passed from the stage." Still there are quite a number lurking among the audiences of to-day.

D. R. (Durham).—"In order to get the job I tried to let him see how much I knew." That was risky. You might have succeeded.

B. A. S (Grange).—"I have been in a berth on a steamer for over seven years." Then it's about time you got up and did a bit of work.

ANTI-CAR (Norwich).—"Is there any one real advantage that the motor-car has brought us?" For one thing, there's less horse-stealing nowadays.

A. BELL (Grimsby).—"I am determined that my fame shall ring from one end of the country to the other." Well, you have got the right name for it.

RACEGOER (Hythe).—"Bookmakers should be chained to their stands till after the last race." Or, as an alternative, be compelled to wear Wellingtons.

G. G. (Horsforth).—"The pedestrian is never safe in these days." No If the motorist doesn't get him the motor-car salesman does.

ANNIE T. (Hampstead).—"My husband is rather bombastic until I ask him to sign a cheque for me—then he sings very small." His signature tune, eh?

LANDLUBBER (Norwood).—"What does 'Six bells and all's well' mean?" That you have rung the bell for the sixth time, and have at last attracted the attention of the waitress.

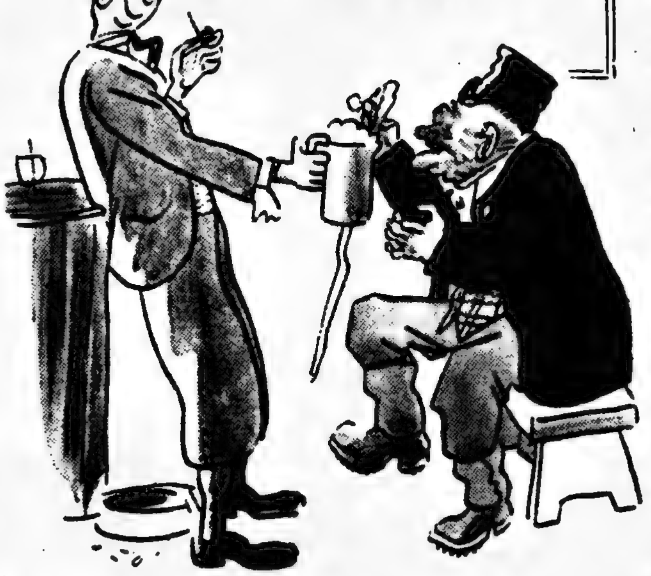
DOCTOR (Harley Street).—"Patients get insulting when they get delirious. One called me a pelican, because I have a double chin" But he may have been thinking of your big bill.

T B. (Giggleswick).—"Singing helps deep breathing, and deep breathing adds years to one's life." And some singing puts years on other people.

V. Y. (Twickenham).—"Even the underdog can sometimes make a good impression." Especially on the Rugger field on a wet day, with the rest of the scrum on top of him.

R. L. (Canterbury).—"It is a simple matter for the handy man to thatch his roof and achieve picturesque effect." Most bald men, however, refuse to entertain any hope.

The EDITOR Laughs Last



P. L. (Christchurch).—"When anything attains a ripe age, it gets a certain false value." The oldest inhabitant always thinks that he is worth a pint.

VEGETARIAN (Hull).—"Do you eat meat?" Yes. We imagine it is impossible to drink it.

NOVELIST (Chelsea).—"The modern girl looks sweet enough to eat." She certainly does eat.

J. C. (Sutton).—"A girl's life is one long race to get married." And all the time she hopes she is on the last lap.

J. M'D. (Aberdeen).—"Come what may, I always insist in seeing things through." Especially continuous kinema programmes.

J. L. (Margate).—"What would the average man do at nights if he hadn't a wife to go home to?" Enjoy himself.

MRS. G. (Burley).—"Every time we have our house decorated the rooms seem smaller." Don't you remove the old wall-paper before putting on the new?

F. R. E. (Glasgow).—"My wife is away on holiday and I am dumping all the dirty crockery in the bath." And are you taking your Saturday night "tub" in the sink?

F. P. (Woodstock).—"It is awful to see youths hanging on to their mother's apron-strings." And their father's purse-strings.

J. H. (Islington).—"How are finger-prints measured?" By the Yard.

A. H. (Woking).—"Is it lucky to pick up a horseshoe?" Not when motoring.

E. M. (Wembley).—"I am quite at home no matter where I go." What about Whipsnade?

CUBIST (Chelsea).—"Art is fighting for its very existence." Most pictures have their backs to the wall.

T. M. (Leeds).—"Will you send me just one letter of encouragement?" Yes, here's "e," the first one.

R. B. (Shelford).—"The modern girl is not nearly so black as she is painted." Nor nearly so pink.

G. P. M. (Enfield).—"My wife left me without reason." Perhaps she is in the habit of leaving things as she finds them.

N. F. (Burstead).—"Men don't yearn for a schoolgirl complexion." No, but they do for a schoolboy digestion.

FIONA (Bow).—"Will rain harm my fur coat?" We've never yet seen a rabbit wearing a mackintosh.

K. B. (Fowey).—"Are not stingy people always miserable?" Well, we have heard of the happy mean.

POET (Bloomsbury).—"Courting couples make a silent picture." And married couples make the talking version of it.

E. A. (Reading).—"Late hours are bad for one." Quite so, but young people think they are very jolly for two.

L. F. (Egham).—"The modern wife does not encourage her husband to dance." Perhaps she's afraid he'll go with her.

D. C. (Exeter).—"I enclose a list of my investments If I dispose of them at current prices, what shall I realise?" What a mug you've been.

ELECTRICIAN (Wisbech).—"We may live to see the end of the steam-propelled train yet." We saw the end of ours only this morning.

SANDY (Dundee).—"What Scotsman gained more right to fame than Sir Robert Bruce?" The one who bought a round of drinks.

A. T. (Hampstead).—"When out with my car I had a bad accident and am told that I must have a new body." We doubt if the doctors can supply one.

STUDENT (Manchester).—"I wish Napoleon had been an Englishman." Because that is what you said he was on your examination paper?

JOHN G. (Halifax).—"Every man should buy a piano for his child." Not forgetting such details as a yacht for himself, a couple of cars for his wife, and a mansion or two in the country.

J. A. C. (Belfast).—"I do a lot of reading in my spare time." Try some writing too—for instance, writing a £2,000 *Bullet* on one of the coupons on page 47. Then you can enjoy some pleasant arithmetic.

V. K. (Taunton).—"Jazz has conquered London." But there's no truth in the rumour that the large building opposite the Albert Memorial is to be called the Henry Hall.

J. H. K. (Belfast).—"I have been driving a car for nine years, and have never knocked down anyone." You're exceptionally backward. Most men become proficient much more quickly.

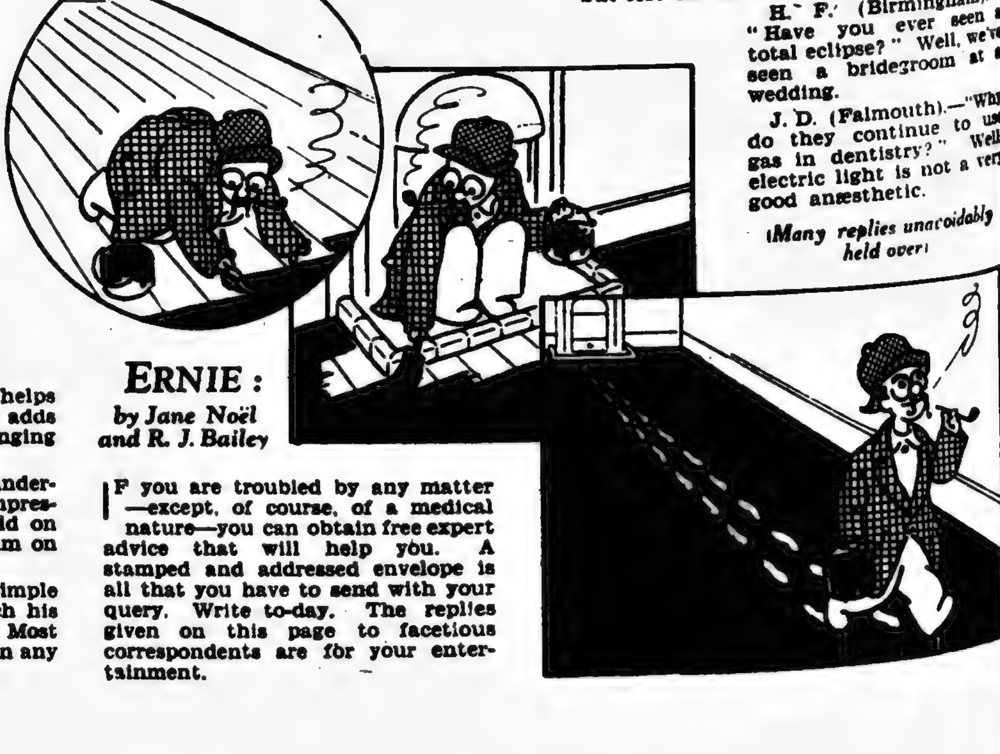
R. B. (Edinburgh).—"When a girl gets hold of a wealthy young man does she stick to him because he is the only pebble on the beach?" No, because the rest of the beach is stony.

T. L. (Highgate).—"An American wireless crooner attributes his success to the peculiar formation of his larynx." Apparently somebody attempted to strangle him, but left off too soon.

H. F. (Birmingham).—"Have you ever seen a total eclipse?" Well, we've seen a bridegroom at a wedding.

J. D. (Falmouth).—"Why do they continue to use gas in dentistry?" Well, electric light is not a very good anæsthetic.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)



ERNIE:
by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

The most popular of
ALL the Empire
Tobaccos

PLAYER'S
"DIGGER"
MIXTURE
EMPIRE GROWN
1-OZ. PACKET
THIS MIXTURE is manufactured entirely from EMPIRE GROWN TOBACCO

8D. PER OZ.

PLAYER'S
DIGGER
MIXTURE

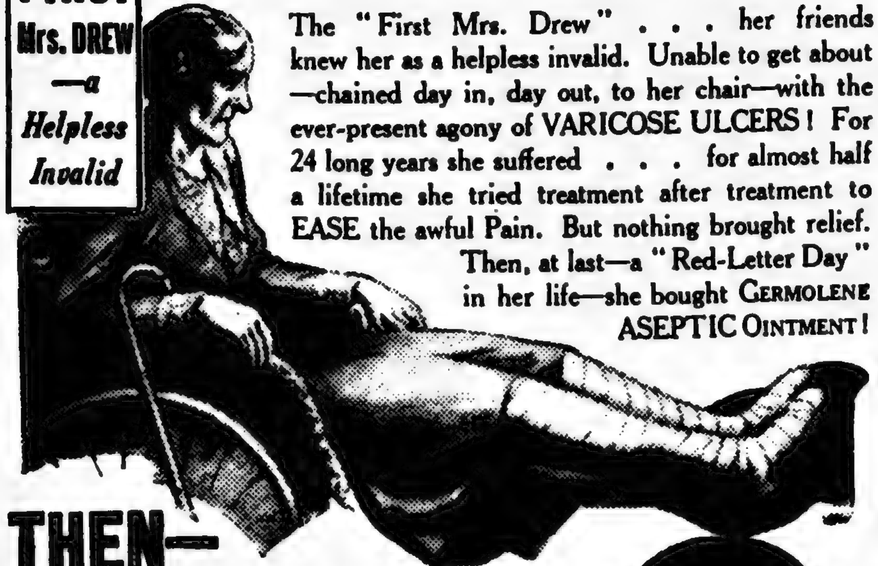
There are also
DIGGER FLAKE ● DIGGER CUT PLUG ● DIGGER SHAG
DIGGER HONEY DEW ● DIGGER BLACK CUT CAVENDISH

P.D.23

The 2 Mrs. DREWS!

- FIRST VARICOSE ULCERS made her an INVALID for 24 YEARS...

THE
FIRST
Mrs. DREW
—a
Helpless
Invalid



The "First Mrs. Drew" . . . her friends knew her as a helpless invalid. Unable to get about —chained day in, day out, to her chair—with the ever-present agony of VARICOSE ULCERS! For 24 long years she suffered . . . for almost half a lifetime she tried treatment after treatment to EASE the awful Pain. But nothing brought relief. Then, at last—a "Red-Letter Day" in her life—she bought GERMOLENE ASEPTIC OINTMENT!

THEN—
Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT
brought Perfect Healing!

The SECOND
Mrs. DREW
—Healthy,
Happy and
Energetic!

The "Second Mrs. Drew" . . . active and energetic, her terrible ULCERS a thing of the past! What heart-felt happiness, to be able to WALK again, to be able to FORGET she had ever suffered! And what an amazing triumph for Germolene Ointment! Read this letter:—

"*I have been an invalid for 24 years with varicose ulcers. The pain was terrible; I could not sleep. I tried everything, but all to no use, so I thought I would give Germolene a trial, and after a time I got relief and both my legs got better, thanks to Germolene. I have waited one year before writing you to see if it was a perfect cure, and I am quite satisfied that it is. Now I can walk anywhere without feeling pain or my legs swelling in any way.*"—(Mrs.) H. DREW, 51, Thoresby Road, Mansfield Woodhouse, NOTTS.

'I can walk anywhere'
THANKS TO
Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT

Why not follow Mrs. Drew's example, and get relief NOW, by spending 1/3 on Germolene Ointment? Whatever your skin trouble, Germolene will conquer it. Its unique ASEPTIC action means there is *no* pain—no burning, no smarting! The first cool touch SOOTHES . . . germs are gently EJECTED . . . rapid healing starts at once.
Countless sufferers have PROVED that these are *more* than mere claims—they are indisputable FACTS! Get a tin at once for

CUTS, BURNS, ECZEMA, SCALDS, RASH, PILES, BAD LEGS, ULCERS, and EVERY Skin Trouble.

Germolene
MEDICATED
Toilet Soap
Here is the very thing to keep your complexion really cleansed—toned—beautiful—Germolene Medicated Toilet Soap! Makes every wash a Beauty Treatment. Try a tablet to-day.
6d per Tablet

Soothes at a Touch!
TESTED JB
Germolene
Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT 1'3 & 3'-

PARMINT
DOUBLE STRENGTH

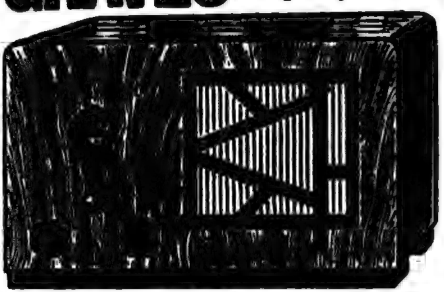
STOPS
COUGHS
ENDS
BAD
COLDS

Grandma's Remedy for 50 Years and Still the Best.

Fifty years ago Grandma used this splendid preparation, and to-day, as yesterday, it is relieving the sufferings of thousands of little ones as well as grown-ups. Time has proved that there is no more efficacious remedy for coughs, colds, catarrh and bronchial troubles.

When you take Parmint (Double Strength) a special ingredient that it contains causes it to cling to your throat when you swallow, and there it spreads itself in a soothing, healing film, over the sore, inflamed membranes and brings instant relief. The phlegm loosens, and the dry irritated throat is soothed and relieved by a single dose. Try it. Ask your chemist for Parmint (Double Strength) as this is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every case.

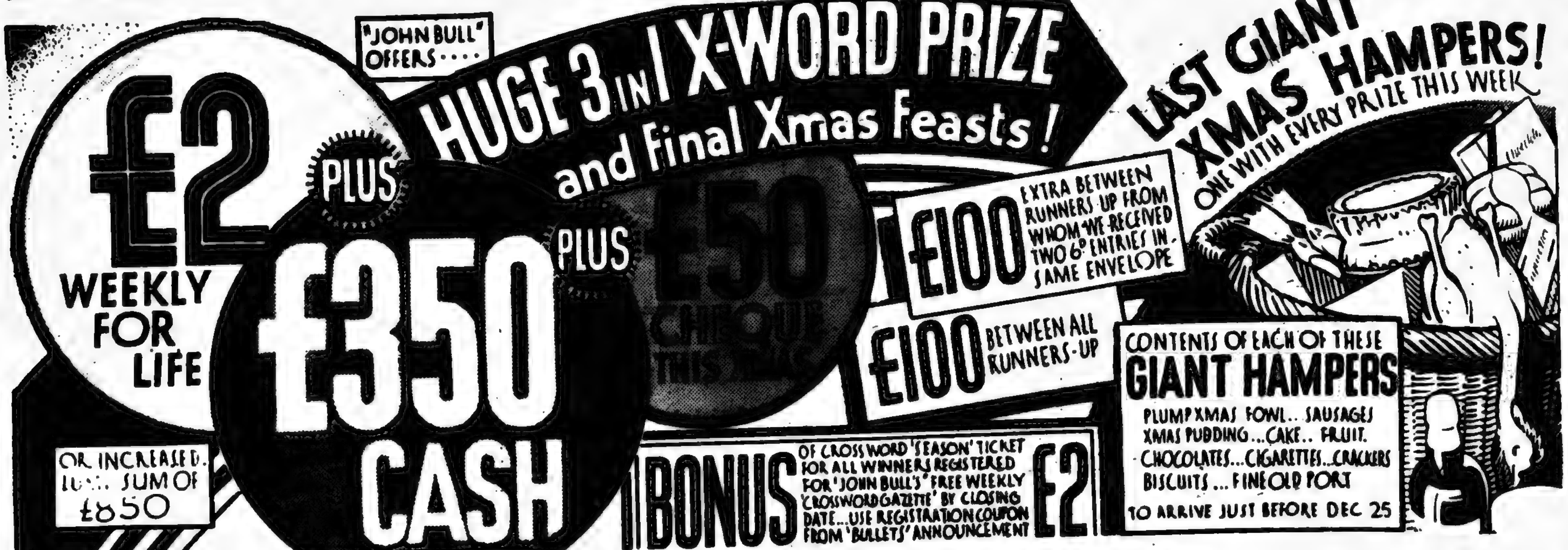
GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



The GRAVES·NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set is a triumph of Radio skill & enterprise. Every component the best of its class.
All-steel Chassis, Special Coil Circuit using iron-cored radio frequency coils. Permanent Magnet Moving Coil Loud Speaker of advanced design and natural tone. British Valves. Illuminated Tuning Dial. Cabinet 17 x 10½ x 8¾in. beautifully figured Walnut. Complete with Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Carriage Paid £6. 16. 0 or 8/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms.
8/- NOW
Catalogue Free. Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass, Super-Het Sets, etc.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

NICE ON THE PALETTE!

NUTTALL'S MINTOES
PER QR 4D


"JOHN BULL" OFFERS....
HUGE 3 IN 1 X-WORD PRIZE
and Final Xmas Feasts!
£2 WEEKLY FOR LIFE
PLUS
£350 CASH
PLUS
£50 CHEQUE THIS XMAS
OR INCREASED LUMP SUM OF £850
£100 EXTRA BETWEEN RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6D ENTRIES IN SAME ENVELOPE
£100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP
BONUS OF CROSSWORD 'SEASON' TICKET FOR ALL WINNERS REGISTERED FOR 'JOHN BULL'S' FREE WEEKLY 'CROSSWORD GAZETTE' BY CLOSING DATE...USE REGISTRATION COUPON FROM 'BULLETS' ANNOUNCEMENT £2
LAST GIANT XMAS HAMPERS!
ONE WITH EVERY PRIZE THIS WEEK
CONTENTS OF EACH OF THESE GIANT HAMPERS
PLUMP XMAS FOWL.. SAUSAGES
XMAS PUDDING...CAKE.. FRUIT.
CHOCOLATES...CIGARETTES...CRACKERS
BISCUITS ... FINE OLD PORT
TO ARRIVE JUST BEFORE DEC 25

BEFORE you is one last opportunity to capture a Giant Christmas Hamper, the seasonable prize which goes with every cash award won in this week's Crossword Contest. Already this season 708 competitors have captured one.

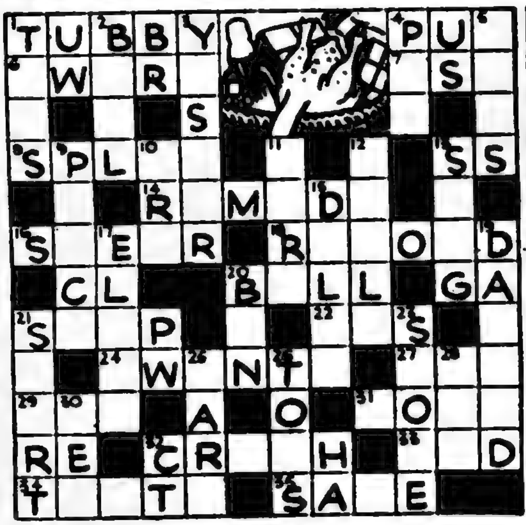
Look at those huge awards which are offered as well as unlimited Christmas Hampers. If you win outright, as 58 competitors have done in weeks gone by, you will have a regular Pension of £2 weekly to support you for life; further, you will receive a fine lump sum of £350, with an extra £50 to cover your Christmas celebration of this wonderful success.

As a Runner-up you will take a share in £100 or £200, according to the conditions announced. And wherever amongst the winners you land, remember, "John Bull's" Hamper will ensure the merriest Christmas you have ever had.

Accept our Compiler's challenge to your wits, tackle those unusual Clues and get your entry in by Thursday, November 30.

"John Bull" will pay a Life Pension of £2 a week, £350 Cash, and a cheque for £50 this Christmas (or a lump sum of £850) for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Giant Hamper will be added to every winner's prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 7, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 14.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 239—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1933.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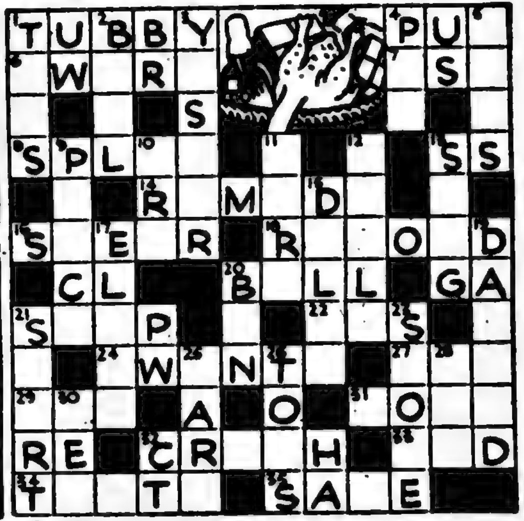
JB·239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JB·239

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value...... No. ...... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 2 Squares
6D.

SIGNED..

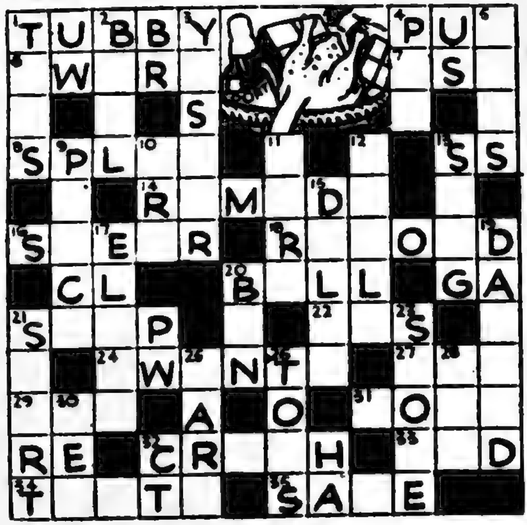
ADDRESS..

....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 239—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, NOV. 30, 1933.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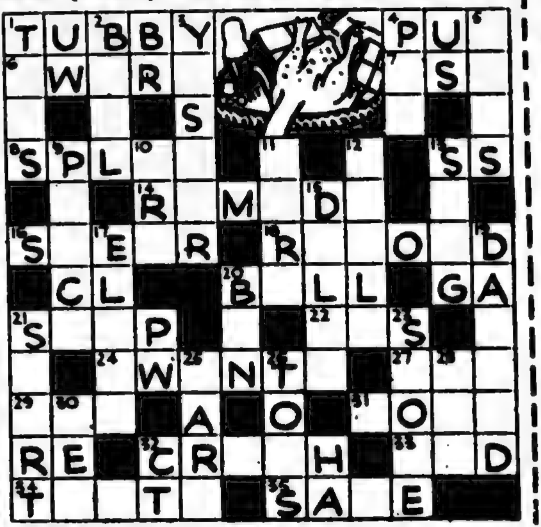
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R E C R H D
T T S A E

JB·239

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and

enclose P.O. value...... No. ...... Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE
for 4 Squares
1/-

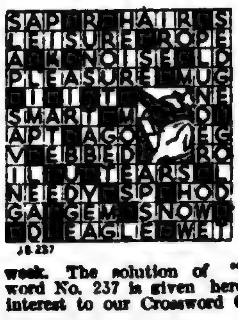
SIGNED..

ADDRESS..

....

MONSTER XMAS X-WORD NEXT WEEK!

First Prize—£5 weekly for life. £500 Cash and £50 Xmas-box yearly—£500 for Runners-up.


LEISURE ROPE
PLEASURE MUG
SMART
NEEDY
GEMS SNOW
EAGLE WET

JB 237

Solution of "JOHN BULL" X-Word No. 237.

Winners in 236 on pages 36 & 45. Result of 237 will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 237 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Stout
4. Grows up into dog
6. Conscious of
7. Put to some purpose
8. Cabinet is weakened by one
14. Made again
16. What cynics do
18. Take on another load
20. You ring it
21. Yours may come home this week
22. Donkey
24. A score
27. Tells doctor his patient's health is improving
29 First number
31. Is often heard at golf club
32. Delays traffic through narrow street
33. There's danger if you see it
34. Some people sleep beneath these
35. There's probably money in this

DOWN

1. Are connected with the main
2 Batsman sometimes sends flying
3. Relating to yesterday
4. Licence will be needed if you mean to keep this
5. Shepherd's uneasy when these are empty
9. Strength of nippers is shown by
10. Wrath
11. Savages who wear nothing are this
12. There are often crooks in these
13. What burglar often discovers
15. Put off to another time
17 Newrich thinks he belongs to
19 Iron your clothes after they're this
20. Seems to make sonny want more
21. Punter gets, at races
23. Large shop
25. Organs of hearing
26. Throw up
28. Part of verb "to be"
30. Indicates maiden name

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, November 30, 1933.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, December 14, 1933. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Thursday, December 21, 1933, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it. Should first prize be shared, £850 cash will be paid instead of the three-in-one award.

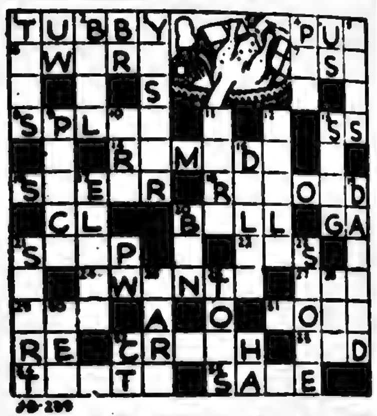
5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your solutions.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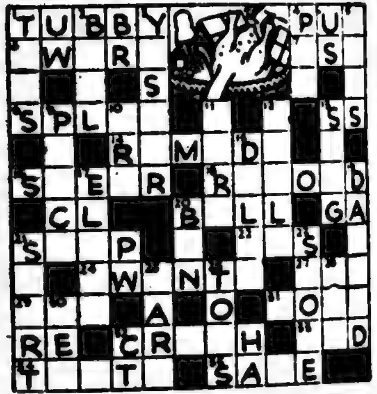
JB 239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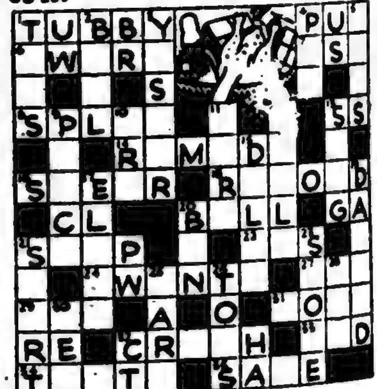
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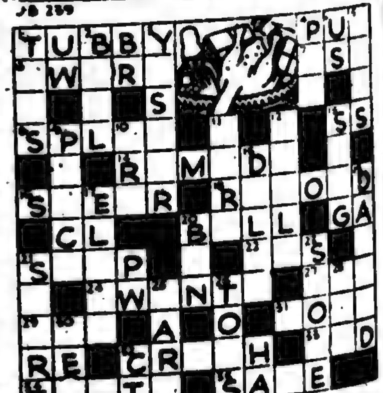
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R E C R H D
T T S A E

JB 239

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING
See Rule 1.

Address Entry
"JOHN BULL"
X-WORD No. 239,
57, Long Acre,
London, W.C.2
(Comp.).

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

HARD·AZ·IAN
REGD.

Gluttons for punishment!

Men who "take it out" of their clothes know there's nothing to beat Hard-az-ian trousers. Reinforced where the strain comes. Tough—from tops to turn-ups. And they never lose their looks. **Double**-strength cloth, twisted in every strand. **Double** brace buttons. **Double**-warp and weft pockets. Barred and lock-stitched to take the strain.

IN 3 SHADES AND 24 FITTINGS (FAWN, DARK AND MID-GREY)

Write for Free "Hard-az-ian" Booklet and name of nearest agent to: **Manager of Sales, HARD-AZ-IAN, 38, Wood Street, London, E.C.2.**

HARD·AZ·IAN REGD.
TROUSERS 10/6 Up to 60-inch waist.
Breeches 12/11
Outsizes cost a little more.

ASTHMA

Don't endure it longer. Stop the cruel spasms at once with **RAZ-MAN**, the remarkable Capsules remedy for Asthma and Acute Bronchitis. **RAZ-MAN** gives safe, speedy relief. Breaks up those terrible strangling mucus gatherings. No sprays, snuff, smokes. No harmful or habit-forming drugs. **Guaranteed relief or money refunded on two 3/- boxes or one 5/- box.** Stocked by Boots, Timothy Whites and all Chemists and Stores—3/- and 5/- the box.

FREE TRIAL sent on request to Gilmour Templeton Co., Ltd. (Dept. D.21), 80, Clerkenwell Road, London, E.C.1.

GRAVES OWN MANUFACTURE CUTLERY SERVICE

6 Table Knives, stainless steel blades, ivory-grained handles, and 6 Dessert Knives; 4 Table Spoons; 6 Table Forks, 6 Dessert Forks; 6 Dessert Spoons; 6 Tea Spoons, all of Columbian Silver—white all through; 1 pr. Carvers, shear steel blade ivory-grained handles; 1 Steel; 1 Stainless Bread Saw; Compartment Cabinet Jacobean Oak shade.

3/- NOW Terms: 3/- Monthly. 36/-

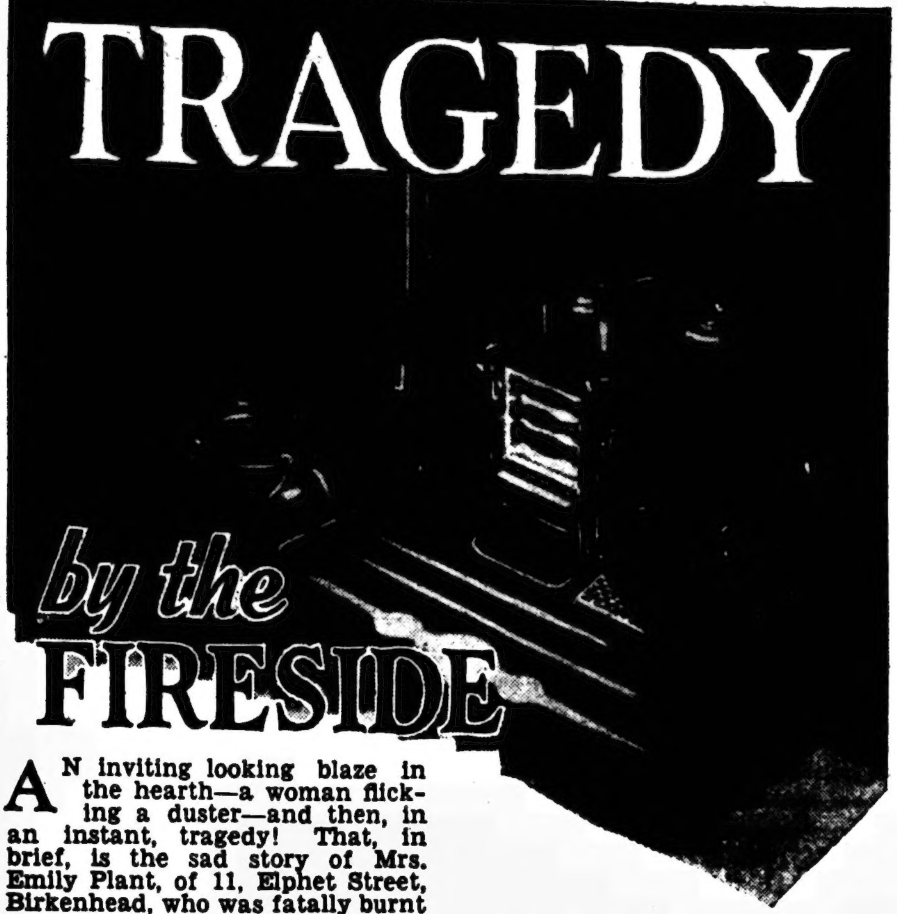
CATALOGUE POST FREE
Stainless Cutlery Services & Table Plate in newest designs at Keenest Prices, on Easy Terms.
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

WINTER brings added EYE TROUBLES

Cold winds, fogs, Artificial light, spell added danger to your eyes. At the first sign of trouble, use *Singleton's, famed for over 300 years* as the most soothing and healing eye salve for EYE STRAIN, STYES, ULCERS, WEAK AND WATERY EYES, ETC.

SINGLETON'S EYE OINTMENT
From all chemists or direct at 2/0 per pot.

FREE BOOK.—To Stephen Green, Ltd., 210, Lambeth Rd., London, S.E.1. Please send booklet "How to Preserve the Eyesight."
NAME....................
ADDRESS....................



TRAGEDY by the FIRESIDE

AN inviting looking blaze in the hearth—a woman flicking a duster—and then, in an instant, tragedy! That, in brief, is the sad story of Mrs. Emily Plant, of 11, Elphet Street, Birkenhead, who was fatally burnt through her clothing being set alight by a spark that flew out of the fire.

Her husband, as a registered reader of JOHN BULL, was entitled to the Benefit of £100. It was found that he was also a "Plus" reader, that is, he had been registered for more than three months. He therefore receives a cheque for £110, which includes the "Plus" reader's 10 per cent. bonus.

A somewhat similar tragedy occurred at Keighley, Yorkshire, where the wife of Mr. T. K. Taylor, of 10, Hazel Street, Spring Bank, was burnt to death when her dress caught fire at a gas ring. Mr. Taylor is also a "Plus" reader and receives a cheque for £110, which includes 10 per cent. bonus.

Fire can be a good friend but a treacherous enemy. A glowing hearth is a source of comfort, but, if it gets out of hand, a source of danger. You can never be sure with fire. Take the vital precaution of becoming a registered reader of JOHN BULL and provide against much of the hardship that these tragedies bring in their train.

JOHN BULL is unique among papers in its safeguard against Fire, Flood, Storm and Sickness. It is the only paper that adds a welcome "Plus" bonus to any benefit paid to all readers who have been registered for three months or more.

Join JOHN BULL's great plan of prudence now. Complete the forms below and post them to-day. You never know when you may have cause to be grateful for this timely assistance.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL
Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent)....................
Address....................
....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature....................
Address....................
....
.... Date....................

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.
J.B. 25/11/33.

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to
"John Bull" Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

....
Reader's Signature.
Age....................
Address....................
....
....
Name and Address of Newsagent....................
....
.... Date....................

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return. **PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.**
J.B. 25/11/33.

(*Continued from Page* 36)

W.8; Wagon, M., 56, Cecil Rd., Wimbledon, S.W.19; Walton, G., Brackley, Hapton, Nr. Burnley; Woodward, Mrs. M., 136, Coulsdon Rd., Caterham, Surrey; Wolston, Mrs. F., 5, Hobmoor Croft, Yardley, Birmingham; Worrall-Southern, Mrs. J., 26, Lycett Rd., Wallasey, Ches.; Zumbuhl, D., 83, Willow St., Romford, Essex.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, December 5, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 574 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive 3s. 6d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above cash awards, the 56 competitors sharing the First Prize and each of the 574 sharing the £100 for Runners-up will receive shortly before Christmas an extra award of a Christmas Hamper.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 284. Thirty competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered and payments of £3 6s. 8d. will be despatched accordingly.

Another Splendid X-word with a First Three-in-One Prize, together with prizes for runners-up and Xmas Hampers, appears on Page 44. Try your skill now.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull" and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED.
Proprietors of "John Bull."

The Digestive Journey is a Long Way

In the process of digestion food travels more than thirty feet, and the stomach occupies only a few inches of the journey.

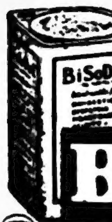
That is why Indigestion sufferers need more than stomach help. 'BiSoDoL' is a COMPLETE remedy which helps a weak digestion "ALL THE WAY."

If your stomach has become inflamed and so sensitive that solid food causes acute suffering, a level teaspoonful of 'BiSoDoL' in water will arrest the pain in a few minutes, without fail.

After a few doses of 'BiSoDoL' you will find that your stomach troubles have disappeared. That is because 'BiSoDoL' soothes the stomach nerves whereby the acidity of the gastric juice is regulated. Food no longer ferments and turns sour, gas ceases to form, you are free from pain and flatulence and can digest your food in comfort.

But 'BiSoDoL' gives much more than stomach help, as sufferers from intestinal indigestion find to their joy. The headaches, the liver attacks, the fits of languor and despondency, the flatulent discomfort and abdominal distension, in fact all the distressing bowel symptoms take flight before the restorative power of 'BiSoDoL'.

Try 'BiSoDoL' and you will realize what a great stride has been made in the conquest of indigestion by the discovery of this COMPLETE remedy.



Price: 1/3 and 3/-. Family size 4/9. Of all Chemists.
Prepared in England by BiSoDoL Ltd., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.

BiSoDoL
Pronounce it By-So-DoL

The NEW GREEN QUILTED WADDING THAT MASTERS ALL PAIN 1/3

All bodily pain instantly banished by Wincapcine — the new QUILTED Medicated Wool. Easy to cut and "thin out." Unseen under the lightest clothing. FREE bottle spirituous fluid with every packet. Get a 1/3 packet from your Chemist or any of Boots Branches. In case of difficulty write to address below.

For PNEUMONIA BRONCHITIS RHEUMATISM NEURITIS LUMBAGO SCIATICA COLDS And all forms of PAIN

Wincapcine BRAND
MEDICATED WADDING
BOND PRODUCTS, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.2),
7, Field End Parade, Eastcote, Middlesex.

GRAVES
'MATCH' OVERCOAT

The ideal Garment for the football season. It adds to your pleasure and keeps you warm and comfortable in the severest weather.

Possesses all the virtues of garments offered at much higher prices including Style, Quality, Workmanship, and is unrivalled for Value. Carefully tailored in the latest fashion from handsome hard wearing materials in attractive colourings and patterns, and is perfectly finished in every detail. This D.B. Overcoat is supplied in all sizes up to 44in breast measurement. It is cut and made in comfortable & roomy belted style in the newest fashion, and supplied in warm & handsome Tweed Coatings in various shades of Brown, Fawn, & Grey Mixtures. 49/- Fullest Approval. TERMS: 7/- MONTHLY.

7/- NOW

PATTERNS POST FREE. Write for full range of samples of the actual cloths of this and other overcoat styles, all offered at money-saving prices on Easy Terms
J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Thick, Strong Wavy New Hair

Co. KILKENNY.

Before using Kotalko **my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls** until the scalp was almost bare on top. I had used several tonics. Then I used Kotalko. **Before I had finished the second box my hair seemed stronger.** This improvement continued, and the hair is **now thick and lustrous and is a thick mass of waves and more healthy looking.**

M. J. MURPHY.

Are YOU Losing Hair?

Thousands of men and women have regrown fine new heads of hair by using Kotalko. It re-grows the hair because it frees the scalp from hair-stifling scurf and poisonous and malodorous grease, softening the hardening scalp, and restoring its healthful circulation, and reviving new and vigorous life and growth in the sleeping hair-roots.

KOTALKO

TRUE HAIR GROWER

If you have dandruff, or are losing hair, or if you are nearly or entirely bald, use or copy the coupon below.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, Ltd.,
9, Percy Street, (**53. J**), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO, and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME..

ADDRESS...

....

★ FREE!

Test, free of charge, the wonderful properties of "Pepsodent Toothpaste," the new method which keeps the teeth white and brilliant and prevents dental decay. Fill in the Coupon on p. 39 for free 10-day tube. Enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

GRAVES GRAMOPHONE

with 12 high-class fixed price Half-Crown double Records (24 Selections) for 4/- monthly This Portable Model has newest type worm-drive motor, internal sound horn, natural tone reproducer, plated fittings, grained cloth covered case. Price £2.18.0 complete

4/- NOW

Catalogue of Portable, Table, and Pedestal Models Post Free

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

INTERNAL TROUBLES

Mrs. HOPTON, 277, Abbey Street, Derby, writes: "Seventeen months ago I was very ill, vomiting for 3 weeks and never stopped. I got no sleep for terrible pains. I was in Hospital a fortnight. They X-rayed me and found I had Gall Stones. My husband got me Vitadatio, and I found I was getting stronger and the pain easier, and now I feel a new woman."

Vitadatio

The Wonderful Herbal Blood Purifier and Tonic. Invaluable for **Blood Troubles, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints, and Internal Ailments.** Sold by Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle, or per post 6d. extra in U.K. Special 21/- bottles for export only, post free, from—
VITADATIO, No. 121 ARMLEY, LEEDS.

SEND FOR FREE BOOK OF TESTIMONIALS

FREE CATALOGUE of Models, Patterns, Coverings, etc., of the '*Berkeley*' SUPERLAX CHAIR!

Don't overlook the Berkeley Chair offer on p. 29. The Model illustrated can be obtained for 10/- down. Fill in and send the Coupon for full details, patterns, coverings, etc.

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD

FOR QUALITY AND VALUE.

Graves 'FLIGHT' Cycle has Dunlop Tyres, Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain. Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Chromium Plated. All Accessories. Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £3:17:6 No charge for easy terms. 5/2 now and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6, 6/6 monthly. CATALOGUE of Ladies', Gent's, Juvenile's Cycles, Tandems, Racers, &c., free.

SEND 5/2

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

IS YOUR DAUGHTER ANÆMIC?

"She is as pale as death, just like I was when a girl," remarked a mother recently about her anæmic daughter. Very often anæmia is inherited; in other cases it is caused by bad working conditions, unsuitable food, hasty and irregular eating, insufficient outdoor exercise and not enough rest and sleep.

Anæmia comes on gradually, beginning with languor and indisposition to exertion, irritability, and a feeling of fatigue. Later comes palpitation of the heart, and then headache and backache; constipation is generally present. Often the patient craves for unusual things to eat, and the complexion takes on a greenish-yellow pallor.

There is no need to be unduly alarmed in a case of this kind. The treatment is quite easy and simple. Dr. Williams brand pink pills are just the tonic needed to remedy this wretched state of health. These pills create rich red blood, and this soon causes the peculiar pallor to leave the face; strength and energy gradually return; the backaches and headaches vanish. Continue the treatment until the last symptoms go, and there need be little fear of a relapse.

You can now buy the world-famous Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills from any chemist at 1s. 3d. a box (large size 3s. 0d.). This remarkable blood enricher and nerve tonic is thus brought within the reach of all sufferers.

HANDS WERE RED AND SWOLLEN

Eczema in Dry, Scaly Rash. Cuticura Healed.

"I suffered twelve months with eczema on my wrist and between my fingers. It broke out in a rash that was dry and scaly. My hands were red and swollen, and I had many sleepless nights on account of the irritation.

"I tried all sorts of remedies but nothing seemed to help me. I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and sent for a free sample of each. I purchased more and in three months I was completely healed." (Signed) Arthur Underwood, 19, Chapman St., Loughborough, Leics., Eng.

Daily use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, will keep the skin and scalp healthy.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d., Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 31, Banner St., London, E. C. 1.
Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

Castols

NO MORE CASTOR OIL

THE Chocolate Laxative
with 24 years' reputation

NOT a *compressed* tablet to be swallowed at a gulp. Best results obtained by sucking slowly at bed-time. Children like Castols and take them readily. Each 2d. packet provides one adult dose or three doses for children. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

● TEST TO-NIGHT— ●
FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

72 page Wireless Book FREE!

The Cossor Wireless Book, together with Catalogue B.20 which gives full particulars of the Cossor Console Receiver, is offered free to readers on p. 14. Packed full of interesting information, the Cossor Book will prove useful to all readers interested in Radio.

Fill in the coupon on page 14.

ALL CHRISTMAS RECORDS

FINAL ARRAY OF
2,000
XMAS PRIZES

THOUGH you have only a few days left to capture *Bullets* Monster 2-in-1 Christmas First, you have time to close your eyes a moment and picture yourself the winner.

It is the afternoon of Friday, December 15, and in your hands is a telegram which has just arrived from JOHN BULL. Your mind is struggling to grasp the fact that you have won a huge fortune of £2,000 cash. And as you begin planning a celebration of your enormous success, you realise that our cashier is going to add an extra £50, so that all your festivities and Christmas presents will not touch a penny of your giant cheque!

Now open your eyes again and let them rest on the other cheques with Christmas Shopping Bonuses—and on that last staggering array of 2,000 Christmas Prizes, all waiting for those who enter good *Bullets* by Saturday, December 2.

Giant Hampers are there, those famous *Bullets* Turkeys, luscious great 5 lb. Christmas Cakes, plump Surrey Fowls, Surprise Parcels—why, the great Dickens himself might have planned this Christmas spread!

So we are not urging you to grasp *one* opportunity, *but to reach out for one of 2,023 fine opportunities*. Get busy this evening!

£300 FOR HER—HEALTH FOR HIM!

"HE'LL be ill for a long time, I'm afraid!" No wonder that doctor's verdict struck fear into the heart of the Thornley woman who stood by her husband's bedside.

Now, following a Friday telegram, the troubles of Mrs. M. Carey, 4, Dunelm Road, Thornley, Co. Durham, have been swept away by the First Prize cheque for £300 in Competition No. 913. "It will enable my husband," she says, "to have that peace of mind which is essential to his recovery."

* * *

Mr. A. C. Bushby.

"If you have the will to succeed, you will!" That is the inspiring slogan of the Second Prize-winner, Mr. A. C. Bushby, 58, Hartley Avenue, Hyde Park, Leeds.

He secured his £50 reward simply by putting his principles into the well-phrased *Bullet*, MISS PROSPERITY—WILL MARRY "WILL" WILLINGLY.

An artist and designer by profession, this winner had entered *Bullets* for just over a year without gaining a cash award.

Remember Mr. Bushby's sudden leap to a big success as you make up your *Bullets* for our Monster "Double 2,000" Christmas Offer. But be quick with your efforts, or you will miss this giant opportunity.

1,250 XMAS PRIZES AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £300, COMPETITION NO. 914.

Mr. L. C. BRADLEY, 3, Bishop Ken Road, Harrow Weald, Middlesex.
Example:—THE WORST
Bullet:—OF US, OF USE.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mr. H. PRIDEAUX, 30, Lawrence Avenue, St. Mark's Road, Bristol.
Example: Night of Terror
Bullet: Nations "Making Bed" For.

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. T. MOORE, 103, Bucknall New Road, Hanley, S.O.T., Staffs.
Example Now She's Gone
Bullet: "Gap Left"—"Fences" *Harder.*

10 PRIZES OF £5:

Miss G. BUCK, 7, The Pavement, Childs Hill, London, N.W.
Our Land—"Hungry Eyes" Look On.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

D. HALL, 20, Beversbrook Road, Holloway, N.
Must Be Done—Right Way, Righting Wayward.

C. HOUGHTON, 144, Fortuneswell, Portland, Dorset.
Chance For Britain—"Economists" Look Like Wasting.

W. F. KELLY, Welland Cottage, Charles, Barnstaple.
Youth's Dream—Victory—Age's, Just Peace.

W. LAW, 968, Dumbarton Road, Whiteinch, Glasgow.
At The Top—"Uphill Work," Staying There.

B. O. MALE, 2, Lyne Road, Risca, Mon.
Pearl Without Price—"Watched," But "Angel" Stole.
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

A. NUTTALL, 9, Bramston Street, Rastrick, Brighouse, Yorks.
Now She's Gone—"Blank," Proving Her "Prize."

T. ROBINSON, 29, Sandhurst Avenue, Mansfield.
When The Fog's Over—Father Feels Way Home!

F. SEARLE, 13, Somerfield Road, Finsbury Park, N.
Chance For Britain—To Escape, "Fog" *Lifting.*

C. STUPPLES, 36, Alderville Road, Fulham S.W.
Our Land—Defends Weak—Defences, Feeble.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.

H. P. BROWN, "Levenshulme," Bath Road, Saltford Som.
Soon Finished—History—Sonny Had "Date."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

Mrs. L. CLEWES, 200, Burton Road, Derby.
Seizing His Opportunity—She Sees To Opportunity!

W. DEIGHTON, Cunningsburgh, Shetland.
Soon Finished—Ignored Doctor's "Finish Sooner."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

Mrs. I. PARFITT, 49, Allen Street, Mountain Ash.
At Our Whist Drive—Cards Dog-eared—Players Lynx-eyed.

H. G. SLATER, 25, Protheroe Gardens, Hendon, London N.W.
In A Tangle—Affairs, Through Our Fears.

H. TASKER, 38, Lidiard Road, Earlsfield, S.W.
Now She's Gone—Aloft—He's "Poor Look-out."
(Entered on "Target" prize coupon.)

Mrs. F. W. THORNE, Henry Avenue, Matlock.
To The Poor—"Sack" Is A "Sandbag."

Miss L. VAUGHAN, 28, Peel Street, Hyde, Cheshire
Pearl Without Price — India — Following Emerald Isle?

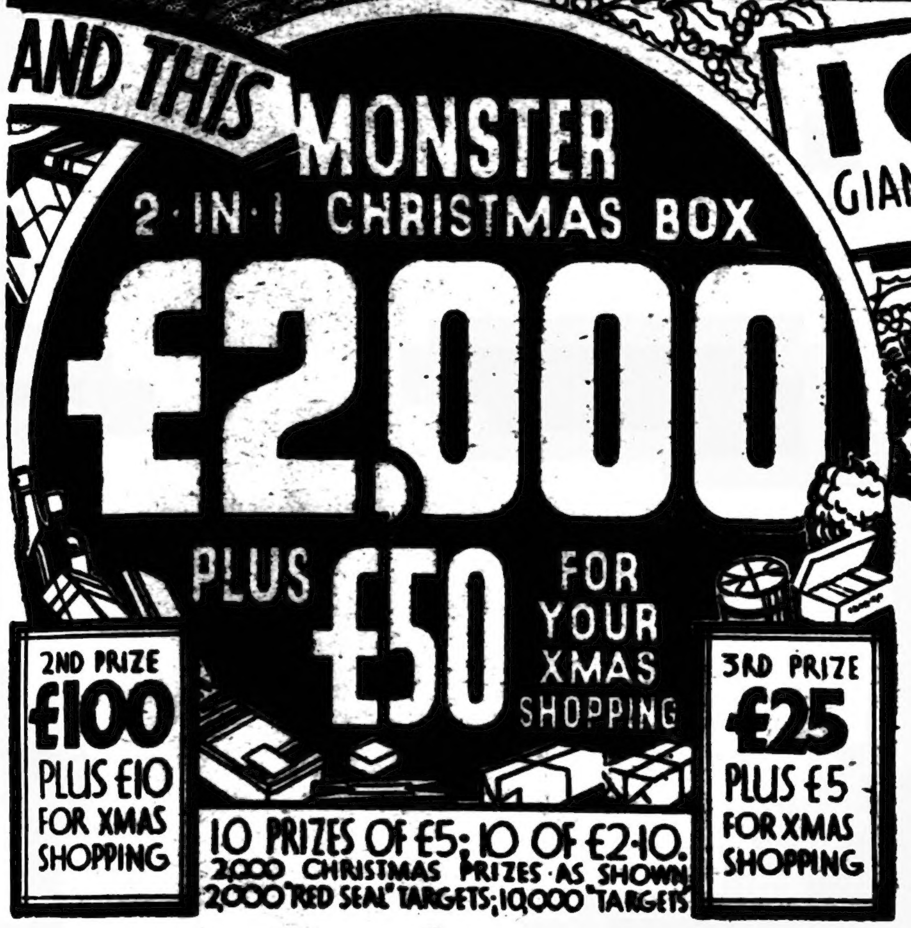
H. G. WEIR Jnr., 334, Kingsbridge Drive, Bankhead, Rutherglen, N.B.
Born Politician—Never Forgets *Opponents'* Promises.

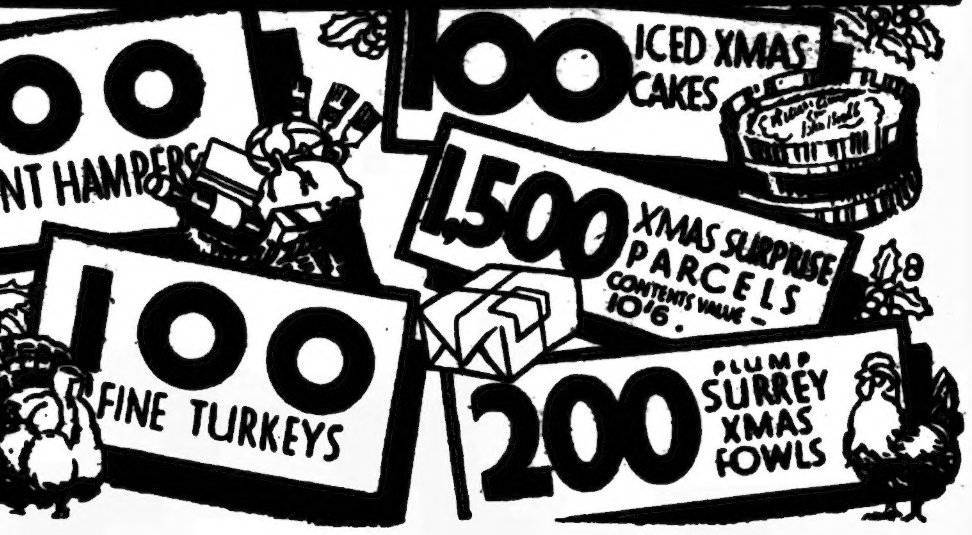
V. C. WILLIAMSON, La Vigie, Holway Road, Sheringham, Norfolk.
The Worst—Comes True—"Crumbs—Two?"

A list of 450 Surrey Fowl and 800 Surprise Parcel winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

SMASHED BY BULLETS MIGHTY DOUBLE 2,000 OFFER


AND THIS
MONSTER
2-IN-1 CHRISTMAS BOX
£2,000
PLUS £50 FOR YOUR XMAS SHOPPING
2ND PRIZE £100 PLUS £10 FOR XMAS SHOPPING
3RD PRIZE £25 PLUS £5 FOR XMAS SHOPPING
10 PRIZES OF £5; 10 OF £2-10.
2,000 CHRISTMAS PRIZES AS SHOWN
2,000 "RED SEAL" TARGETS; 10,000 "TARGETS"



How to make up a £2,000 "Bullet"

HUNDREDS of *Bullets* winners owe success to an idea hit upon when reading a newspaper. And hundreds of others have let an *Example* suggest some pointed comment, which a twist of a word or two has transformed into a *Bullet* which has carried off a substantial cheque.

As you study the interesting possibilities of the *Examples* below, remember that, whilst the theme of your effort will probably be played upon by other competitors, unusual wording can lift your *Bullet* high above the rest.

Remember—to make a *Bullet* you are asked to add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment which link up clearly with the chosen *Example*.

You might, for instance, select the *Example*, PEACE ON EARTH—and your first rough comment could be *Benefit We Must Work For*. But this you could readily improve and compress into the completed *Bullet*, PEACE ON EARTH—"GOOD" WE MUST "WILL."

Before starting on your own efforts, spend a little time studying the winners on the opposite page. Then get busy with your *Bullets*, for if you want a fortune before December 25 or a JOHN BULL Christmas Feast, your entry must be in by Saturday, December 2.

ADD 2, 3 OR 4 WORDS TO ANY "EXAMPLE"

FOR ALL THE WORLD
SHOCK FOR THE M.P.
WAY TO HER HEART
TOOK HIS BREATH AWAY
CENTRE OF ATTRACTION
WHEN CHRISTMAS COMES
BUZZING WITH EXCITEMENT
FRANCE AND GERMANY
KEEP CHEERFUL AND
WIFEY'S SHOPPING, SO
MAN IN THE STREET
ON THE WRONG TRACK
THE DOOR OPENED AND
LEAVING THE LEAGUE
LIGHT OF HER LIFE
LOST IN ADMIRATION
WHAT MOTHER SAYS
IF I WERE HITLER
THE PRISONER
FEAR
DEFIANTLY
ANOTHER CRISIS
GOING WITHOUT
EVER SINCE
CARRIED ON
FATHER'S PRESENT
GENTLE HINT
RIGHT REMEDY
POVERTY
FACING THE WORST
LIFE'S WINTER
CRUEL FATE
OLD FRIENDS
GIRL I HATE
MEEK AS A LAMB
POLITICS
MAKING HISTORY
NOT MANY
AMBITION'S FLAME
GOOD FOR YOU
MODEL EMPLOYER
PREPARING
NOTHING LEFT
LEAVING HOME
ROOM FOR MORE
LASTS LONGEST
STING IN THE TAIL
FAILURE'S STORY
PEACE ON EARTH
MAN OF THE HOUR

HELP FOR YOU FREE !

If you want to make better *Bullets*, to learn from the experience of past winners and to read a weekly article by *John Bull's* Competition Editor, accept this free offer.

Let "*Bullets*" *Bulletin* be your guide to success. It can be yours every Thursday for the mere halfpenny postage, together with *John Bull's* [illegible] *Crossword Gazette* and *Passing* [illegible]'s cheery *Couplets Courier*.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT !

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue

NAME
ADDRESS

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.

(Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.)

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./ Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for [illegible] awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 913 will be displayed in the window of Mrs. I. Young, Hartlepool Street, Thornley.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 917 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

IMPORTANT Put your Christmas Day address on your coupons, for all prizes will be despatched to the addresses upon them. The time available will not permit winners to make changes

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(917) Closing SAT. Dec. 2
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.
Signed
Address

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(917) Closing SAT., Dec. 2
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.
Signed
Address

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(917) Closing SAT., Dec. 2
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed
Address

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(917) Closing SAT., Dec. 2
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s.
Signed
Address

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(917) Closing SAT., Dec. 2
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d.
Signed
Address

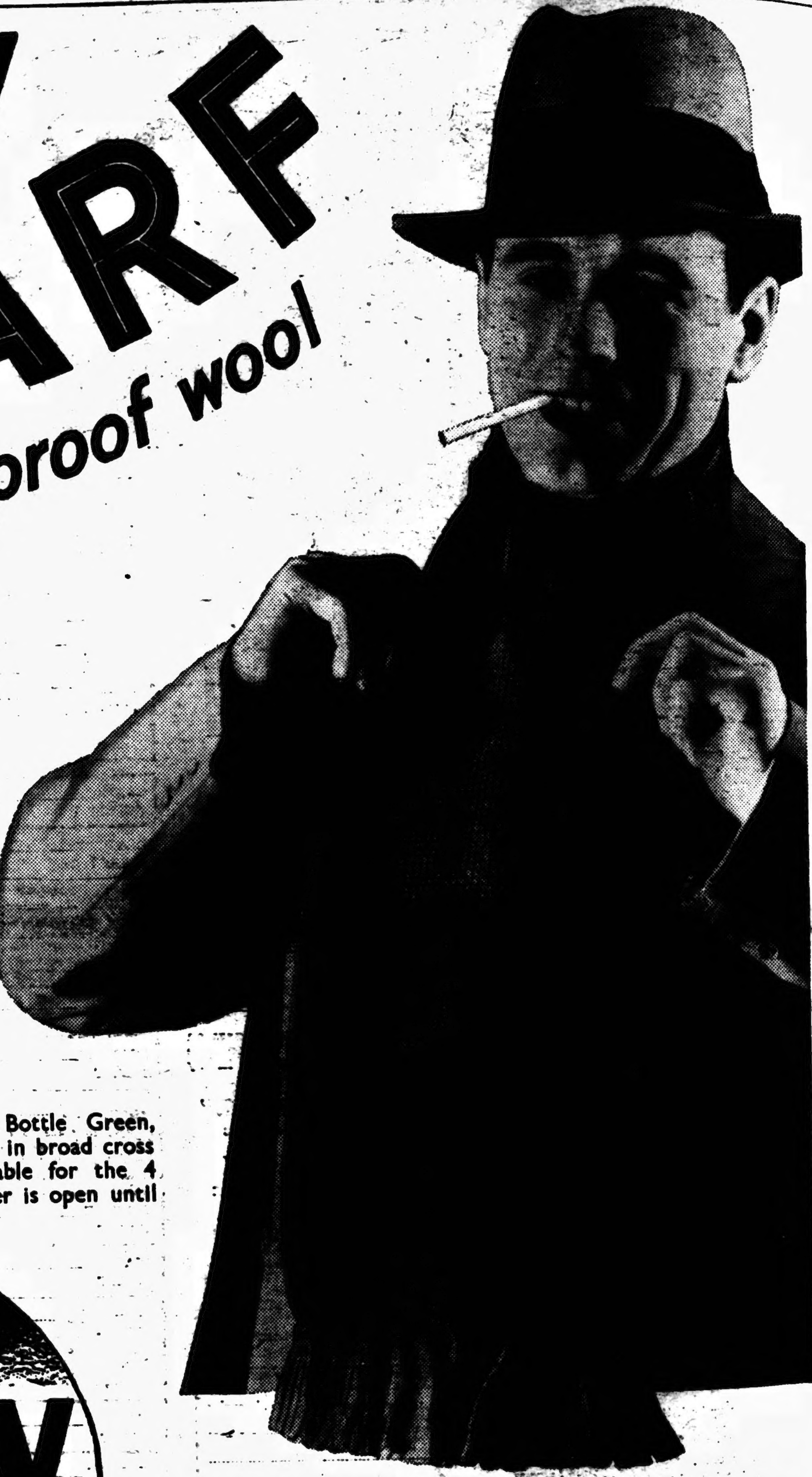
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
(917) Closing SAT., Dec. 2
P.O. No.
I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s.
Signed
Address

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

☞ Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 917, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

B·D·V SCARF

5ft. of windproof wool



25 COUPONS

THIS IS ONE OF MANY GIFTS THAT YOU CAN EASILY GET BEFORE CLOSING DATE

YOU'LL need a scarf this winter. Get one free. For 25 B.D.V. Coupons you can have one of the fashionable long, knitted wool scarves. This is a British-made article of splendid quality.

Choice of plain colours—White, Navy, Bottle Green, Maroon, Brown, Grey. Also Club Colours in broad cross stripes. The authentic colours are available for the 4 divisions of the Football League. This offer is open until February 28th, 1934.

SMOKE

BDV

cigarettes

10 for 6d. 20 for 11½d. ***cork tipped or plain***

✶ ***Coupon collectors are requested to send in all coupons for gifts not later than February 28th, 1934.***

SOCKS

2 PAIRS FOR 25 COUPONS

Full-length all-wool heavy-weight socks. British made with very comfortable but long wearing ribbed knit. Choice of four colours, Black, Navy, Army Grey or Heather. Sizes 10in., 10½in., or 11in.

GODFREY PHILLIPS LTD., 39, COMMERCIAL STREET
LONDON, E.1

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